

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
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Folger Shakespeare Library

<http://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org>

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for

example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, residents of Athens mix with fairies from a local forest, with comic results. In the city, Theseus, Duke of Athens, is to marry Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons. Bottom the weaver and his friends rehearse in the woods a play they hope to stage for the wedding celebrations.

Four young Athenians are in a romantic tangle. Lysander and Demetrius love Hermia; she loves Lysander and her friend Helena loves Demetrius. Hermia's father, Egeus, commands Hermia to marry Demetrius, and Theseus supports the father's right. All four young Athenians end up in the woods, where Robin Goodfellow, who serves the fairy king Oberon, puts flower juice on the eyes of Lysander, and then Demetrius, unintentionally causing both to love Helena. Oberon, who is quarreling with his wife, Titania, uses the flower juice on her eyes. She falls in love with Bottom, who now, thanks to Robin Goodfellow, wears an ass's head.

As the lovers sleep, Robin Goodfellow restores Lysander's love for Hermia, so that now each young woman is matched with the man she loves. Oberon disenchant's Titania and removes Bottom's ass's head. The two young couples join the royal couple in getting married, and Bottom rejoins his friends to perform the play.

Characters in the Play

HERMIA
LYSANDER
HELENA
DEMETRIUS

} *four lovers*

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

PEASEBLOSSOM
COBWEB
MOTE
MUSTARDSEED

} *fairies attending upon Titania*

Lords and Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

Other Fairies in the trains of Titania and Oberon

「ACT I」

「Scene 1」

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, 「and Philostrate,」 with others.

THESEUS

FTLN 0001 Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
FTLN 0002 Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
FTLN 0003 Another moon. But, O, methinks how slow
FTLN 0004 This old moon 「wanes!」 She lingers my desires
FTLN 0005 Like to a stepdame or a dowager 5
FTLN 0006 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIPPOLYTA

FTLN 0007 Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
FTLN 0008 Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
FTLN 0009 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
FTLN 0010 「New」-bent in heaven, shall behold the night 10
FTLN 0011 Of our solemnities.

THESEUS

FTLN 0012 Go, Philostrate,
FTLN 0013 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments.
FTLN 0014 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.
FTLN 0015 Turn melancholy forth to funerals; 15
FTLN 0016 The pale companion is not for our pomp.

「Philostrate exits.」

FTLN 0017 Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword
FTLN 0018 And won thy love doing thee injuries,
FTLN 0019 But I will wed thee in another key,
FTLN 0020 With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling. 20

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

EGEUS

FTLN 0021 Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke!

THESEUS

FTLN 0022 Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news with thee?

EGEUS

FTLN 0023 Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 FTLN 0024 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
 FTLN 0025 Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord, 25
 FTLN 0026 This man hath my consent to marry her.—
 FTLN 0027 Stand forth, Lysander.—And, my gracious duke,
 FTLN 0028 This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.—
 FTLN 0029 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
 FTLN 0030 And interchanged love tokens with my child. 30
 FTLN 0031 Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
 FTLN 0032 With feigning voice verses of feigning love
 FTLN 0033 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
 FTLN 0034 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
 FTLN 0035 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—messengers 35
 FTLN 0036 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
 FTLN 0037 With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
 FTLN 0038 Turned her obedience (which is due to me)
 FTLN 0039 To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
 FTLN 0040 Be it so she will not here before your Grace 40
 FTLN 0041 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 FTLN 0042 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
 FTLN 0043 As she is mine, I may dispose of her,
 FTLN 0044 Which shall be either to this gentleman
 FTLN 0045 Or to her death, according to our law 45
 FTLN 0046 Immediately provided in that case.

THESEUS

FTLN 0047 What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.
 FTLN 0048 To you, your father should be as a god,
 FTLN 0049 One that composed your beauties, yea, and one

FTLN 0050	To whom you are but as a form in wax	50
FTLN 0051	By him imprinted, and within his power	
FTLN 0052	To leave the figure or disfigure it.	
FTLN 0053	Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.	
	HERMIA	
FTLN 0054	So is Lysander.	
FTLN 0055	THESEUS In himself he is,	55
FTLN 0056	But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,	
FTLN 0057	The other must be held the worthier.	
	HERMIA	
FTLN 0058	I would my father looked but with my eyes.	
	THESEUS	
FTLN 0059	Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.	
	HERMIA	
FTLN 0060	I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.	60
FTLN 0061	I know not by what power I am made bold,	
FTLN 0062	Nor how it may concern my modesty	
FTLN 0063	In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;	
FTLN 0064	But I beseech your Grace that I may know	
FTLN 0065	The worst that may befall me in this case	65
FTLN 0066	If I refuse to wed Demetrius.	
	THESEUS	
FTLN 0067	Either to die the death or to abjure	
FTLN 0068	Forever the society of men.	
FTLN 0069	Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,	
FTLN 0070	Know of your youth, examine well your blood,	70
FTLN 0071	Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)	
FTLN 0072	You can endure the livery of a nun,	
FTLN 0073	For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,	
FTLN 0074	To live a barren sister all your life,	
FTLN 0075	Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.	75
FTLN 0076	Thrice-blessèd they that master so their blood	
FTLN 0077	To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,	
FTLN 0078	But earthlier happy is the rose distilled	
FTLN 0079	Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,	
FTLN 0080	Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.	80

HERMIA

FTLN 0081 So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 FTLN 0082 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 FTLN 0083 Unto his Lordship whose unwishèd yoke
 FTLN 0084 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

THESEUS

FTLN 0085 Take time to pause, and by the next new moon 85
 FTLN 0086 (The sealing day betwixt my love and me
 FTLN 0087 For everlasting bond of fellowship),
 FTLN 0088 Upon that day either prepare to die
 FTLN 0089 For disobedience to your father's will,
 FTLN 0090 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would, 90
 FTLN 0091 Or on Diana's altar to protest
 FTLN 0092 For aye austerity and single life.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0093 Relent, sweet Hermia, and, Lysander, yield
 FTLN 0094 Thy crazèd title to my certain right.

LYSANDER

FTLN 0095 You have her father's love, Demetrius. 95
 FTLN 0096 Let me have Hermia's. Do you marry him.

EGEUS

FTLN 0097 Scornful Lysander, true, he hath my love;
 FTLN 0098 And what is mine my love shall render him.
 FTLN 0099 And she is mine, and all my right of her
 FTLN 0100 I do estate unto Demetrius. 100

LYSANDER, [to *Theseus*]

FTLN 0101 I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
 FTLN 0102 As well possessed. My love is more than his;
 FTLN 0103 My fortunes every way as fairly ranked
 FTLN 0104 (If not with vantage) as Demetrius';
 FTLN 0105 And (which is more than all these boasts can be) 105
 FTLN 0106 I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
 FTLN 0107 Why should not I then prosecute my right?
 FTLN 0108 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
 FTLN 0109 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 FTLN 0110 And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, 110

FTLN 0111	Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,	
FTLN 0112	Upon this spotted and inconstant man.	
	THESEUS	
FTLN 0113	I must confess that I have heard so much,	
FTLN 0114	And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;	
FTLN 0115	But, being overfull of self-affairs,	115
FTLN 0116	My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come,	
FTLN 0117	And come, Egeus; you shall go with me.	
FTLN 0118	I have some private schooling for you both.—	
FTLN 0119	For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself	
FTLN 0120	To fit your fancies to your father's will,	120
FTLN 0121	Or else the law of Athens yields you up	
FTLN 0122	(Which by no means we may extenuate)	
FTLN 0123	To death or to a vow of single life.—	
FTLN 0124	Come, my Hippolyta. What cheer, my love?—	
FTLN 0125	Demetrius and Egeus, go along.	125
FTLN 0126	I must employ you in some business	
FTLN 0127	Against our nuptial and confer with you	
FTLN 0128	Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.	
	EGEUS	
FTLN 0129	With duty and desire we follow you.	
	<i>〔All but Hermia and Lysander〕 exit.</i>	
	LYSANDER	
FTLN 0130	How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?	130
FTLN 0131	How chance the roses there do fade so fast?	
	HERMIA	
FTLN 0132	Belike for want of rain, which I could well	
FTLN 0133	Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.	
	LYSANDER	
FTLN 0134	Ay me! For aught that I could ever read,	
FTLN 0135	Could ever hear by tale or history,	135
FTLN 0136	The course of true love never did run smooth.	
FTLN 0137	But either it was different in blood—	
	HERMIA	
FTLN 0138	O cross! Too high to be enthralled to <i>〔low.〕</i>	
	LYSANDER	
FTLN 0139	Or else misgraffèd in respect of years—	

HERMIA

FTLN 0140 O spite! Too old to be engaged to young. 140

LYSANDER

FTLN 0141 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

HERMIA

FTLN 0142 O hell, to choose love by another's eyes!

LYSANDER

FTLN 0143 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 FTLN 0144 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
 FTLN 0145 Making it momentary as a sound, 145

FTLN 0146 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
 FTLN 0147 Brief as the lightning in the collid night,
 FTLN 0148 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and Earth,
 FTLN 0149 And, ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
 FTLN 0150 The jaws of darkness do devour it up. 150

FTLN 0151 So quick bright things come to confusion.

HERMIA

FTLN 0152 If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
 FTLN 0153 It stands as an edict in destiny.
 FTLN 0154 Then let us teach our trial patience
 FTLN 0155 Because it is a customary cross, 155
 FTLN 0156 As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
 FTLN 0157 Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYSANDER

FTLN 0158 A good persuasion. Therefore, hear me, Hermia:
 FTLN 0159 I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 FTLN 0160 Of great revenue, and she hath no child. 160

FTLN 0161 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues,
 FTLN 0162 And she respects me as her only son.
 FTLN 0163 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
 FTLN 0164 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 FTLN 0165 Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then 165

FTLN 0166 Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night,
 FTLN 0167 And in the wood a league without the town
 FTLN 0168 (Where I did meet thee once with Helena
 FTLN 0169 To do observance to a morn of May),
 FTLN 0170 There will I stay for thee. 170

FTLN 0171 HERMIA My good Lysander,
 FTLN 0172 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
 FTLN 0173 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 FTLN 0174 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
 FTLN 0175 By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves, 175
 FTLN 0176 And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen
 FTLN 0177 When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
 FTLN 0178 By all the vows that ever men have broke
 FTLN 0179 (In number more than ever women spoke),
 FTLN 0180 In that same place thou hast appointed me, 180
 FTLN 0181 Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.

FTLN 0182 LYSANDER
 Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

FTLN 0183 HERMIA
 Godspeed, fair Helena. Whither away?

FTLN 0184 HELENA
 Call you me "fair"? That "fair" again unsay.
 FTLN 0185 Demetrius loves your fair. O happy fair! 185
 FTLN 0186 Your eyes are lodestars and your tongue's sweet air
 FTLN 0187 More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear
 FTLN 0188 When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
 FTLN 0189 Sickness is catching. O, were favor so!
 FTLN 0190 「Yours would」 I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go. 190
 FTLN 0191 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
 FTLN 0192 My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
 FTLN 0193 melody.
 FTLN 0194 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
 FTLN 0195 The rest 「I'd」 give to be to you translated. 195
 FTLN 0196 O, teach me how you look and with what art
 FTLN 0197 You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

FTLN 0198 HERMIA
 I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

FTLN 0199 HELENA
 O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such
 FTLN 0200 skill! 200

HERMIA

FTLN 0201 I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

HELENA

FTLN 0202 O, that my prayers could such affection move!

HERMIA

FTLN 0203 The more I hate, the more he follows me.

HELENA

FTLN 0204 The more I love, the more he hateth me.

HERMIA

FTLN 0205 His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. 205

HELENA

FTLN 0206 None but your beauty. Would that fault were mine!

HERMIA

FTLN 0207 Take comfort: he no more shall see my face.

FTLN 0208 Lysander and myself will fly this place.

FTLN 0209 Before the time I did Lysander see

FTLN 0210 Seemed Athens as a paradise to me. 210

FTLN 0211 O, then, what graces in my love do dwell

FTLN 0212 That he hath turned a heaven unto a hell!

LYSANDER

FTLN 0213 Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.

FTLN 0214 Tomorrow night when Phoebe doth behold

FTLN 0215 Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass, 215

FTLN 0216 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass

FTLN 0217 (A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal),

FTLN 0218 Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

HERMIA

FTLN 0219 And in the wood where often you and I

FTLN 0220 Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie, 220

FTLN 0221 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel 「sweet,」

FTLN 0222 There my Lysander and myself shall meet

FTLN 0223 And thence from Athens turn away our eyes

FTLN 0224 To seek new friends and 「stranger companies.」

FTLN 0225 Farewell, sweet playfellow. Pray thou for us, 225

FTLN 0226 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius.—

[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.

FTLN 0258	QUINCE	Is all our company here?	
FTLN 0259	BOTTOM	You were best to call them generally, man by	
FTLN 0260		man, according to the scrip.	
FTLN 0261	QUINCE	Here is the scroll of every man's name which	
FTLN 0262		is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our	5
FTLN 0263		interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on his	
FTLN 0264		wedding day at night.	
FTLN 0265	BOTTOM	First, good Peter Quince, say what the play	
FTLN 0266		treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so	
FTLN 0267		grow to a point.	10
FTLN 0268	QUINCE	Marry, our play is "The most lamentable	
FTLN 0269		comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and	
FTLN 0270		Thisbe."	
FTLN 0271	BOTTOM	A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a	
FTLN 0272		merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your	15
FTLN 0273		actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.	
FTLN 0274	QUINCE	Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.	
FTLN 0275	BOTTOM	Ready. Name what part I am for, and	
FTLN 0276		proceed.	
FTLN 0277	QUINCE	You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.	20
FTLN 0278	BOTTOM	What is Pyramus—a lover or a tyrant?	
FTLN 0279	QUINCE	A lover that kills himself most gallant for love.	
FTLN 0280	BOTTOM	That will ask some tears in the true performing	
FTLN 0281		of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their	
FTLN 0282		eyes. I will move storms; I will condole in some	25
FTLN 0283		measure. To the rest.—Yet my chief humor is for a	
FTLN 0284		tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a	
FTLN 0285		cat in, to make all split:	
FTLN 0286		<i>The raging rocks</i>	
FTLN 0287		<i>And shivering shocks</i>	30
FTLN 0288		<i>Shall break the locks</i>	

FTLN 0289	<i>Of prison gates.</i>	
FTLN 0290	<i>And Phibbus' car</i>	
FTLN 0291	<i>Shall shine from far</i>	
FTLN 0292	<i>And make and mar</i>	35
FTLN 0293	<i>The foolish Fates.</i>	
FTLN 0294	This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players.	
FTLN 0295	This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein. A lover is more	
FTLN 0296	condoling.	
FTLN 0297	QUINCE Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.	40
FTLN 0298	FLUTE Here, Peter Quince.	
FTLN 0299	QUINCE Flute, you must take Thisbe on you.	
FTLN 0300	FLUTE What is Thisbe—a wand'ring knight?	
FTLN 0301	QUINCE It is the lady that Pyramus must love.	
FTLN 0302	FLUTE Nay, faith, let not me play a woman. I have a	45
FTLN 0303	beard coming.	
FTLN 0304	QUINCE That's all one. You shall play it in a mask, and	
FTLN 0305	you may speak as small as you will.	
FTLN 0306	BOTTOM An I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe too.	
FTLN 0307	I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: "Thisne,	50
FTLN 0308	Thisne!"—"Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisbe	
FTLN 0309	dear and lady dear!"	
FTLN 0310	QUINCE No, no, you must play Pyramus—and, Flute,	
FTLN 0311	you Thisbe.	
FTLN 0312	BOTTOM Well, proceed.	55
FTLN 0313	QUINCE Robin Starveling, the tailor.	
FTLN 0314	STARVELING Here, Peter Quince.	
FTLN 0315	QUINCE Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbe's	
FTLN 0316	mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.	
FTLN 0317	SNOUT Here, Peter Quince.	60
FTLN 0318	QUINCE You, Pyramus' father.—Myself, Thisbe's	
FTLN 0319	father.—Snug the joiner, you the lion's part.—	
FTLN 0320	And I hope here is a play fitted.	
FTLN 0321	SNUG Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it	
FTLN 0322	be, give it me, for I am slow of study.	65
FTLN 0323	QUINCE You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but	
FTLN 0324	roaring.	

FTLN 0325 BOTTOM Let me play the lion too. I will roar that I will
 FTLN 0326 do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that
 FTLN 0327 I will make the Duke say "Let him roar again. Let 70
 FTLN 0328 him roar again!"

FTLN 0329 QUINCE An you should do it too terribly, you would
 FTLN 0330 fright the Duchess and the ladies that they would
 FTLN 0331 shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

FTLN 0332 ALL That would hang us, every mother's son. 75

FTLN 0333 BOTTOM I grant you, friends, if you should fright the
 FTLN 0334 ladies out of their wits, they would have no more
 FTLN 0335 discretion but to hang us. But I will aggravate my
 FTLN 0336 voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking
 FTLN 0337 dove. I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. 80

FTLN 0338 QUINCE You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus
 FTLN 0339 is a sweet-faced man, a proper man as one
 FTLN 0340 shall see in a summer's day, a most lovely gentlemanlike
 FTLN 0341 man. Therefore you must needs play
 FTLN 0342 Pyramus. 85

FTLN 0343 BOTTOM Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I
 FTLN 0344 best to play it in?

FTLN 0345 QUINCE Why, what you will.

FTLN 0346 BOTTOM I will discharge it in either your straw-color
 FTLN 0347 beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain 90
 FTLN 0348 beard, or your French-crown-color beard,
 FTLN 0349 your perfit yellow.

FTLN 0350 QUINCE Some of your French crowns have no hair at
 FTLN 0351 all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters,
 FTLN 0352 here are your parts, *「giving out the parts,」* and I am 95
 FTLN 0353 to entreat you, request you, and desire you to con
 FTLN 0354 them by tomorrow night and meet me in the palace
 FTLN 0355 wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There
 FTLN 0356 will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall
 FTLN 0357 be dogged with company and our devices known. In 100
 FTLN 0358 the meantime I will draw a bill of properties such as
 FTLN 0359 our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

FTLN 0360 BOTTOM We will meet, and there we may rehearse

FTLN 0361 most obscenely and courageously. Take pains. Be
FTLN 0362 perfit. Adieu. 105

FTLN 0363 QUINCE At the Duke's Oak we meet.

FTLN 0364 BOTTOM Enough. Hold or cut bowstrings.

They exit.

「ACT 2」

「Scene 1」

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

ROBIN

FTLN 0365 How now, spirit? Whither wander you?

FAIRY

FTLN 0366 Over hill, over dale,
FTLN 0367 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
FTLN 0368 Over park, over pale,
FTLN 0369 Thorough flood, thorough fire; 5
FTLN 0370 I do wander everywhere,
FTLN 0371 Swifter than the moon's sphere.
FTLN 0372 And I serve the Fairy Queen,
FTLN 0373 To dew her orbs upon the green.
FTLN 0374 The cowslips tall her pensioners be; 10
FTLN 0375 In their gold coats spots you see;
FTLN 0376 Those be rubies, fairy favors;
FTLN 0377 In those freckles live their savors.
FTLN 0378 I must go seek some dewdrops here
FTLN 0379 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 15
FTLN 0380 Farewell, thou lob of spirits. I'll be gone.
FTLN 0381 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

ROBIN

FTLN 0382 The King doth keep his revels here tonight.
FTLN 0383 Take heed the Queen come not within his sight,

FTLN 0384 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath 20
 FTLN 0385 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 FTLN 0386 A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king;
 FTLN 0387 She never had so sweet a changeling.
 FTLN 0388 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 FTLN 0389 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild. 25
 FTLN 0390 But she perforce withholds the lovèd boy,
 FTLN 0391 Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her
 FTLN 0392 joy.
 FTLN 0393 And now they never meet in grove or green,
 FTLN 0394 By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen, 30
 FTLN 0395 But they do square, that all their elves for fear
 FTLN 0396 Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

FAIRY

FTLN 0397 Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 FTLN 0398 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
 FTLN 0399 Called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he 35
 FTLN 0400 That frights the maidens of the villagery,
 FTLN 0401 Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern
 FTLN 0402 And bootless make the breathless huswife churn,
 FTLN 0403 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
 FTLN 0404 Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm? 40
 FTLN 0405 Those that “Hobgoblin” call you and “sweet Puck,”
 FTLN 0406 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
 FTLN 0407 Are not you he?

ROBIN

FTLN 0408 Thou speakest aright.
 FTLN 0409 I am that merry wanderer of the night. 45
 FTLN 0410 I jest to Oberon and make him smile
 FTLN 0411 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 FTLN 0412 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
 FTLN 0413 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl
 FTLN 0414 In very likeness of a roasted crab, 50
 FTLN 0415 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob
 FTLN 0416 And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
 FTLN 0417 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 FTLN 0418 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;

FTLN 0419 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she 55
 FTLN 0420 And “Tailor!” cries and falls into a cough,
 FTLN 0421 And then the whole choir hold their hips and loffe
 FTLN 0422 And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
 FTLN 0423 A merrier hour was never wasted there.
 FTLN 0424 But room, fairy. Here comes Oberon. 60

FAIRY

FTLN 0425 And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter ¹*Oberon* ¹*the King of Fairies at one door, with his train, and* ¹*Titania* ¹*the Queen at another, with hers.*

OBERON

FTLN 0426 Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

TITANIA

FTLN 0427 What, jealous Oberon? ¹Fairies, ¹skip hence.
 FTLN 0428 I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON

FTLN 0429 Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord? 65

TITANIA

FTLN 0430 Then I must be thy lady. But I know
 FTLN 0431 When thou hast stolen away from Fairyland
 FTLN 0432 And in the shape of Corin sat all day
 FTLN 0433 Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
 FTLN 0434 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here, 70
 FTLN 0435 Come from the farthest steep of India,
 FTLN 0436 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
 FTLN 0437 Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
 FTLN 0438 To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
 FTLN 0439 To give their bed joy and prosperity? 75

OBERON

FTLN 0440 How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
 FTLN 0441 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 FTLN 0442 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 FTLN 0443 Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering
 FTLN 0444 night 80
 FTLN 0445 From ¹Perigouna, ¹whom he ravishèd,

FTLN 0446	And make him with fair 「Aegles」 break his faith,	
FTLN 0447	With Ariadne and Antiopa?	
	TITANIA	
FTLN 0448	These are the forgeries of jealousy;	
FTLN 0449	And never, since the middle summer's spring,	85
FTLN 0450	Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,	
FTLN 0451	By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,	
FTLN 0452	Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,	
FTLN 0453	To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,	
FTLN 0454	But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.	90
FTLN 0455	Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,	
FTLN 0456	As in revenge have sucked up from the sea	
FTLN 0457	Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,	
FTLN 0458	Hath every pelting river made so proud	
FTLN 0459	That they have overborne their continents.	95
FTLN 0460	The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,	
FTLN 0461	The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn	
FTLN 0462	Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.	
FTLN 0463	The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,	
FTLN 0464	And crows are fatted with the murrain flock.	100
FTLN 0465	The nine-men's-morris is filled up with mud,	
FTLN 0466	And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,	
FTLN 0467	For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.	
FTLN 0468	The human mortals want their winter here.	
FTLN 0469	No night is now with hymn or carol blessed.	105
FTLN 0470	Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,	
FTLN 0471	Pale in her anger, washes all the air,	
FTLN 0472	That rheumatic diseases do abound.	
FTLN 0473	And thorough this distemperature we see	
FTLN 0474	The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts	110
FTLN 0475	Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,	
FTLN 0476	And on old Hiems' 「thin」 and icy crown	
FTLN 0477	An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds	
FTLN 0478	Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,	
FTLN 0479	The childing autumn, angry winter, change	115
FTLN 0480	Their wonted liveries, and the mazèd world	

FTLN 0481 By their increase now knows not which is which.
 FTLN 0482 And this same progeny of evils comes
 FTLN 0483 From our debate, from our dissension;
 FTLN 0484 We are their parents and original. 120

OBERON

FTLN 0485 Do you amend it, then. It lies in you.
 FTLN 0486 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 FTLN 0487 I do but beg a little changeling boy
 FTLN 0488 To be my henchman.

FTLN 0489 TITANIA Set your heart at rest: 125

FTLN 0490 The Fairyland buys not the child of me.
 FTLN 0491 His mother was a vot'ress of my order,
 FTLN 0492 And in the spicèd Indian air by night
 FTLN 0493 Full often hath she gossiped by my side
 FTLN 0494 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands, 130

FTLN 0495 Marking th' embarkèd traders on the flood,
 FTLN 0496 When we have laughed to see the sails conceive
 FTLN 0497 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
 FTLN 0498 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 FTLN 0499 Following (her womb then rich with my young 135
 FTLN 0500 squire),

FTLN 0501 Would imitate and sail upon the land
 FTLN 0502 To fetch me trifles and return again,
 FTLN 0503 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 FTLN 0504 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die, 140
 FTLN 0505 And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
 FTLN 0506 And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON

FTLN 0507 How long within this wood intend you stay?

TITANIA

FTLN 0508 Perchance till after Theseus' wedding day.
 FTLN 0509 If you will patiently dance in our round 145
 FTLN 0510 And see our moonlight revels, go with us.
 FTLN 0511 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

OBERON

FTLN 0512 Give me that boy and I will go with thee.

TITANIA

FTLN 0513 Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away.
 FTLN 0514 We shall chide downright if I longer stay. 150
「Titania and her fairies」 exit.

OBERON

FTLN 0515 Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove
 FTLN 0516 Till I torment thee for this injury.—
 FTLN 0517 My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb' rest
 FTLN 0518 Since once I sat upon a promontory
 FTLN 0519 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back 155
 FTLN 0520 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
 FTLN 0521 That the rude sea grew civil at her song
 FTLN 0522 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 FTLN 0523 To hear the sea-maid's music.

FTLN 0524 ROBIN I remember. 160

OBERON

FTLN 0525 That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
 FTLN 0526 Flying between the cold moon and the Earth,
 FTLN 0527 Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
 FTLN 0528 At a fair vestal thronèd by 「the」 west,
 FTLN 0529 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow 165
 FTLN 0530 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
 FTLN 0531 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 FTLN 0532 Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 FTLN 0533 And the imperial vot'ress passèd on
 FTLN 0534 In maiden meditation, fancy-free. 170
 FTLN 0535 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
 FTLN 0536 It fell upon a little western flower,
 FTLN 0537 Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 FTLN 0538 And maidens call it "love-in-idleness."
 FTLN 0539 Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once. 175
 FTLN 0540 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
 FTLN 0541 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 FTLN 0542 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 FTLN 0543 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
 FTLN 0544 Ere the leviathan can swim a league. 180

ROBIN

FTLN 0545 I'll put a girdle round about the Earth
 FTLN 0546 In forty minutes. [*He exits.*]

OBERON Having once this juice,

FTLN 0548 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep
 FTLN 0549 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes. 185

FTLN 0550 The next thing then she, waking, looks upon

FTLN 0551 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,

FTLN 0552 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)

FTLN 0553 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.

FTLN 0554 And ere I take this charm from off her sight 190

FTLN 0555 (As I can take it with another herb),

FTLN 0556 I'll make her render up her page to me.

FTLN 0557 But who comes here? I am invisible,

FTLN 0558 And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0559 I love thee not; therefore pursue me not. 195

FTLN 0560 Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?

FTLN 0561 The one I'll stay; the other stayeth me.

FTLN 0562 Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood,

FTLN 0563 And here am I, and wood within this wood

FTLN 0564 Because I cannot meet my Hermia. 200

FTLN 0565 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

HELENA

FTLN 0566 You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant!

FTLN 0567 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

FTLN 0568 Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,

FTLN 0569 And I shall have no power to follow you. 205

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0570 Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

FTLN 0571 Or rather do I not in plainest truth

FTLN 0572 Tell you I do not, [*nor*] I cannot love you?

HELENA

FTLN 0573 And even for that do I love you the more.

FTLN 0574	I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,	210
FTLN 0575	The more you beat me I will fawn on you.	
FTLN 0576	Use me but as your spaniel: spurn me, strike me,	
FTLN 0577	Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave	
FTLN 0578	(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.	
FTLN 0579	What worser place can I beg in your love	215
FTLN 0580	(And yet a place of high respect with me)	
FTLN 0581	Than to be usèd as you use your dog?	
	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 0582	Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,	
FTLN 0583	For I am sick when I do look on thee.	
	HELENA	
FTLN 0584	And I am sick when I look not on you.	220
	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 0585	You do impeach your modesty too much	
FTLN 0586	To leave the city and commit yourself	
FTLN 0587	Into the hands of one that loves you not,	
FTLN 0588	To trust the opportunity of night	
FTLN 0589	And the ill counsel of a desert place	225
FTLN 0590	With the rich worth of your virginity.	
	HELENA	
FTLN 0591	Your virtue is my privilege. For that	
FTLN 0592	It is not night when I do see your face,	
FTLN 0593	Therefore I think I am not in the night.	
FTLN 0594	Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,	230
FTLN 0595	For you, in my respect, are all the world.	
FTLN 0596	Then, how can it be said I am alone	
FTLN 0597	When all the world is here to look on me?	
	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 0598	I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes	
FTLN 0599	And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.	235
	HELENA	
FTLN 0600	The wildest hath not such a heart as you.	
FTLN 0601	Run when you will. The story shall be changed:	
FTLN 0602	Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase;	
FTLN 0603	The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind	

FTLN 0604	Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed	240
FTLN 0605	When cowardice pursues and valor flies!	
	DEMETRIUS	
FTLN 0606	I will not stay thy questions. Let me go,	
FTLN 0607	Or if thou follow me, do not believe	
FTLN 0608	But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.	
	HELENA	
FTLN 0609	Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,	245
FTLN 0610	You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!	
FTLN 0611	Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.	
FTLN 0612	We cannot fight for love as men may do.	
FTLN 0613	We should be wooed and were not made to woo.	
	<i>Demetrius exits.</i>	
FTLN 0614	I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell	250
FTLN 0615	To die upon the hand I love so well. <i>Helena exits.</i>	
	OBERON	
FTLN 0616	Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this grove,	
FTLN 0617	Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.	
	<i>Enter Robin.</i>	
FTLN 0618	Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.	
	ROBIN	
FTLN 0619	Ay, there it is.	255
FTLN 0620	OBERON I pray thee give it me.	
	<i>Robin gives him the flower.</i>	
FTLN 0621	I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,	
FTLN 0622	Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,	
FTLN 0623	Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,	
FTLN 0624	With sweet muskroses, and with eglantine.	260
FTLN 0625	There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,	
FTLN 0626	Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.	
FTLN 0627	And there the snake throws her enameled skin,	
FTLN 0628	Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.	
FTLN 0629	And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes	265
FTLN 0630	And make her full of hateful fantasies.	
FTLN 0631	Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.	

「*He gives Robin part of the flower.*」

FTLN 0632 A sweet Athenian lady is in love
 FTLN 0633 With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes,
 FTLN 0634 But do it when the next thing he espies 270
 FTLN 0635 May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
 FTLN 0636 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 FTLN 0637 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 FTLN 0638 More fond on her than she upon her love.
 FTLN 0639 And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow. 275

ROBIN

FTLN 0640 Fear not, my lord. Your servant shall do so.

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Titania, Queen of Fairies, with her train.

TITANIA

FTLN 0641 Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
 FTLN 0642 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence—
 FTLN 0643 Some to kill cankers in the muskrose buds,
 FTLN 0644 Some war with rermice for their leathern wings
 FTLN 0645 To make my small elves coats, and some keep back 5
 FTLN 0646 The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
 FTLN 0647 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep.
 FTLN 0648 Then to your offices and let me rest. 「*She lies down.*」

Fairies sing.

「FIRST FAIRY」

FTLN 0649 *You spotted snakes with double tongue,*
 FTLN 0650 *Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen. 10*
 FTLN 0651 *Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,*
 FTLN 0652 *Come not near our Fairy Queen.*

「CHORUS」

FTLN 0653 *Philomel, with melody*
 FTLN 0654 *Sing in our sweet lullaby.*

FTLN 0655 *Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.* 15
 FTLN 0656 *Never harm*
 FTLN 0657 *Nor spell nor charm*
 FTLN 0658 *Come our lovely lady nigh.*
 FTLN 0659 *So good night, with lullaby.*

FIRST FAIRY

FTLN 0660 *Weaving spiders, come not here.* 20
 FTLN 0661 *Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence.*
 FTLN 0662 *Beetles black, approach not near.*
 FTLN 0663 *Worm nor snail, do no offence.*

「CHORUS」

FTLN 0664 *Philomel, with melody*
 FTLN 0665 *Sing in our sweet lullaby.* 25
 FTLN 0666 *Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.*
 FTLN 0667 *Never harm*
 FTLN 0668 *Nor spell nor charm*
 FTLN 0669 *Come our lovely lady nigh.*
 FTLN 0670 *So good night, with lullaby.* 30

「*Titania sleeps.*」

SECOND FAIRY

FTLN 0671 *Hence, away! Now all is well.*
 FTLN 0672 *One aloof stand sentinel.* 「*Fairies exit.*」

Enter Oberon, 「who anoints Titania's eyelids with the nectar.」

OBERON

FTLN 0673 *What thou seest when thou dost wake*
 FTLN 0674 *Do it for thy true love take.*
 FTLN 0675 *Love and languish for his sake.* 35
 FTLN 0676 *Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,*
 FTLN 0677 *Pard, or boar with bristled hair,*
 FTLN 0678 *In thy eye that shall appear*
 FTLN 0679 *When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.*
 FTLN 0680 *Wake when some vile thing is near.* 「*He exits.*」 40

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

LYSANDER

FTLN 0681 Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood.

FTLN 0682 And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way.

FTLN 0683 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,

FTLN 0684 And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA

FTLN 0685 「Be」 it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed, 45

FTLN 0686 For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER

FTLN 0687 One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;

FTLN 0688 One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HERMIA

FTLN 0689 Nay, good Lysander. For my sake, my dear,

FTLN 0690 Lie further off yet. Do not lie so near. 50

LYSANDER

FTLN 0691 O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!

FTLN 0692 Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

FTLN 0693 I mean that my heart unto yours 「is」 knit,

FTLN 0694 So that but one heart we can make of it;

FTLN 0695 Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath— 55

FTLN 0696 So then two bosoms and a single troth.

FTLN 0697 Then by your side no bed-room me deny,

FTLN 0698 For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HERMIA

FTLN 0699 Lysander riddles very prettily.

FTLN 0700 Now much beshrew my manners and my pride 60

FTLN 0701 If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.

FTLN 0702 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,

FTLN 0703 Lie further off in human modesty.

FTLN 0704 Such separation, as may well be said,

FTLN 0705 Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid. 65

FTLN 0706 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.

FTLN 0707 Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

LYSANDER

FTLN 0708 “Amen, amen” to that fair prayer, say I,

FTLN 0709 And then end life when I end loyalty!

FTLN 0710 Here is my bed. Sleep give thee all his rest! 70

HERMIA

FTLN 0711 With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!
「*They sleep.*」

Enter 「Robin.»

ROBIN

FTLN 0712 Through the forest have I gone,
 FTLN 0713 But Athenian found I none
 FTLN 0714 On whose eyes I might approve
 FTLN 0715 This flower's force in stirring love. 75
「*He sees Lysander.*」

FTLN 0716 Night and silence! Who is here?
 FTLN 0717 Weeds of Athens he doth wear.
 FTLN 0718 This is he my master said
 FTLN 0719 Despised the Athenian maid.
 FTLN 0720 And here the maiden, sleeping sound 80
 FTLN 0721 On the dank and dirty ground.
 FTLN 0722 Pretty soul, she durst not lie
 FTLN 0723 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.—
 FTLN 0724 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 FTLN 0725 All the power this charm doth owe. 85
「*He anoints Lysander's eyelids
 with the nectar.*」

FTLN 0726 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 FTLN 0727 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
 FTLN 0728 So, awake when I am gone,
 FTLN 0729 For I must now to Oberon. *He exits.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

HELENA

FTLN 0730 Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius. 90

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0731 I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

HELENA

FTLN 0732 O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 0733 Stay, on thy peril. I alone will go. *Demetrius exits.*

HELENA

FTLN 0734 O, I am out of breath in this fond chase.
 FTLN 0735 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace. 95
 FTLN 0736 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
 FTLN 0737 For she hath blessèd and attractive eyes.
 FTLN 0738 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
 FTLN 0739 If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
 FTLN 0740 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear, 100
 FTLN 0741 For beasts that meet me run away for fear.
 FTLN 0742 Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
 FTLN 0743 Do as a monster fly my presence thus.
 FTLN 0744 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 FTLN 0745 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne? 105
 FTLN 0746 But who is here? Lysander, on the ground!
 FTLN 0747 Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.—
 FTLN 0748 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER, *「waking up」*

FTLN 0749 And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
 FTLN 0750 Transparent Helena! Nature shows art, 110
 FTLN 0751 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 FTLN 0752 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
 FTLN 0753 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA

FTLN 0754 Do not say so. Lysander, say not so.
 FTLN 0755 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what 115
 FTLN 0756 though?
 FTLN 0757 Yet Hermia still loves you. Then be content.

LYSANDER

FTLN 0758 Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
 FTLN 0759 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 FTLN 0760 Not Hermia, but Helena I love. 120
 FTLN 0761 Who will not change a raven for a dove?
 FTLN 0762 The will of man is by his reason swayed,
 FTLN 0763 And reason says you are the worthier maid.

FTLN 0764 Things growing are not ripe until their season;
 FTLN 0765 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason. 125
 FTLN 0766 And touching now the point of human skill,
 FTLN 0767 Reason becomes the marshal to my will
 FTLN 0768 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
 FTLN 0769 Love's stories written in love's richest book.

HELENA

FTLN 0770 Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born? 130
 FTLN 0771 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
 FTLN 0772 Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
 FTLN 0773 That I did never, no, nor never can
 FTLN 0774 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
 FTLN 0775 But you must flout my insufficiency? 135
 FTLN 0776 Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
 FTLN 0777 In such disdainful manner me to woo.
 FTLN 0778 But fare you well. Perforce I must confess
 FTLN 0779 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
 FTLN 0780 O, that a lady of one man refused 140
 FTLN 0781 Should of another therefore be abused! *She exits.*

LYSANDER

FTLN 0782 She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there,
 FTLN 0783 And never mayst thou come Lysander near.
 FTLN 0784 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 FTLN 0785 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings, 145
 FTLN 0786 Or as the heresies that men do leave
 FTLN 0787 Are hated most of those they did deceive,
 FTLN 0788 So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
 FTLN 0789 Of all be hated, but the most of me!
 FTLN 0790 And, all my powers, address your love and might 150
 FTLN 0791 To honor Helen and to be her knight. *He exits.*

HERMIA, *['waking up']*

FTLN 0792 Help me, Lysander, help me! Do thy best
 FTLN 0793 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
 FTLN 0794 Ay me, for pity! What a dream was here!
 FTLN 0795 Lysander, look how I do quake with fear. 155
 FTLN 0796 Methought a serpent ate my heart away,

FTLN 0797 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
FTLN 0798 Lysander! What, removed? Lysander, lord!
FTLN 0799 What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?
FTLN 0800 Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear. 160
FTLN 0801 Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.—
FTLN 0802 No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.
FTLN 0803 Either death or you I'll find immediately.

She exits.

「ACT 3」

「Scene 1」

「*With Titania still asleep onstage,*」 *enter the Clowns,*
「*Bottom, Quince, Snout, Starveling, Snug, and Flute.*」

FTLN 0804 BOTTOM Are we all met?
FTLN 0805 QUINCE Pat, pat. And here's a marvels convenient
FTLN 0806 place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be
FTLN 0807 our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house,
FTLN 0808 and we will do it in action as we will do it before 5
FTLN 0809 the Duke.
FTLN 0810 BOTTOM Peter Quince?
FTLN 0811 QUINCE What sayest thou, bully Bottom?
FTLN 0812 BOTTOM There are things in this comedy of Pyramus
FTLN 0813 and Thisbe that will never please. First, Pyramus 10
FTLN 0814 must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies
FTLN 0815 cannot abide. How answer you that?
FTLN 0816 SNOOT By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.
FTLN 0817 STARVELING I believe we must leave the killing out,
FTLN 0818 when all is done. 15
FTLN 0819 BOTTOM Not a whit! I have a device to make all well.
FTLN 0820 Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to
FTLN 0821 say we will do no harm with our swords and that
FTLN 0822 Pyramus is not killed indeed. And, for the more
FTLN 0823 better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not 20
FTLN 0824 Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them
FTLN 0825 out of fear.

FTLN 0826 QUINCE Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall
 FTLN 0827 be written in eight and six. 25

FTLN 0828 BOTTOM No, make it two more. Let it be written in
 FTLN 0829 eight and eight.

FTLN 0830 SNOUT Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

FTLN 0831 STARVELING I fear it, I promise you.

FTLN 0832 BOTTOM Masters, you ought to consider with yourself,
 FTLN 0833 to bring in (God shield us!) a lion among ladies is a 30
 FTLN 0834 most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful
 FTLN 0835 wildfowl than your lion living, and we ought to look
 FTLN 0836 to 't.

FTLN 0837 SNOUT Therefore another prologue must tell he is not
 FTLN 0838 a lion. 35

FTLN 0839 BOTTOM Nay, you must name his name, and half his
 FTLN 0840 face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he
 FTLN 0841 himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the
 FTLN 0842 same defect: "Ladies," or "Fair ladies, I would
 FTLN 0843 wish you," or "I would request you," or "I would 40
 FTLN 0844 entreat you not to fear, not to tremble! My life for
 FTLN 0845 yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were
 FTLN 0846 pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. I am a man as
 FTLN 0847 other men are." And there indeed let him name his
 FTLN 0848 name and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner. 45

FTLN 0849 QUINCE Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard
 FTLN 0850 things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber,
 FTLN 0851 for you know Pyramus and Thisbe meet by
 FTLN 0852 moonlight.

FTLN 0853 SNOUT Doth the moon shine that night we play our 50
 FTLN 0854 play?

FTLN 0855 BOTTOM A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac.
 FTLN 0856 Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

[*Quince takes out a book.*]

FTLN 0857 QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night.

FTLN 0858 [BOTTOM] Why, then, may you leave a casement of the 55
 FTLN 0859 great chamber window, where we play, open, and
 FTLN 0860 the moon may shine in at the casement.

FTLN 0861 QUINCE Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of
 FTLN 0862 thorns and a lantern and say he comes to disfigure
 FTLN 0863 or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there 60
 FTLN 0864 is another thing: we must have a wall in the great
 FTLN 0865 chamber, for Pyramus and Thisbe, says the story,
 FTLN 0866 did talk through the chink of a wall.
 FTLN 0867 SNOUT You can never bring in a wall. What say you,
 FTLN 0868 Bottom? 65
 FTLN 0869 BOTTOM Some man or other must present Wall. And
 FTLN 0870 let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some
 FTLN 0871 roughcast about him to signify wall, or let him
 FTLN 0872 hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall
 FTLN 0873 Pyramus and Thisbe whisper. 70
 FTLN 0874 QUINCE If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down,
 FTLN 0875 every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus,
 FTLN 0876 you begin. When you have spoken your
 FTLN 0877 speech, enter into that brake, and so everyone
 FTLN 0878 according to his cue. 75

Enter Robin [invisible to those onstage.]

ROBIN, [aside]
 FTLN 0879 What hempen homespuns have we swagg'ring here
 FTLN 0880 So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?
 FTLN 0881 What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor—
 FTLN 0882 An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.
 FTLN 0883 QUINCE Speak, Pyramus.—Thisbe, stand forth. 80
 BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
 FTLN 0884 *Thisbe, the flowers of odious savors sweet—*
 FTLN 0885 QUINCE Odors, [odors!]
 BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
 FTLN 0886 *...odors savors sweet.*
 FTLN 0887 *So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.—*
 FTLN 0888 *But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile, 85*
 FTLN 0889 *And by and by I will to thee appear. He exits.*
 [ROBIN, aside]
 FTLN 0890 A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [He exits.]

FTLN 0891 FLUTE Must I speak now?
 FTLN 0892 QUINCE Ay, marry, must you, for you must understand
 FTLN 0893 he goes but to see a noise that he heard and is to 90
 FTLN 0894 come again.
 FLUTE, *as Thisbe*
 FTLN 0895 *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*
 FTLN 0896 *Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,*
 FTLN 0897 *Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,*
 FTLN 0898 *As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire. 95*
 FTLN 0899 *I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*
 FTLN 0900 QUINCE "Ninus' tomb," man! Why, you must not
 FTLN 0901 speak that yet. That you answer to Pyramus. You
 FTLN 0902 speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus,
 FTLN 0903 enter. Your cue is past. It is "never tire." 100
 FTLN 0904 FLUTE O!
 FTLN 0905 *['As Thisbe.'] As true as truest horse, that yet would never*
 FTLN 0906 *tire.*

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

BOTTOM, *as Pyramus*
 FTLN 0907 *If I were fair, ['fair'] Thisbe, I were only thine.*
 FTLN 0908 QUINCE O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray, 105
 FTLN 0909 masters, fly, masters! Help!
['Quince, Flute, Snout, Snug, and Starveling exit.']
 ROBIN
 FTLN 0910 I'll follow you. I'll lead you about a round,
 FTLN 0911 Through bog, through bush, through brake,
 FTLN 0912 through brier.
 FTLN 0913 Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, 110
 FTLN 0914 A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,
 FTLN 0915 And neigh and bark and grunt and roar and burn,
 FTLN 0916 Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
He exits.
 FTLN 0917 BOTTOM Why do they run away? This is a knavery of
 FTLN 0918 them to make me afeard. 115

Enter Snout.

FTLN 0919 SNOUT O Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on
 FTLN 0920 thee?
 FTLN 0921 BOTTOM What do you see? You see an ass-head of your
 FTLN 0922 own, do you? *「Snout exits.」*

Enter Quince.

FTLN 0923 QUINCE Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! Thou art 120
 FTLN 0924 translated! *He exits.*

FTLN 0925 BOTTOM I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of
 FTLN 0926 me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir
 FTLN 0927 from this place, do what they can. I will walk up
 FTLN 0928 and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear 125
 FTLN 0929 I am not afraid.

FTLN 0930 *「He sings.」 The ouzel cock, so black of hue,*
 FTLN 0931 *With orange-tawny bill,*
 FTLN 0932 *The throstle with his note so true,*
 FTLN 0933 *The wren with little quill—* 130

TITANIA, *「waking up」*
 FTLN 0934 What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

BOTTOM *「sings」*
 FTLN 0935 *The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,*
 FTLN 0936 *The plainsong cuckoo gray,*
 FTLN 0937 *Whose note full many a man doth mark*
 FTLN 0938 *And dares not answer “nay”—* 135

FTLN 0939 for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
 FTLN 0940 bird? Who would give a bird the lie though he cry
 FTLN 0941 “cuckoo” never so?

TITANIA
 FTLN 0942 I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again. 140
 FTLN 0943 Mine ear is much enamored of thy note,
 FTLN 0944 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
 FTLN 0945 And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
 FTLN 0946 On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

FTLN 0947 BOTTOM Methinks, mistress, you should have little

FTLN 0948 reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason 145
 FTLN 0949 and love keep little company together nowadays.
 FTLN 0950 The more the pity that some honest neighbors will
 FTLN 0951 not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon
 FTLN 0952 occasion.

TITANIA

FTLN 0953 Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful. 150

FTLN 0954 BOTTOM Not so neither; but if I had wit enough to get
 FTLN 0955 out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own
 FTLN 0956 turn.

TITANIA

FTLN 0957 Out of this wood do not desire to go.
 FTLN 0958 Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no. 155

FTLN 0959 I am a spirit of no common rate.
 FTLN 0960 The summer still doth tend upon my state,
 FTLN 0961 And I do love thee. Therefore go with me.
 FTLN 0962 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
 FTLN 0963 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep 160
 FTLN 0964 And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.
 FTLN 0965 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
 FTLN 0966 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
 FTLN 0967 Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Mote, and Mustardseed!

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

FTLN 0968 [PEASEBLOSSOM] Ready. 165

FTLN 0969 [COBWEB] And I.

FTLN 0970 [MOTE] And I.

FTLN 0971 [MUSTARDSEED] And I.

FTLN 0972 [ALL] Where shall we go?

TITANIA

FTLN 0973 Be kind and courteous to this gentleman. 170
 FTLN 0974 Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
 FTLN 0975 Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
 FTLN 0976 With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
 FTLN 0977 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

FTLN 0978	And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs	175
FTLN 0979	And light them at the fiery glowworms' eyes	
FTLN 0980	To have my love to bed and to arise;	
FTLN 0981	And pluck the wings from painted butterflies	
FTLN 0982	To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.	
FTLN 0983	Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.	180
FTLN 0984	「PEASEBLOSSOM」 Hail, mortal!	
FTLN 0985	「COBWEB」 Hail!	
FTLN 0986	「MOTE」 Hail!	
FTLN 0987	「MUSTARDSEED」 Hail!	
FTLN 0988	BOTTOM I cry your Worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech	185
FTLN 0989	your Worship's name.	
FTLN 0990	COBWEB Cobweb.	
FTLN 0991	BOTTOM I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good	
FTLN 0992	Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make	
FTLN 0993	bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?	190
FTLN 0994	PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom.	
FTLN 0995	BOTTOM I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash,	
FTLN 0996	your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father.	
FTLN 0997	Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of	
FTLN 0998	more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech	195
FTLN 0999	you, sir?	
FTLN 1000	MUSTARDSEED Mustardseed.	
FTLN 1001	BOTTOM Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience	
FTLN 1002	well. That same cowardly, giantlike ox-beef	
FTLN 1003	hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I	200
FTLN 1004	promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes	
FTLN 1005	water ere now. I desire you 「of」 more acquaintance,	
FTLN 1006	good Master Mustardseed.	
	TITANIA	
FTLN 1007	Come, wait upon him. Lead him to my bower.	
FTLN 1008	The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye,	205
FTLN 1009	And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,	
FTLN 1010	Lamenting some enforcèd chastity.	
FTLN 1011	Tie up my lover's tongue. Bring him silently.	

「They」 *exit.*

「Scene 2」

Enter 「Oberon,」 King of Fairies.

OBERON

FTLN 1012 I wonder if Titania be awaked;
FTLN 1013 Then what it was that next came in her eye,
FTLN 1014 Which she must dote on in extremity.

「Enter Robin Goodfellow.」

FTLN 1015 Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?
FTLN 1016 What night-rule now about this haunted grove? 5

ROBIN

FTLN 1017 My mistress with a monster is in love.
FTLN 1018 Near to her close and consecrated bower,
FTLN 1019 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
FTLN 1020 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
FTLN 1021 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, 10
FTLN 1022 Were met together to rehearse a play
FTLN 1023 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
FTLN 1024 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
FTLN 1025 Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
FTLN 1026 Forsook his scene and entered in a brake. 15
FTLN 1027 When I did him at this advantage take,
FTLN 1028 An ass's noll I fixèd on his head.
FTLN 1029 Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
FTLN 1030 And forth my 「mimic」 comes. When they him spy,
FTLN 1031 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, 20
FTLN 1032 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
FTLN 1033 Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
FTLN 1034 Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
FTLN 1035 So at his sight away his fellows fly,
FTLN 1036 And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls. 25
FTLN 1037 He "Murder" cries and help from Athens calls.
FTLN 1038 Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus
FTLN 1039 strong,
FTLN 1040 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;

FTLN 1041 For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch, 30
 FTLN 1042 Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things
 FTLN 1043 catch.
 FTLN 1044 I led them on in this distracted fear
 FTLN 1045 And left sweet Pyramus translated there.
 FTLN 1046 When in that moment, so it came to pass, 35
 FTLN 1047 Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

OBERON

FTLN 1048 This falls out better than I could devise.
 FTLN 1049 But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes
 FTLN 1050 With the love juice, as I did bid thee do?

ROBIN

FTLN 1051 I took him sleeping—that is finished, too— 40
 FTLN 1052 And the Athenian woman by his side,
 FTLN 1053 That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

OBERON

FTLN 1054 Stand close. This is the same Athenian.

ROBIN

FTLN 1055 This is the woman, but not this the man.
They step aside.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1056 O, why rebuke you him that loves you so? 45
 FTLN 1057 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe!

HERMIA

FTLN 1058 Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
 FTLN 1059 For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
 FTLN 1060 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
 FTLN 1061 Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep 50
 FTLN 1062 And kill me too.
 FTLN 1063 The sun was not so true unto the day
 FTLN 1064 As he to me. Would he have stolen away
 FTLN 1065 From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
 FTLN 1066 This whole Earth may be bored, and that the moon 55
 FTLN 1067 May through the center creep and so displease

FTLN 1068 Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.
 FTLN 1069 It cannot be but thou hast murdered him.
 FTLN 1070 So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1071 So should the murdered look, and so should I, 60
 FTLN 1072 Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty.
 FTLN 1073 Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
 FTLN 1074 As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HERMIA

FTLN 1075 What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
 FTLN 1076 Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me? 65

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1077 I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

HERMIA

FTLN 1078 Out, dog! Out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds
 FTLN 1079 Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
 FTLN 1080 Henceforth be never numbered among men.
 FTLN 1081 O, once tell true! Tell true, even for my sake! 70
 FTLN 1082 Durst thou have looked upon him, being awake?
 FTLN 1083 And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
 FTLN 1084 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
 FTLN 1085 An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
 FTLN 1086 Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung. 75

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1087 You spend your passion on a misprised mood.
 FTLN 1088 I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
 FTLN 1089 Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA

FTLN 1090 I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1091 An if I could, what should I get therefor? 80

HERMIA

FTLN 1092 A privilege never to see me more.
 FTLN 1093 And from thy hated presence part I 「so.」
 FTLN 1094 See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

She exits.

ROBIN

FTLN 1123 Captain of our fairy band,
 FTLN 1124 Helena is here at hand,
 FTLN 1125 And the youth, mistook by me,
 FTLN 1126 Pleading for a lover's fee. 115
 FTLN 1127 Shall we their fond pageant see?
 FTLN 1128 Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON

FTLN 1129 Stand aside. The noise they make
 FTLN 1130 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

ROBIN

FTLN 1131 Then will two at once woo one. 120
 FTLN 1132 That must needs be sport alone.
 FTLN 1133 And those things do best please me
 FTLN 1134 That befall prepost'rously.

「They step aside.」

Enter Lysander and Helena.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1135 Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
 FTLN 1136 Scorn and derision never come in tears. 125
 FTLN 1137 Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
 FTLN 1138 In their nativity all truth appears.
 FTLN 1139 How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
 FTLN 1140 Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

HELENA

FTLN 1141 You do advance your cunning more and more. 130
 FTLN 1142 When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
 FTLN 1143 These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?
 FTLN 1144 Weigh oath with oath and you will nothing
 FTLN 1145 weigh.
 FTLN 1146 Your vows to her and me, put in two scales, 135
 FTLN 1147 Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1148 I had no judgment when to her I swore.

HELENA

FTLN 1149 Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1150 Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

DEMETRIUS, *「waking up」*

FTLN 1151 O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! 140

FTLN 1152 To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

FTLN 1153 Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

FTLN 1154 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

FTLN 1155 That pure congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,

FTLN 1156 Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow 145

FTLN 1157 When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss

FTLN 1158 This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

HELENA

FTLN 1159 O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

FTLN 1160 To set against me for your merriment.

FTLN 1161 If you were civil and knew courtesy, 150

FTLN 1162 You would not do me thus much injury.

FTLN 1163 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

FTLN 1164 But you must join in souls to mock me too?

FTLN 1165 If you were men, as men you are in show,

FTLN 1166 You would not use a gentle lady so, 155

FTLN 1167 To vow and swear and superpraise my parts,

FTLN 1168 When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

FTLN 1169 You both are rivals and love Hermia,

FTLN 1170 And now both rivals to mock Helena.

FTLN 1171 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise, 160

FTLN 1172 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

FTLN 1173 With your derision! None of noble sort

FTLN 1174 Would so offend a virgin and extort

FTLN 1175 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1176 You are unkind, Demetrius. Be not so, 165

FTLN 1177 For you love Hermia; this you know I know.

FTLN 1178 And here with all goodwill, with all my heart,

FTLN 1179 In Hermia's love I yield you up my part.

FTLN 1180 And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

FTLN 1181 Whom I do love and will do till my death. 170

HELENA

FTLN 1182 Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1183 Lysander, keep thy Hermia. I will none.

FTLN 1184 If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

FTLN 1185 My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,

FTLN 1186 And now to Helen is it home returned, 175

FTLN 1187 There to remain.

FTLN 1188 LYSANDER Helen, it is not so.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1189 Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,

FTLN 1190 Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.

FTLN 1191 Look where thy love comes. Yonder is thy dear. 180

Enter Hermia.

HERMIA, [to Lysander]

FTLN 1192 Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

FTLN 1193 The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

FTLN 1194 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

FTLN 1195 It pays the hearing double recompense.

FTLN 1196 Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found; 185

FTLN 1197 Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

FTLN 1198 But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSANDER

FTLN 1199 Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA

FTLN 1200 What love could press Lysander from my side?

LYSANDER

FTLN 1201 Lysander's love, that would not let him bide, 190

FTLN 1202 Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

FTLN 1203 Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

FTLN 1204 Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee

FTLN 1205 know

FTLN 1206 The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so? 195

HERMIA

FTLN 1207 You speak not as you think. It cannot be.

HELENA

FTLN 1208 Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
 FTLN 1209 Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
 FTLN 1210 To fashion this false sport in spite of me.—
 FTLN 1211 Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid, 200
 FTLN 1212 Have you conspired, have you with these contrived,
 FTLN 1213 To bait me with this foul derision?
 FTLN 1214 Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
 FTLN 1215 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
 FTLN 1216 When we have chid the hasty-footed time 205
 FTLN 1217 For parting us—O, is all forgot?
 FTLN 1218 All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence?
 FTLN 1219 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 FTLN 1220 Have with our needles created both one flower,
 FTLN 1221 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, 210
 FTLN 1222 Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
 FTLN 1223 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
 FTLN 1224 Had been incorporate. So we grew together
 FTLN 1225 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 FTLN 1226 But yet an union in partition, 215
 FTLN 1227 Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
 FTLN 1228 So with two seeming bodies but one heart,
 FTLN 1229 Two of the first, ^{like} coats in heraldry,
 FTLN 1230 Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.
 FTLN 1231 And will you rent our ancient love asunder, 220
 FTLN 1232 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 FTLN 1233 It is not friendly; 'tis not maidenly.
 FTLN 1234 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
 FTLN 1235 Though I alone do feel the injury.

HERMIA

FTLN 1236 I am amazèd at your words. 225
 FTLN 1237 I scorn you not. It seems that you scorn me.

HELENA

FTLN 1238 Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
 FTLN 1239 To follow me and praise my eyes and face,
 FTLN 1240 And made your other love, Demetrius,

FTLN 1241	Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,	230
FTLN 1242	To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,	
FTLN 1243	Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this	
FTLN 1244	To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander	
FTLN 1245	Deny your love (so rich within his soul)	
FTLN 1246	And tender me, forsooth, affection,	235
FTLN 1247	But by your setting on, by your consent?	
FTLN 1248	What though I be not so in grace as you,	
FTLN 1249	So hung upon with love, so fortunate,	
FTLN 1250	But miserable most, to love unloved?	
FTLN 1251	This you should pity rather than despise.	240
	HERMIA	
FTLN 1252	I understand not what you mean by this.	
	HELENA	
FTLN 1253	Ay, do. Persever, counterfeit sad looks,	
FTLN 1254	Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,	
FTLN 1255	Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up.	
FTLN 1256	This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.	245
FTLN 1257	If you have any pity, grace, or manners,	
FTLN 1258	You would not make me such an argument.	
FTLN 1259	But fare you well. 'Tis partly my own fault,	
FTLN 1260	Which death or absence soon shall remedy.	
	LYSANDER	
FTLN 1261	Stay, gentle Helena. Hear my excuse,	250
FTLN 1262	My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena.	
	HELENA	
FTLN 1263	O excellent!	
	HERMIA, <i>「to Lysander」</i>	
FTLN 1264	Sweet, do not scorn her so.	
	DEMETRIUS, <i>「to Lysander」</i>	
FTLN 1265	If she cannot entreat, I can compel.	
	LYSANDER	
FTLN 1266	Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.	255
FTLN 1267	Thy threats have no more strength than her weak	
FTLN 1268	<i>「prayers.」</i> —	
FTLN 1269	Helen, I love thee. By my life, I do.	

FTLN 1270 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 FTLN 1271 To prove him false that says I love thee not. 260

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1272 I say I love thee more than he can do.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1273 If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1274 Quick, come.

FTLN 1275 HERMIA Lysander, whereto tends all this?
〔She takes hold of Lysander.〕

LYSANDER

FTLN 1276 Away, you Ethiop! 265

DEMETRIUS, *〔to Hermia〕*

FTLN 1277 No, no. He'll
 FTLN 1278 Seem to break loose. *〔To Lysander.〕* Take on as you
 FTLN 1279 would follow,
 FTLN 1280 But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

LYSANDER, *〔to Hermia〕*

FTLN 1281 Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose, 270
 FTLN 1282 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

HERMIA

FTLN 1283 Why are you grown so rude? What change is this,
 FTLN 1284 Sweet love?

LYSANDER Thy love? Out, tawny Tartar, out!
 FTLN 1286 Out, loathèd med'cine! O, hated potion, hence! 275

HERMIA

FTLN 1287 Do you not jest?

FTLN 1288 HELENA Yes, sooth, and so do you.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1289 Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1290 I would I had your bond. For I perceive
 FTLN 1291 A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word. 280

LYSANDER

FTLN 1292 What? Should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
 FTLN 1293 Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

HERMIA

FTLN 1294 What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
 FTLN 1295 Hate me? Wherefore? O me, what news, my love?
 FTLN 1296 Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander? 285
 FTLN 1297 I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
 FTLN 1298 Since night you loved me; yet since night you left
 FTLN 1299 me.
 FTLN 1300 Why, then, you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
 FTLN 1301 In earnest, shall I say? 290

LYSANDER

Ay, by my life,

FTLN 1303 And never did desire to see thee more.
 FTLN 1304 Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt.
 FTLN 1305 Be certain, nothing truer, 'tis no jest
 FTLN 1306 That I do hate thee and love Helena. 295

[*Hermia turns him loose.*]

HERMIA

FTLN 1307 O me! [*To Helena.*] You juggler, you cankerblossom,
 FTLN 1308 You thief of love! What, have you come by night
 FTLN 1309 And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA

Fine, i' faith.

FTLN 1311 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 300
 FTLN 1312 No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
 FTLN 1313 Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
 FTLN 1314 Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

HERMIA

FTLN 1315 "Puppet"? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
 FTLN 1316 Now I perceive that she hath made compare 305
 FTLN 1317 Between our statures; she hath urged her height,
 FTLN 1318 And with her personage, her tall personage,
 FTLN 1319 Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.
 FTLN 1320 And are you grown so high in his esteem
 FTLN 1321 Because I am so dwarfish and so low? 310
 FTLN 1322 How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak!
 FTLN 1323 How low am I? I am not yet so low
 FTLN 1324 But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA

FTLN 1325 I pray you, though you mock me, 「gentlemen,」
 FTLN 1326 Let her not hurt me. I was never curst; 315
 FTLN 1327 I have no gift at all in shrewishness.
 FTLN 1328 I am a right maid for my cowardice.
 FTLN 1329 Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
 FTLN 1330 Because she is something lower than myself,
 FTLN 1331 That I can match her. 320

FTLN 1332 HERMIA “Lower”? Hark, again!

HELENA

FTLN 1333 Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
 FTLN 1334 I evermore did love you, Hermia,
 FTLN 1335 Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you—
 FTLN 1336 Save that, in love unto Demetrius, 325
 FTLN 1337 I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
 FTLN 1338 He followed you; for love, I followed him.
 FTLN 1339 But he hath chid me hence and threatened me
 FTLN 1340 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.
 FTLN 1341 And now, so you will let me quiet go, 330
 FTLN 1342 To Athens will I bear my folly back
 FTLN 1343 And follow you no further. Let me go.
 FTLN 1344 You see how simple and how fond I am.

HERMIA

FTLN 1345 Why, get you gone. Who is 't that hinders you?

HELENA

FTLN 1346 A foolish heart that I leave here behind. 335

HERMIA

FTLN 1347 What, with Lysander?

FTLN 1348 HELENA With Demetrius.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1349 Be not afraid. She shall not harm thee, Helena.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1350 No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

HELENA

FTLN 1351 O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd. 340
 FTLN 1352 She was a vixen when she went to school,
 FTLN 1353 And though she be but little, she is fierce.

FTLN 1382 And so far blameless proves my enterprise
 FTLN 1383 That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
 FTLN 1384 And so far am I glad it so did sort,
 FTLN 1385 As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBERON

FTLN 1386 Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight. 375
 FTLN 1387 Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
 FTLN 1388 The starry welkin cover thou anon
 FTLN 1389 With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
 FTLN 1390 And lead these testy rivals so astray
 FTLN 1391 As one come not within another's way. 380

FTLN 1392 Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue;
 FTLN 1393 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong.
 FTLN 1394 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius.
 FTLN 1395 And from each other look thou lead them thus,
 FTLN 1396 Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep 385
 FTLN 1397 With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
 FTLN 1398 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,

〔He gives a flower to Robin.〕

FTLN 1399 Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
 FTLN 1400 To take from thence all error with his might
 FTLN 1401 And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight. 390
 FTLN 1402 When they next wake, all this derision
 FTLN 1403 Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision.
 FTLN 1404 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
 FTLN 1405 With league whose date till death shall never end.
 FTLN 1406 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, 395
 FTLN 1407 I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
 FTLN 1408 And then I will her charmèd eye release
 FTLN 1409 From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

ROBIN

FTLN 1410 My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
 FTLN 1411 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast, 400
 FTLN 1412 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
 FTLN 1413 At whose approach, ghosts wand'ring here and
 FTLN 1414 there

FTLN 1415 Troop home to churchyards. Damnèd spirits all,
 FTLN 1416 That in crossways and floods have burial, 405
 FTLN 1417 Already to their wormy beds are gone.
 FTLN 1418 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
 FTLN 1419 They willfully themselves exile from light
 FTLN 1420 And must for aye consort with black-browed night.

OBERON

FTLN 1421 But we are spirits of another sort. 410
 FTLN 1422 I with the Morning's love have oft made sport
 FTLN 1423 And, like a forester, the groves may tread
 FTLN 1424 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 FTLN 1425 Opening on Neptune with fair blessèd beams,
 FTLN 1426 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams. 415
 FTLN 1427 But notwithstanding, haste! Make no delay.
 FTLN 1428 We may effect this business yet ere day. *['He exits.']*

ROBIN

FTLN 1429 Up and down, up and down,
 FTLN 1430 I will lead them up and down.
 FTLN 1431 I am feared in field and town. 420
 FTLN 1432 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 FTLN 1433 Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1434 Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

ROBIN, *['in Demetrius' voice']*

FTLN 1435 Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

FTLN 1436 LYSANDER I will be with thee straight. 425

FTLN 1437 ROBIN, *['in Demetrius' voice']* Follow me, then, to
 FTLN 1438 plainer ground. *['Lysander exits.']*

Enter Demetrius.

FTLN 1439 DEMETRIUS Lysander, speak again.

FTLN 1440 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

FTLN 1441 Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy 430
 FTLN 1442 head?

ROBIN, *「in Lysander's voice」*

FTLN 1443 Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
 FTLN 1444 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
 FTLN 1445 And wilt not come? Come, recreant! Come, thou
 FTLN 1446 child! 435
 FTLN 1447 I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled
 FTLN 1448 That draws a sword on thee.

FTLN 1449 DEMETRIUS Yea, art thou there?

ROBIN, *「in Lysander's voice」*

FTLN 1450 Follow my voice. We'll try no manhood here.
「They exit.」

「Enter Lysander.」

LYSANDER

FTLN 1451 He goes before me and still dares me on. 440
 FTLN 1452 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
 FTLN 1453 The villain is much lighter-heeled than I.
 FTLN 1454 I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
 FTLN 1455 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 FTLN 1456 And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day, 445
 FTLN 1457 For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
 FTLN 1458 I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.
「He lies down and sleeps.」

「Enter」 Robin and Demetrius.

ROBIN, *「in Lysander's voice」*

FTLN 1459 Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1460 Abide me, if thou dar'st, for well I wot
 FTLN 1461 Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place, 450
 FTLN 1462 And dar'st not stand nor look me in the face.
 FTLN 1463 Where art thou now?

ROBIN, *「in Lysander's voice」*

FTLN 1464 Come hither. I am here.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1465 Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this
 FTLN 1466 dear 455

FTLN 1467
FTLN 1468
FTLN 1469
FTLN 1470

If ever I thy face by daylight see.
Now go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.

「He lies down and sleeps.」

Enter Helena.

HELENA

FTLN 1471
FTLN 1472
FTLN 1473
FTLN 1474
FTLN 1475
FTLN 1476

O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

460

465

「She lies down and」 sleeps.

ROBIN

FTLN 1477
FTLN 1478
FTLN 1479
FTLN 1480
FTLN 1481

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

470

「Enter Hermia.」

HERMIA

FTLN 1482
FTLN 1483
FTLN 1484
FTLN 1485
FTLN 1486
FTLN 1487

Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go.
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander if they mean a fray!

475

「She lies down and sleeps.」

ROBIN

FTLN 1488
FTLN 1489
FTLN 1490
FTLN 1491
FTLN 1492

On the ground
Sleep sound.
I'll apply
「To」 your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

480

FTLN 1524	BOTTOM	Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustardseed.	20
FTLN 1525		Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.	
FTLN 1526	MUSTARDSEED	What's your will?	
FTLN 1527	BOTTOM	Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavalery	
FTLN 1528		Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,	
FTLN 1529		monsieur, for methinks I am marvels hairy about	25
FTLN 1530		the face. And I am such a tender ass, if my hair do	
FTLN 1531		but tickle me, I must scratch.	
	TITANIA		
FTLN 1532		What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?	
FTLN 1533	BOTTOM	I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's	
FTLN 1534		have the tongs and the bones.	30
	TITANIA		
FTLN 1535		Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.	
FTLN 1536	BOTTOM	Truly, a peck of provender. I could munch	
FTLN 1537		your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire	
FTLN 1538		to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no	
FTLN 1539		fellow.	35
	TITANIA		
FTLN 1540		I have a venturous fairy that shall seek	
FTLN 1541		The squirrel's hoard and fetch thee new nuts.	
FTLN 1542	BOTTOM	I had rather have a handful or two of dried	
FTLN 1543		peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir	
FTLN 1544		me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.	40
	TITANIA		
FTLN 1545		Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—	
FTLN 1546		Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.	
		[<i>Fairies exit.</i>]	
FTLN 1547		So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle	
FTLN 1548		Gently entwist; the female ivy so	
FTLN 1549		Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.	45
FTLN 1550		O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!	
		[<i>Bottom and Titania sleep.</i>]	

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

OBERON

FTLN 1551 Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?

FTLN 1552 Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
 FTLN 1553 For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
 FTLN 1554 Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool, 50
 FTLN 1555 I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
 FTLN 1556 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 FTLN 1557 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
 FTLN 1558 And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 FTLN 1559 Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls, 55
 FTLN 1560 Stood now within the pretty flouriets' eyes,
 FTLN 1561 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
 FTLN 1562 When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
 FTLN 1563 And she in mild terms begged my patience,
 FTLN 1564 I then did ask of her her changeling child, 60
 FTLN 1565 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 FTLN 1566 To bear him to my bower in Fairyland.
 FTLN 1567 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 FTLN 1568 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 FTLN 1569 And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp 65
 FTLN 1570 From off the head of this Athenian swain,
 FTLN 1571 That he, awaking when the other do,
 FTLN 1572 May all to Athens back again repair
 FTLN 1573 And think no more of this night's accidents
 FTLN 1574 But as the fierce vexation of a dream. 70
 FTLN 1575 But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

〔He applies the nectar to her eyes.〕

FTLN 1576 Be as thou wast wont to be.
 FTLN 1577 See as thou wast wont to see.
 FTLN 1578 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 FTLN 1579 Hath such force and blessèd power. 75

FTLN 1580 Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

TITANIA, *〔waking〕*

FTLN 1581 My Oberon, what visions have I seen!
 FTLN 1582 Methought I was enamored of an ass.

OBERON

FTLN 1583 There lies your love.

FTLN 1584 TITANIA How came these things to pass? 80

FTLN 1585 O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

OBERON

FTLN 1586 Silence awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
 FTLN 1587 Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 FTLN 1588 Than common sleep of all these 「five」 the sense.

TITANIA

FTLN 1589 Music, ho, music such as charmeth sleep! 85

ROBIN, 「*removing the ass-head from Bottom*」

FTLN 1590 Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes
 FTLN 1591 peep.

OBERON

FTLN 1592 Sound music. 「*Music.*」

FTLN 1593 Come, my queen, take hands with me,
 FTLN 1594 And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be. 90

「*Titania and Oberon dance.*」

FTLN 1595 Now thou and I are new in amity,
 FTLN 1596 And will tomorrow midnight solemnly
 FTLN 1597 Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
 FTLN 1598 And bless it to all fair prosperity.
 FTLN 1599 There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be 95
 FTLN 1600 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

ROBIN

FTLN 1601 Fairy king, attend and mark.
 FTLN 1602 I do hear the morning lark.

OBERON

FTLN 1603 Then, my queen, in silence sad
 FTLN 1604 Trip we after night's shade. 100
 FTLN 1605 We the globe can compass soon,
 FTLN 1606 Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITANIA

FTLN 1607 Come, my lord, and in our flight
 FTLN 1608 Tell me how it came this night
 FTLN 1609 That I sleeping here was found 105
 FTLN 1610 With these mortals on the ground.

「*Oberon, Robin, and Titania*」 *exit.*

*Wind horn. Enter Theseus and all his train,
 「Hippolyta, Egeus.」*

THESEUS

FTLN 1611 Go, one of you, find out the Forester.
 FTLN 1612 For now our observation is performed,
 FTLN 1613 And, since we have the vaward of the day,
 FTLN 1614 My love shall hear the music of my hounds. 110
 FTLN 1615 Uncouple in the western valley; let them go.
 FTLN 1616 Dispatch, I say, and find the Forester.

[*A Servant exits.*]

FTLN 1617 We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
 FTLN 1618 And mark the musical confusion
 FTLN 1619 Of hounds and echo in conjunction. 115

HIPPOLYTA

FTLN 1620 I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
 FTLN 1621 When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
 FTLN 1622 With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
 FTLN 1623 Such gallant chiding, for, besides the groves,
 FTLN 1624 The skies, the fountains, every region near 120
 FTLN 1625 [Seemed] all one mutual cry. I never heard
 FTLN 1626 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS

FTLN 1627 My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 FTLN 1628 So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
 FTLN 1629 With ears that sweep away the morning dew; 125
 FTLN 1630 Crook-kneed, and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls;
 FTLN 1631 Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
 FTLN 1632 Each under each. A cry more tunable
 FTLN 1633 Was never holloed to, nor cheered with horn,
 FTLN 1634 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly. 130
 FTLN 1635 Judge when you hear.—But soft! What nymphs are
 FTLN 1636 these?

EGEUS

FTLN 1637 My lord, this [is] my daughter here asleep,
 FTLN 1638 And this Lysander; this Demetrius is,
 FTLN 1639 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena. 135
 FTLN 1640 I wonder of their being here together.

THESEUS

FTLN 1641 No doubt they rose up early to observe
 FTLN 1642 The rite of May, and hearing our intent,
 FTLN 1643 Came here in grace of our solemnity.
 FTLN 1644 But speak, Egeus. Is not this the day 140
 FTLN 1645 That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

FTLN 1646 EGEUS It is, my lord.

THESEUS

FTLN 1647 Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[A Servant exits.]
Shout within. Wind horns. They all start up.

THESEUS

FTLN 1648 Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past.
 FTLN 1649 Begin these woodbirds but to couple now? 145
[Demetrius, Helena, Hermia, and Lysander kneel.]

LYSANDER

FTLN 1650 Pardon, my lord.

FTLN 1651 THESEUS I pray you all, stand up.
[They rise.]

FTLN 1652 I know you two are rival enemies.
 FTLN 1653 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
 FTLN 1654 That hatred is so far from jealousy 150
 FTLN 1655 To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?

LYSANDER

FTLN 1656 My lord, I shall reply amazèdly,
 FTLN 1657 Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
 FTLN 1658 I cannot truly say how I came here.
 FTLN 1659 But, as I think—for truly would I speak, 155
 FTLN 1660 And now I do bethink me, so it is:
 FTLN 1661 I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
 FTLN 1662 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
 FTLN 1663 Without the peril of the Athenian law—

EGEUS

FTLN 1664 Enough, enough!—My lord, you have enough. 160
 FTLN 1665 I beg the law, the law upon his head.
 FTLN 1666 They would have stol'n away.—They would,
 FTLN 1667 Demetrius,

HERMIA

FTLN 1700 Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 FTLN 1701 When everything seems double.

HELENA

So methinks.

FTLN 1703 And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 FTLN 1704 Mine own and not mine own. 200

DEMETRIUS

Are you sure

FTLN 1706 That we are awake? It seems to me
 FTLN 1707 That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
 FTLN 1708 The Duke was here and bid us follow him?

HERMIA

FTLN 1709 Yea, and my father. 205

HELENA

And Hippolyta.

LYSANDER

FTLN 1711 And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEMETRIUS

FTLN 1712 Why, then, we are awake. Let's follow him,
 FTLN 1713 And by the way let 「us」 recount our dreams.

「Lovers exit.」

BOTTOM, 「waking up」

FTLN 1714 When my cue comes, call me, 210
 FTLN 1715 and I will answer. My next is “Most fair Pyramus.”
 FTLN 1716 Hey-ho! Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-mender!
 FTLN 1717 Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! Stolen
 FTLN 1718 hence and left me asleep! I have had a most rare
 FTLN 1719 vision. I have had a dream past the wit of man to say 215
 FTLN 1720 what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about
 FTLN 1721 「to」 expound this dream. Methought I was—there
 FTLN 1722 is no man can tell what. Methought I was and
 FTLN 1723 methought I had—but man is but 「a patched」 fool if
 FTLN 1724 he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of 220
 FTLN 1725 man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen,
 FTLN 1726 man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to
 FTLN 1727 conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream
 FTLN 1728 was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this
 FTLN 1729 dream. It shall be called “Bottom's Dream” because 225
 FTLN 1730 it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the

FTLN 1731 latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure,
 FTLN 1732 to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her
 FTLN 1733 death.

「He exits.」

「Scene 2」

Enter Quince, Flute, 「Snout, and Starveling.」

FTLN 1734 QUINCE Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come
 FTLN 1735 home yet?

FTLN 1736 「STARVELING」 He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he
 FTLN 1737 is transported.

FTLN 1738 FLUTE If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes 5
 FTLN 1739 not forward, doth it?

FTLN 1740 QUINCE It is not possible. You have not a man in all
 FTLN 1741 Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

FTLN 1742 FLUTE No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraftman
 FTLN 1743 in Athens. 10

FTLN 1744 QUINCE Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very
 FTLN 1745 paramour for a sweet voice.

FTLN 1746 FLUTE You must say "paragon." A "paramour" is (God
 FTLN 1747 bless us) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug the joiner.

FTLN 1748 SNUG Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, 15
 FTLN 1749 and there is two or three lords and ladies more
 FTLN 1750 married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all
 FTLN 1751 been made men.

FTLN 1752 FLUTE O, sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence
 FTLN 1753 a day during his life. He could not have 20
 FTLN 1754 'scaped sixpence a day. An the Duke had not given
 FTLN 1755 him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
 FTLN 1756 hanged. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day
 FTLN 1757 in Pyramus, or nothing!

Enter Bottom.

FTLN 1758 BOTTOM Where are these lads? Where are these 25
 FTLN 1759 hearts?

FTLN 1760 QUINCE Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy
 FTLN 1761 hour!

FTLN 1762 BOTTOM Masters, I am to discourse wonders. But ask
 FTLN 1763 me not what; for, if I tell you, I am not true 30
 FTLN 1764 Athenian. I will tell you everything right as it fell
 FTLN 1765 out.

FTLN 1766 QUINCE Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

FTLN 1767 BOTTOM Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is that
 FTLN 1768 the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, 35
 FTLN 1769 good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your
 FTLN 1770 pumps. Meet presently at the palace. Every man
 FTLN 1771 look o'er his part. For the short and the long is, our
 FTLN 1772 play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe have clean
 FTLN 1773 linen, and let not him that plays the lion pare his 40
 FTLN 1774 nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws.
 FTLN 1775 And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for
 FTLN 1776 we are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but
 FTLN 1777 to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more
 FTLN 1778 words. Away! Go, away! 45

[*They exit.*]

「Scene 1」

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, and Philostrate, 「Lords, and Attendants.」

HIPPOLYTA

FTLN 1779 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

THESEUS

FTLN 1780 More strange than true. I never may believe
FTLN 1781 These antique fables nor these fairy toys.
FTLN 1782 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
FTLN 1783 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend 5
FTLN 1784 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
FTLN 1785 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
FTLN 1786 Are of imagination all compact.
FTLN 1787 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:
FTLN 1788 That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic, 10
FTLN 1789 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
FTLN 1790 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
FTLN 1791 Doth glance from heaven to Earth, from Earth to
FTLN 1792 heaven,
FTLN 1793 And as imagination bodies forth 15
FTLN 1794 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
FTLN 1795 Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
FTLN 1796 A local habitation and a name.
FTLN 1797 Such tricks hath strong imagination
FTLN 1798 That, if it would but apprehend some joy, 20

FTLN 1799 It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
 FTLN 1800 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
 FTLN 1801 How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

HIPPOLYTA

FTLN 1802 But all the story of the night told over,
 FTLN 1803 And all their minds transfigured so together, 25
 FTLN 1804 More witnesseth than fancy's images
 FTLN 1805 And grows to something of great constancy,
 FTLN 1806 But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

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

THESEUS

FTLN 1807 Here come the lovers full of joy and mirth.—
 FTLN 1808 Joy, gentle friends! Joy and fresh days of love 30
 FTLN 1809 Accompany your hearts!

FTLN 1810 LYSANDER More than to us
 FTLN 1811 Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

THESEUS

FTLN 1812 Come now, what masques, what dances shall we
 FTLN 1813 have 35
 FTLN 1814 To wear away this long age of three hours
 FTLN 1815 Between 「our」 after-supper and bedtime?
 FTLN 1816 Where is our usual manager of mirth?
 FTLN 1817 What revels are in hand? Is there no play
 FTLN 1818 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? 40
 FTLN 1819 Call Philostrate.

FTLN 1820 PHILOSTRATE, 「*coming forward*」 Here, mighty Theseus.

THESEUS

FTLN 1821 Say what abridgment have you for this evening,
 FTLN 1822 What masque, what music? How shall we beguile
 FTLN 1823 The lazy time if not with some delight? 45

PHILOSTRATE, 「*giving Theseus a paper*」

FTLN 1824 There is a brief how many sports are ripe.
 FTLN 1825 Make choice of which your Highness will see first.

THESEUS

FTLN 1826 "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
 FTLN 1827 By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
 FTLN 1828 We'll none of that. That have I told my love 50
 FTLN 1829 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
 FTLN 1830 "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
 FTLN 1831 Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
 FTLN 1832 That is an old device, and it was played
 FTLN 1833 When I from Thebes came last a conqueror. 55
 FTLN 1834 "The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
 FTLN 1835 Of learning, late deceased in beggary."
 FTLN 1836 That is some satire, keen and critical,
 FTLN 1837 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
 FTLN 1838 "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus 60
 FTLN 1839 And his love Thisbe, very tragical mirth."
 FTLN 1840 "Merry" and "tragical"? "Tedious" and "brief"?
 FTLN 1841 That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow!
 FTLN 1842 How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOSTRATE

FTLN 1843 A play there is, my lord, some ten words long 65
 FTLN 1844 (Which is as brief as I have known a play),
 FTLN 1845 But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
 FTLN 1846 Which makes it tedious; for in all the play,
 FTLN 1847 There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
 FTLN 1848 And tragical, my noble lord, it is. 70
 FTLN 1849 For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,
 FTLN 1850 Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
 FTLN 1851 Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
 FTLN 1852 The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THESEUS

FTLN 1853 What are they that do play it? 75

PHILOSTRATE

FTLN 1854 Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
 FTLN 1855 Which never labored in their minds till now,
 FTLN 1856 And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
 FTLN 1857 With this same play, against your nuptial.

THESEUS

FTLN 1858 And we will hear it. 80

FTLN 1859 PHILOSTRATE No, my noble lord,

FTLN 1860 It is not for you. I have heard it over,

FTLN 1861 And it is nothing, nothing in the world,

FTLN 1862 Unless you can find sport in their intents,

FTLN 1863 Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain 85

FTLN 1864 To do you service.

FTLN 1865 THESEUS I will hear that play,

FTLN 1866 For never anything can be amiss

FTLN 1867 When simpleness and duty tender it.

FTLN 1868 Go, bring them in—and take your places, ladies. 90

[*Philostrate exits.*]

HIPPOLYTA

FTLN 1869 I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,

FTLN 1870 And duty in his service perishing.

THESEUS

FTLN 1871 Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

HIPPOLYTA

FTLN 1872 He says they can do nothing in this kind.

THESEUS

FTLN 1873 The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing. 95

FTLN 1874 Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;

FTLN 1875 And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect

FTLN 1876 Takes it in might, not merit.

FTLN 1877 Where I have come, great clerks have purposèd

FTLN 1878 To greet me with premeditated welcomes, 100

FTLN 1879 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

FTLN 1880 Make periods in the midst of sentences,

FTLN 1881 Throttle their practiced accent in their fears,

FTLN 1882 And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,

FTLN 1883 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet, 105

FTLN 1884 Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome,

FTLN 1885 And in the modesty of fearful duty,

FTLN 1886 I read as much as from the rattling tongue

FTLN 1887 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

FTLN 1888 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity 110
 FTLN 1889 In least speak most, to my capacity.

「*Enter Philostrate.*」

PHILOSTRATE

FTLN 1890 So please your Grace, the Prologue is addressed.

FTLN 1891 THESEUS Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

PROLOGUE

FTLN 1892 If we offend, it is with our goodwill.

FTLN 1893 That you should think we come not to offend, 115

FTLN 1894 But with goodwill. To show our simple skill,

FTLN 1895 That is the true beginning of our end.

FTLN 1896 Consider, then, we come but in despite.

FTLN 1897 We do not come, as minding to content you,

FTLN 1898 Our true intent is. All for your delight 120

FTLN 1899 We are not here. That you should here repent

FTLN 1900 you,

FTLN 1901 The actors are at hand, and, by their show,

FTLN 1902 You shall know all that you are like to know.

「*Prologue exits.*」

FTLN 1903 THESEUS This fellow doth not stand upon points. 125

FTLN 1904 LYSANDER He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;

FTLN 1905 he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is

FTLN 1906 not enough to speak, but to speak true.

FTLN 1907 HIPPOLYTA Indeed he hath played on this prologue like

FTLN 1908 a child on a recorder—a sound, but not in 130

FTLN 1909 government.

FTLN 1910 THESEUS His speech was like a tangled chain—nothing

FTLN 1911 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*

FTLN 1912 Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show.

FTLN 1913	But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.	135
FTLN 1914	This man is Pyramus, if you would know.	
FTLN 1915	This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.	
FTLN 1916	This man with lime and roughcast doth present	
FTLN 1917	“Wall,” that vile wall which did these lovers	
FTLN 1918	sunder;	140
FTLN 1919	And through Wall’s chink, poor souls, they are	
FTLN 1920	content	
FTLN 1921	To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.	
FTLN 1922	This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,	
FTLN 1923	Presenteth “Moonshine,” for, if you will know,	145
FTLN 1924	By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn	
FTLN 1925	To meet at Ninus’ tomb, there, there to woo.	
FTLN 1926	This grisly beast (which “Lion” hight by name)	
FTLN 1927	The trusty Thisbe coming first by night	
FTLN 1928	Did \lceil scare \rceil away or rather did affright;	150
FTLN 1929	And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,	
FTLN 1930	Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.	
FTLN 1931	Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,	
FTLN 1932	And finds his trusty Thisbe’s mantle slain.	
FTLN 1933	Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,	155
FTLN 1934	He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast.	
FTLN 1935	And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,	
FTLN 1936	His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,	
FTLN 1937	Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain	
FTLN 1938	At large discourse, while here they do remain.	160
FTLN 1939	THESEUS I wonder if the lion be to speak.	
FTLN 1940	DEMETRIUS No wonder, my lord. One lion may when	
FTLN 1941	many asses do.	
	<i>Lion, Thisbe, Moonshine, \lceiland Prologue\rceil exit.</i>	
	SNOUT, <i>as Wall</i>	
FTLN 1942	In this same interlude it doth befall	
FTLN 1943	That I, one \lceil Snout \rceil by name, present a wall;	165
FTLN 1944	And such a wall as I would have you think	
FTLN 1945	That had in it a crannied hole or chink,	
FTLN 1946	Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,	

FTLN 1947	Did whisper often, very secretly.	
FTLN 1948	This loam, this roughcast, and this stone doth show	170
FTLN 1949	That I am that same wall. The truth is so.	
FTLN 1950	And this the cranny is, right and sinister,	
FTLN 1951	Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.	
FTLN 1952	THESEUS Would you desire lime and hair to speak	
FTLN 1953	better?	175
FTLN 1954	DEMETRIUS It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard	
FTLN 1955	discourse, my lord.	
FTLN 1956	THESEUS Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence.	
	BOTTOM, <i>as Pyramus</i>	
FTLN 1957	O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black!	
FTLN 1958	O night, which ever art when day is not!	180
FTLN 1959	O night! O night! Alack, alack, alack!	
FTLN 1960	I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.	
FTLN 1961	And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,	
FTLN 1962	That stand'st between her father's ground and	
FTLN 1963	mine,	185
FTLN 1964	Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,	
FTLN 1965	Show me thy chink to blink through with mine	
FTLN 1966	eyne.	
FTLN 1967	Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for	
FTLN 1968	this.	190
FTLN 1969	But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.	
FTLN 1970	O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss,	
FTLN 1971	Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!	
FTLN 1972	THESEUS The wall, methinks, being sensible, should	
FTLN 1973	curse again.	195
FTLN 1974	BOTTOM No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving	
FTLN 1975	me" is Thisbe's cue. She is to enter now, and I am	
FTLN 1976	to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall	
FTLN 1977	pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.	

Enter Thisbe 「(Flute).」

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

FTLN 1978	O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans	200
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FTLN 1979	For parting my fair Pyramus and me.	
FTLN 1980	My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,	
FTLN 1981	Thy stones with lime and hair knit <i>up</i> in thee.	
	BOTTOM, <i>as Pyramus</i>	
FTLN 1982	I see a voice! Now will I to the chink	
FTLN 1983	To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.	205
FTLN 1984	Thisbe?	
	FLUTE, <i>as Thisbe</i>	
FTLN 1985	My love! Thou art my love, I think.	
	BOTTOM, <i>as Pyramus</i>	
FTLN 1986	Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace,	
FTLN 1987	And, like Limander, am I trusty still.	
	FLUTE, <i>as Thisbe</i>	
FTLN 1988	And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.	210
	BOTTOM, <i>as Pyramus</i>	
FTLN 1989	Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.	
	FLUTE, <i>as Thisbe</i>	
FTLN 1990	As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.	
	BOTTOM, <i>as Pyramus</i>	
FTLN 1991	O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.	
	FLUTE, <i>as Thisbe</i>	
FTLN 1992	I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.	
	BOTTOM, <i>as Pyramus</i>	
FTLN 1993	Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?	215
	FLUTE, <i>as Thisbe</i>	
FTLN 1994	'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.	
	<i>Bottom and Flute exit.</i>	
	SNOUT, <i>as Wall</i>	
FTLN 1995	Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so,	
FTLN 1996	And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. <i>He exits.</i>	
FTLN 1997	THESEUS Now is the <i>wall down</i> between the two	
FTLN 1998	neighbors.	220
FTLN 1999	DEMETRIUS No remedy, my lord, when walls are so	
FTLN 2000	willful to hear without warning.	
FTLN 2001	HIPPOLYTA This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.	
FTLN 2002	THESEUS The best in this kind are but shadows, and	

FTLN 2003 the worst are no worse, if imagination amend 225
 FTLN 2004 them.
 FTLN 2005 HIPPOLYTA It must be your imagination, then, and not
 FTLN 2006 theirs.
 FTLN 2007 THESEUS If we imagine no worse of them than they of
 FTLN 2008 themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here 230
 FTLN 2009 come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion 「(Snug)」 and *Moonshine* 「(Starveling)」.

SNUG, *as Lion*

FTLN 2010 You ladies, you whose gentle hearts do fear
 FTLN 2011 The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
 FTLN 2012 floor,
 FTLN 2013 May now perchance both quake and tremble here, 235
 FTLN 2014 When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
 FTLN 2015 Then know that I, as Snug the joiner, am
 FTLN 2016 A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
 FTLN 2017 For if I should as lion come in strife
 FTLN 2018 Into this place, 'twere pity on my life. 240
 FTLN 2019 THESEUS A very gentle beast, and of a good
 FTLN 2020 conscience.
 FTLN 2021 DEMETRIUS The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I
 FTLN 2022 saw.
 FTLN 2023 LYSANDER This lion is a very fox for his valor. 245
 FTLN 2024 THESEUS True, and a goose for his discretion.
 FTLN 2025 DEMETRIUS Not so, my lord, for his valor cannot carry
 FTLN 2026 his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.
 FTLN 2027 THESEUS His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
 FTLN 2028 valor, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well. 250
 FTLN 2029 Leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the
 FTLN 2030 Moon.

STARVELING, *as Moonshine*

FTLN 2031 This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present.
 FTLN 2032 DEMETRIUS He should have worn the horns on his
 FTLN 2033 head. 255
 FTLN 2034 THESEUS He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible
 FTLN 2035 within the circumference.

STARVELING, *as Moonshine*

- FTLN 2036 This lantern doth the hornèd moon present.
 FTLN 2037 Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.
 FTLN 2038 THESEUS This is the greatest error of all the rest; the 260
 FTLN 2039 man should be put into the lantern. How is it else
 FTLN 2040 “the man i' th' moon”?
 FTLN 2041 DEMETRIUS He dares not come there for the candle,
 FTLN 2042 for you see, it is already in snuff.
 FTLN 2043 HIPPOLYTA I am aweary of this moon. Would he would 265
 FTLN 2044 change.
 FTLN 2045 THESEUS It appears by his small light of discretion that
 FTLN 2046 he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason,
 FTLN 2047 we must stay the time.
 FTLN 2048 LYSANDER Proceed, Moon. 270
 FTLN 2049 STARVELING, *as Moonshine* All that I have to say is to tell
 FTLN 2050 you that the lantern is the moon, I the man i' th'
 FTLN 2051 moon, this thornbush my thornbush, and this dog
 FTLN 2052 my dog.
 FTLN 2053 DEMETRIUS Why, all these should be in the lantern, 275
 FTLN 2054 for all these are in the moon. But silence. Here
 FTLN 2055 comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe †(Flute).‡

FLUTE, *as Thisbe*

- FTLN 2056 This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?
 FTLN 2057 SNUG, *as Lion* O!
 †The Lion roars. Thisbe runs off,
 dropping her mantle.‡
 FTLN 2058 DEMETRIUS Well roared, Lion. 280
 FTLN 2059 THESEUS Well run, Thisbe.
 FTLN 2060 HIPPOLYTA Well shone, Moon. Truly, the Moon shines
 FTLN 2061 with a good grace.
 †Lion worries the mantle.‡
 FTLN 2062 THESEUS Well moused, Lion.

Enter Pyramus †(Bottom).‡

FTLN 2063	DEMETRIUS	And then came Pyramus.	285
		「 <i>Lion exits.</i> 」	
FTLN 2064	LYSANDER	And so the lion vanished.	
	BOTTOM, <i>as Pyramus</i>		
FTLN 2065		Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams.	
FTLN 2066		I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright,	
FTLN 2067		For by thy gracious, golden, glittering 「gleams,」	
FTLN 2068		I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.—	290
FTLN 2069		But stay! O spite!	
FTLN 2070		But mark, poor knight,	
FTLN 2071		What dreadful dole is here!	
FTLN 2072		Eyes, do you see!	
FTLN 2073		How can it be!	295
FTLN 2074		O dainty duck! O dear!	
FTLN 2075		Thy mantle good—	
FTLN 2076		What, stained with blood?	
FTLN 2077		Approach, ye Furies fell!	
FTLN 2078		O Fates, come, come,	300
FTLN 2079		Cut thread and thrum,	
FTLN 2080		Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!	
FTLN 2081	THESEUS	This passion, and the death of a dear friend,	
FTLN 2082		would go near to make a man look sad.	
FTLN 2083	HIPPOLYTA	Beshrew my heart but I pity the man.	305
	BOTTOM, <i>as Pyramus</i>		
FTLN 2084		O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame,	
FTLN 2085		Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear,	
FTLN 2086		Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame	
FTLN 2087		That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with	
FTLN 2088		cheer?	310
FTLN 2089		Come, tears, confound!	
FTLN 2090		Out, sword, and wound	
FTLN 2091		The pap of Pyramus;	
FTLN 2092		Ay, that left pap,	
FTLN 2093		Where heart doth hop. 「 <i>Pyramus stabs himself.</i> 」	315
FTLN 2094		Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.	
FTLN 2095		Now am I dead;	

FTLN 2162 This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
 FTLN 2163 The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed. 385
 FTLN 2164 A fortnight hold we this solemnity
 FTLN 2165 In nightly revels and new jollity. *They exit.*

Enter 「Robin Goodfellow.」

ROBIN

FTLN 2166 Now the hungry 「lion」 roars,
 FTLN 2167 And the wolf 「behows」 the moon,
 FTLN 2168 Whilst the heavy plowman snores, 390
 FTLN 2169 All with weary task fordone.
 FTLN 2170 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 FTLN 2171 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
 FTLN 2172 Puts the wretch that lies in woe
 FTLN 2173 In remembrance of a shroud. 395
 FTLN 2174 Now it is the time of night
 FTLN 2175 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 FTLN 2176 Every one lets forth his sprite
 FTLN 2177 In the church-way paths to glide.
 FTLN 2178 And we fairies, that do run 400
 FTLN 2179 By the triple Hecate's team
 FTLN 2180 From the presence of the sun,
 FTLN 2181 Following darkness like a dream,
 FTLN 2182 Now are frolic. Not a mouse
 FTLN 2183 Shall disturb this hallowed house. 405
 FTLN 2184 I am sent with broom before,
 FTLN 2185 To sweep the dust behind the door.

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

OBERON

FTLN 2186 Through the house give glimmering light,
 FTLN 2187 By the dead and drowsy fire.
 FTLN 2188 Every elf and fairy sprite, 410
 FTLN 2189 Hop as light as bird from brier,
 FTLN 2190 And this ditty after me,
 FTLN 2191 Sing and dance it trippingly.

TITANIA

FTLN 2192 First rehearse your song by rote,
 FTLN 2193 To each word a warbling note. 415
 FTLN 2194 Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
 FTLN 2195 Will we sing and bless this place.
 〔Oberon leads the Fairies in song and dance.〕

OBERON

FTLN 2196 Now, until the break of day,
 FTLN 2197 Through this house each fairy stray.
 FTLN 2198 To the best bride-bed will we, 420
 FTLN 2199 Which by us shall blessèd be,
 FTLN 2200 And the issue there create
 FTLN 2201 Ever shall be fortunate.
 FTLN 2202 So shall all the couples three
 FTLN 2203 Ever true in loving be, 425
 FTLN 2204 And the blots of Nature's hand
 FTLN 2205 Shall not in their issue stand.
 FTLN 2206 Never mole, harelip, nor scar,
 FTLN 2207 Nor mark prodigious, such as are
 FTLN 2208 Despised in nativity, 430
 FTLN 2209 Shall upon their children be.
 FTLN 2210 With this field-dew consecrate
 FTLN 2211 Every fairy take his gait,
 FTLN 2212 And each several chamber bless,
 FTLN 2213 Through this palace, with sweet peace. 435
 FTLN 2214 And the owner of it blest,
 FTLN 2215 Ever shall in safety rest.
 FTLN 2216 Trip away. Make no stay.
 FTLN 2217 Meet me all by break of day.

〔All but Robin〕 exit.

ROBIN

FTLN 2218 If we shadows have offended, 440
 FTLN 2219 Think but this and all is mended:
 FTLN 2220 That you have but slumbered here
 FTLN 2221 While these visions did appear.
 FTLN 2222 And this weak and idle theme,

FTLN 2223 No more yielding but a dream, 445
FTLN 2224 Gentles, do not reprehend.
FTLN 2225 If you pardon, we will mend.
FTLN 2226 And, as I am an honest Puck,
FTLN 2227 If we have unearnèd luck
FTLN 2228 Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, 450
FTLN 2229 We will make amends ere long.
FTLN 2230 Else the Puck a liar call.
FTLN 2231 So good night unto you all.
FTLN 2232 Give me your hands, if we be friends,
FTLN 2233 And Robin shall restore amends. 455

[*He exits.*]
