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presents
a Theatre Script of

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By William Shakespeare

Written c. 1594-6

Earliest Extant Edition: 1600

A Script based on the Quarto of 1600

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DRAMATIS PERSONS

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to
Theseus.

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.

EGEUS, Father to Hermia.

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

QUINCE, a carpenter,

SNUG, a joiner.

BOTTOM, a weaver.

FLUTE, a bellows-mender.

SNOUT, a tinker.

STARVELING, a tailor.

Fairies:

OBERON, King of the Fairies.

TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.

PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow.

PEASE-blossom.

COBWEB.

MOTH.

MUSTARDSEED.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: Athens, and a wood near it.

NOTES.

A. The Earliest Texts of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Two quartos of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are known to have been published before the great Folio of Shakespeare's plays appeared in 1623:

(1) a 1600 quarto, printed "**for Thomas Fisher**"; and

(2) a quarto printed "**for James Roberts**", in which the date 1600 appears on the title page; however, scholarship has determined that this edition was actually printed in 1619. Why the Roberts Quarto claimed the earlier date can only be surmised.

The play was next published in 1623 in the Folio. Interestingly, this version was based on the Roberts Quarto.

The edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* you have before you is based on the 1600 Fisher Quarto, which Ridley and others consider authoritative. Happily, the differences between the Fisher Quarto and Folio are minimal.

In general, the wording appearing in the main text will be that of the Fisher Quarto. Individual substantive discrepancies between the Folio and Fisher Quarto are discussed in the annotations of the annotated edition of the play. In the few cases in which the wording in the Folio is generally agreed to be superior to that of the Fisher Quarto, the wording of the Folio is adopted, and is identified as so in the notes.

B. Punctuation.

Until the 1590s, the primary full-stops used in literature were the period and colon, the colon functioning much like a modern semicolon.

In the mid-1590s, English writing began to adopt the semicolon more regularly, but the transition was gradual and would take decades to complete. As a result, texts produced in the early or middle stages of the transition often appear, punctuation-wise, to be a jumble of undifferentiated full-stops.

The Fisher Quarto, on which our text of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is based, remained largely rooted in the colon era, though a good number of semi-colons are scattered throughout without any evident rule or pattern.

As was typical for the era, commas were added by the compositors (the men who set the type) with great generosity; a comma seems to have been inserted into most sentences to divide them into the smallest integral clauses possible.

Our edition of the play retains the majority of the punctuation of the Fisher Quarto. Punctuation has been added, removed, or modified only when the original punctuation obscured the meaning of the text. In other words, we changed the punctuation only when needed to facilitate comprehension.

C. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

Our edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a faithful reproduction of the 1600 Fisher Quarto, but with the spelling generally modernized. In other words, as is usual for all the plays found on our website, we lean towards adhering to the wording of the original text as much as possible.

Words or syllables which have been added to the original text to clarify the sense or repair the meter are surrounded by hard brackets [], and will be found mostly to have been borrowed from the Folio version of the play. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course omit any of the supplementary wording.

The Fisher Quarto divides the play into neither numbered Acts nor Scenes; nor does it provide settings. Our division into Acts and Scenes follows the conventional separation employed by most modern editions. Suggestions for scene locations are those of Stevenson.

Stage directions in Elizabethan-era published plays are often minimal in number and confusing in quality. Hence, it is generally thought acceptable to healthily supplement a play's stage directions to give clarity to the action. As such, we adopt the stage directions suggested by the aforementioned Stevenson.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

by William Shakespeare

A Script based on the Quarto of 1600.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Athens: The Palace of Theseus.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate,
and Attendants.*

1 **Thes.** Now fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
2 Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
Another moon: but oh, methinks, how slow
4 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
6 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

8 **Hippol.** Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
10 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
Now bent in Heaven, shall behold the night
12 Of our solemnities.

14 **Thes.** Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,
16 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals:
18 The pale companion is not for our pomp. —

20 *[Exit Philostrate.]*

22 Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
24 But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

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

- 30 **Egeus.** Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
- 32 **Thes.** Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
- 34 **Egeus.** Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia. –
36 Stand forth, Demetrius. – My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her. –
38 Stand forth, Lysander: – and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child. –
40 Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child;
42 Thou hast, by moonlight, at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
44 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy;
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
46 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth),
48 With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience (which is due to me)
50 To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,
52 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
54 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be, either to this gentleman,
56 Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided, in that case.
- 58 **Thes.** What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid:
60 To you, your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties: yea, and one
62 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
64 To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
- 66 **Herm.** So is Lysander.
- 68 **Thes.** In himself he is:
70 But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
- 72 **Herm.** I would my father looked but with my eyes.
- 74 **Thes.** Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
- 76 **Herm.** I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

78 I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
80 In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
82 The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

84 **Thes.** Either to die the death, or to abjure,
86 Forever, the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
88 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
90 You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
92 To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
94 Thrice-blessèd they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
96 But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
98 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

100 **Herm.** So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
102 Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

104 **Thes.** Take time to pause, and by the next new moon,
106 The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,
108 Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will,
110 Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
112 For aye, austerity and single life.

114 **Demet.** Relent, sweet Hermia: – and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.

116 **Lysan.** You have her father's love, Demetrius;
118 Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

120 **Egeus.** Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love:
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
122 And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

124 **Lysan.** I am, my lord, as well derived as he,

126 As well possessed; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked
128 (If not with vantage) as Demetrius';
And (which is more than all these boasts can be)
130 I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
132 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
134 And won her soul; and she (sweet lady) dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
136 Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

138 **Thes.** I must confess that I have heard so much;
And, with Demetrius, thought to have spoke thereof:
140 But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. – But, Demetrius, come,
142 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me:
I have some private schooling for you both. –
144 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
146 Or else, the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
148 To death, or to a vow of single life. –
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love? –
150 Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
152 Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

154 **Egeus.** With duty and desire, we follow you.

156
[Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.]

158
Lysan. How now my love? why is your cheek so pale?
160 How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

162 **Herm.** Belike, for want of rain: which I could well
Beteem them, from the tempest of my eyes.

164
Lysan. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
166 Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
168 But either it was different in blood, –

170 **Herm.** O cross! too high to be enthralled to love.

172 **Lysan.** Or else misgraffed, in respect of years, –

174 **Herm.** O spite! too old to be engaged to young.
176 **Lysan.** Or else, it stood upon the choice of friends, –
178 **Herm.** O hell, to choose love by another's eyes.
180 **Lysan.** Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
182 Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
184 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both Heaven and earth;
186 And, ere a man hath power to say “Behold!”
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
188 So quick bright things come to confusiön.
190 **Herm.** If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
It stands as an edict, in destiny:
192 Then let us teach our trial patiënce:
Because it is a customary cross,
194 As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.
196 **Lysan.** A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia:
198 I have a widow aunt, a dowager,
Of great revénue, and she hath no child:
200 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son:
202 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place, the sharp Athenian law
204 Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
Steal forth thy father's house, to-morrow night;
206 And in the wood, a league without the town,
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
208 To do observance to a morn of May),
There will I stay for thee.
210 **Herm.** My good Lysander,
212 I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow, with the golden head,
214 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,
216 And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
218 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
(In number more than ever women spoke),
220 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.

222 **Lysan.** Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.
224

Enter Helena.

226
228 **Herm.** God speed fair Helena! whither away?

230 **Helena.** Call you me "fair"? that "fair" again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
232 More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
234 Sickness is catching: O, were favour so!
Your words I['d] catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
236 My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
238 Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
240 O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

242 **Herm.** I frown upon him; yet he loves me still.
244

246 **Helena.** O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

248 **Herm.** I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

250 **Helena.** O that my prayers could such affection move!

252 **Herm.** The more I hate, the more he follows me.

254 **Helena.** The more I love, the more he hateth me.

256 **Herm.** His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

258 **Helena.** None but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

260 **Herm.** Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
262 Seemed Athens as a paradise to me.
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
264 That he hath turned a Heaven unto a hell!

266 **Lysan.** Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
Tomorrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
268 Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking, with liquid pearl, the bladed grass,

270 (A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal),
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

272 **Herm.** And in the wood, where often you and I,
274 Upon faint primrose-beds, were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms, of their counsel swelled,
276 There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens, turn away our eyes,
278 To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us:
280 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! –
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
282 From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

284 **Lysan.** I will, my Hermia.

286 [Exit Hermia.]

288 Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

290 [Exit Lysander.]

292 **Helena.** How happy some o'er other some can be!
294 Through Athens, I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so:
296 He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
298 So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
300 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind:
302 And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste:
304 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
306 Because, in choice, he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys, in game, themselves forswear,
308 So the boy, Love, is perjured everywhere.
For, ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
310 He hailed down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat, from Hermia, felt,
312 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
314 Then, to the wood, will he, tomorrow night,
Pursue her: and for this intelligence,
316 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

318 | To have his sight thither, and back again.

[*Exit Helena.*]

ACT I, SCENE II.

A Room in Quince's House.

*Enter Quince the carpenter; Snug the joiner;
Bottom the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender;
Snout the tinker, and Starveling the tailor.*

1 **Quin.** Is all our company here?

2
3 **Bottom.** You were best to call them generally,
4 man by man, according to the scrip.

6 **Quin.** Here is the scroll of every man's name, which
7 is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our
8 interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his
9 wedding-day at night.

10 **Bottom.** First, good Peter Quince, say what the play
11 treats on; then read the names of the actors: and so
12 grow to a point.

14 **Quin.** Marry, our play is, "The Most Lamentable
15 Comedy and Most Cruel Death of Pyramus and
16 Thisbe."

18 **Bottom.** A very good piece of work, I assure you,
19 and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your
20 actors, by the scroll. – Masters, spread yourselves.

22 **Quin.** Answer, as I call you. – Nick Bottom, the
23 weaver?

26 **Bottom.** Ready. Name what part I am for, and
27 proceed.

28 **Quin.** You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.
29

30 **Bottom.** What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?
31

32 **Quin.** A lover that kills himself most gallant[ly] for
33 love.

36 **Bottom.** That will ask some tears in the true
37 performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look
38 to their eyes: I will move storms: I will condole
39 in some measure. To the rest yet, my chief humour
40 is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part
to tear a cat in, to make all split:

42 *The raging rocks,*
44 *And shivering shocks*
 Shall break the locks
46 *Of prison-gates;*
 And Phibbus' car
48 *Shall shine from far,*
 And make and mar
50 *The foolish Fates.*

52 This was lofty. Now, name the rest of the players.
 This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is more
54 condoling.

56 **Quin.** Francis Flute, the bellows-mender?

58 **Flute.** Here, Peter Quince.

60 **Quin.** Flute, you must take Thisbe on you.

62 **Flute.** What is Thisbe? a wandering knight?

64 **Quin.** It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

66 **Flute.** Nay, faith, let not me play a woman: I have a
 beard coming.

68 **Quin.** That's all one: you shall play it in a mask: and
70 you may speak as small as you will.

72 **Bottom.** And I may hide my face, let me play Thisbe
 too, I'll speak in a monstrous little voice; "Thisne;
74 Thisne." "Ah Pyramus, my lover dear, thy Thisbe dear,
 and lady dear!"

76 **Quin.** No, no: you must play Pyramus: and, Flute,
78 you Thisbe.

80 **Bottom.** Well, proceed.

82 **Quin.** Robin Starveling, the tailor?

84 **Starv.** Here, Peter Quince.

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

88 **Snout.** Here, Peter Quince.

90 **Quin.** You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisbe's father:
92 Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here

94 is a play fitted.

96 **Snug.** Have you the lion's part written? pray you,
96 if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

98 **Quin.** You may do it extempore: for it is nothing but
100 roaring.

102 **Bottom.** Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I
102 will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar,
104 that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let
104 him roar again."

106 **Quin.** And you should do it too terribly, you would
108 fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would
108 shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

110 **All.** That would hang us, every mother's son.

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

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

124 **Bottom.** Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I
124 best to play it in?

126 **Quin.** Why, what you will.

128 **Bottom.** I will discharge it in either your straw colour
130 beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain
130 beard, or your French crown colour beard, your
132 perfit yellow.

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

142 | draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I
144 | pray you, fail me not.

144 | **Bottom.** We will meet, and there we may rehearse
146 | most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be
148 | perfit: adieu.

148 | **Quin.** At the duke's oak we meet.

150 | **Bottom.** Enough: hold, or cut bow-strings.
152 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A wood near Athens.

*Enter a Fairy at one door,
and Puck (Robin Goodfellow) at another.*

1 **Puck.** How now spirit! whither wander you?
2

3 **Fairy.** Over hill, over dale,
4 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
5 Over park, over pale,
6 Thorough flood, thorough fire:
7 I do wander everywhere,
8 Swifter than the moon's sphere;
9 And I serve the Fairy Queen,
10 To dew her orbs upon the green.
11 The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
12 In their gold coats, spots you see:
13 Those be rubies, fairy favours:
14 In those freckles, live their savours.
15 I must go seek some dewdrops here,
16 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. —
17 Farewell, thou Lob of spirits: I'll be gone.
18 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

19 **Puck.** The king doth keep his revels here tonight.
20 Take heed the queen come not within his sight:
21 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
22 Because that she as her attendant, hath
23 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:
24 She never had so sweet a changeling.
25 And jealous Oberon would have the child
26 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
27 But she, perforce, withholds the lovèd boy,
28 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
29 And now, they never meet in grove or green,
30 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
31 But they do square, that all their elves, for fear,
32 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.
33

34 **Fairy.** Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
35 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
36 Called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
37 That frights the maidens of the villagery?
38

40 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
42 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
44 You do their work, and they shall have good luck.
Are not you he?

46 **Puck.** Thou speak'st aright;
48 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
50 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing, in likeness of a filly foal;
52 And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
54 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop pour the ale.
56 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime, for three-foot stool, mistaketh me:
58 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
60 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
62 A merrier hour was never wasted there. –
But room, fairy! – here comes Oberon.

64 **Fairy.** And here, my mistress! Would that he were gone!

66
68 *Enter Oberon at one door, with his train;
Titania, at another, with hers.*

70 **Ober.** Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

72 **Titan.** What, jealous Oberon? – Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

74
76 **Ober.** Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

78 **Titan.** Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
80 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love,
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
82 Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
84 Your buskined mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come,
86 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

88 **Ober.** How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
90 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
92 From Perigenia, whom he ravishèd?
And make him with fair Ægles break his faith
94 With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

96 **Titan.** These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
98 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavèd fountain, or by rushy brook,
100 Or in the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
102 But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
104 As in revenge, have sucked up, from the sea,
Contagious fogs: which, falling in the land,
106 Hath every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
108 The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
110 Hath rotted, ere his youth attained a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
112 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud:
114 And the quaint mazes, in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
116 The human mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
118 Therefore the moon (the governess of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
120 That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And, thorough this distemperature, we see
122 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
124 And on old Hiëms' chin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
126 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter change
128 Their wonted liveries: and the mazèd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
130 And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissensiön;
132 We are their parents and original.

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

138 **Titan.** Set your heart at rest:
140 The Fairy Land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
142 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
144 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarkèd traders on the flood;
146 When we have laughed to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
148 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)
150 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
152 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die,
154 And, for her sake, do I rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

156 **Ober.** How long, within this wood, intend you stay?
158

Titan. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
160 If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us:
162 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

164 **Ober.** Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

166 **Titan.** Not for thy fairy kingdom. – Fairies, away! –
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

168
[Exit Titania and her train.]

170 **Ober.** Well: go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove,
172 Till I torment thee for this injury. –
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou rememberest,
174 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
176 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
178 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

180 **Puck.** I remember.

182 **Ober.** That very time, I saw (but thou couldst not)
184 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid, all armed: a certain aim he took
186 At a fair vestal, thronèd by [the] west,
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
188 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
190 Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon:
 And the imperial votress passèd on,
192 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
194 It fell upon a little western flower;
 Before, milk-white; now purple, with love's wound,
196 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shewed thee once.
198 The juice of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
200 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
202 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

204 **Puck.** I'll put a girdle round about the earth,
 In forty minutes.

[Exit Puck.]

208 **Ober.** Having once this juice,
210 I'll watch Titania, when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
212 The next thing then she, waking, looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
214 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
216 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb)
218 I'll make her render up her page to me. –
 But who comes here? I am invisible,
220 And I will overhear their conference.

222 *Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*

224 **Demet.** I love thee not: therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
226 The one I'll stay: the other stayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stol'n unto this wood;
228 And here am I, and wood, within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

230 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

232 **Helena.** You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
234 Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

236 **Demet.** Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
238 Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

240 **Helena.** And even for that, do I love you the more.
242 I am your spaniel: and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
244 Use me but as your spaniel: spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me: only give me leave
246 (Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg, in your love,
248 (And yet, a place of high respect with me)
Than to be usèd as you use your dog?

250 **Demet.** Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my spirit.
252 For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

254 **Helena.** And I am sick when I look not on you.

256 **Demet.** You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
258 Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
260 And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

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

270 **Demet.** I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
272 And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

274 **Helena.** The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will: the story shall be changed:
276 Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase:
The dove pursues the griffin: the mild hind

278 | Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed,
280 | When cowardice pursue, and valour flies.

282 | **Demet.** I will not stay thy questions. Let me go:
284 | Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
286 | But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

288 | **Helena.** Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
290 | You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
292 | Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
294 | We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
296 | We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.

[Exit Demetrius.]

298 | I'll follow thee, and make a Heaven of hell,
300 | To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exit Helena.]

302 | **Ober.** Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this grove,
304 | Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love. –

Re-enter Puck.

306 | Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

308 | **Puck.** Ay, there it is.

310 | **Ober.** I pray thee give it me.
312 | I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
314 | Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows,
316 | Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
318 | With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
320 | There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
322 | Lulled in these flowers, with dances and delight:
324 | And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.
And, with the juice of this, I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes.
But do it, when the next thing he espies,
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love:

326 | And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

328 | **Puck.** Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so.

330 | [Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE II

Another part of the wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

1 **Titan.** Come, now a roundel and a fairy song:
 2 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence,
 Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 4 Some war with rere-mice for their leathren wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
 6 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep:
 8 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

10 *The Fairies sing.*

12 **All Fairies.**

*You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 14 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 16 Come not near our Fairy Queen.*

18 *Chorus.*

*Philomel, with melody,
 20 Sing in our sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
 22 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 24 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So good night, with lullaby.*

26 **1st Fairy.** Weaving spiders, come not here;
 28 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near:
 30 Worm nor snail, do no offence.

32 *Chorus.*

Philomel, with melody, &c.

34 **2nd Fairy.** Hence, away! now all is well:
 36 One aloof, stand sentinel.

38 [Exeunt Fairies]

40 [Titania sleeps.]

42 *Enter Oberon,
 and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.*

44

46 **Ober.** What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take:
Love and languish for his sake.
48 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
50 In thy eye, that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear:
52 Wake, when some vile thing is near.

54 [Exit Oberon.]

56 Enter Lysander and Hermia.

58 **Lysan.** Fair love, you faint, with wandering in the wood:
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way.
60 We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

62 **Herm.** Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed:
64 For I, upon this bank, will rest my head.

66 **Lysan.** One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

68 **Herm.** Nay, good Lysander: for my sake, my dear,
70 Lie further off, yet; do not lie so near.

72 **Lysan.** O take the sense, sweet, of my innocence.
Love takes the meaning in love's conferënce.
74 I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
76 Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath:
So then two bosoms, and a single troth.
78 Then, by your side, no bed-room me deny:
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

80 **Herm.** Lysander riddles very prettily.
82 Now much beshrew my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
84 But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,
Lie further off, in human modesty:
86 Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maid,
88 So far be distant, and good night sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

90 **Lysan.** Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
92 And then end life, when I end loyalty!

94 Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
96 **Herm.** With half that wish, the wisher's eyes be pressed!
98 [They sleep.]
100 Enter Puck.
102 **Puck.** Through the forest have I gone,
102 But Athenian found I none,
104 On whose eyes I might approve
104 This flower's force in stirring love. –
106 Night and silence. Who is here?
106 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
108 This is he (my master said)
108 Despised the Athenian maid:
110 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
110 On the dank and dirty ground.
112 Pretty soul, she durst not lie
112 Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy. –
114 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
114 All the power this charm doth owe:
116 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
116 Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.
118 So awake, when I am gone:
118 For I must now to Oberon.
120 [Exit Puck.]
122 Enter Demetrius and Helena running.
124 **Helena.** Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
126 **Demet.** I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
128 **Helena.** O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
130 **Demet.** Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
132 [Exit Demetrius.]
134 **Helena.** O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
134 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
136 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies:
136 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
138 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
138 If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
140 No, no: I am as ugly as a bear:
140 For beasts that meet me, run away for fear.

142 Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence, thus.
144 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne? –
146 But who is here? Lysander, on the ground?
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound. –
148 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
150 **Lysan.** [Awaking.]
And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
152 Transparent Helena, nature shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
154 Where is Demetrius? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
156 **Helena.** Do not say so, Lysander, say not so.
158 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
160 **Lysan.** Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
162 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.
164 Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed:
166 And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe, until their season:
168 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason.
And touching now the point of human skill,
170 Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
172 Love's stories, written in love's richest book.
174 **Helena.** Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
176 Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
178 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
180 Good troth, you do me wrong (good sooth you do)
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
182 But, fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
184 O, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should, of another, therefore be abused!
186
188

[Exit Helena.]

190 **Lysan.** She sees not Hermia. – Hermia, sleep thou there,
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
192 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings:
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
194 Are hated most of those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
196 Of all be hated; but the most, of me! –
And all my powers, address your love and might,
198 To honour Helen, and to be her knight!

200 [Exit Lysander.]

202 **Herm.** [Awaking.]
Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
204 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast! –
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here! –
206 Lysander look, how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
208 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. –
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
210 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, and if you hear;
212 Speak, of all loves! – I swoun almost with fear. –
No? then I well perceive, you are not nigh:
214 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.

216 [Exit Hermia.]

ACT III.SCENE I.

The wood. Titania lying asleep.

*Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout,
and Starveling.*

1 **Bottom.** Are we all met?

2

3 **Quin.** Pat, pat: and here's a marvellous convenient
4 place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our
5 stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house, and we
6 will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

8 **Bottom.** Peter Quince?

10 **Quin.** What sayest thou, Bully Bottom?

12 **Bottom.** There are things in this comedy, of Pyramus
13 and Thisbe, that will never please. First, Pyramus
14 must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies
15 cannot abide. How answer you that?

16

17 **Snout.** Berlakin, a parlous fear.

18

19 **Starv.** I believe we must leave the killing out, when
20 all is done.

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

28

29 **Quin.** Well: we will have such a prologue, and it
30 shall be written in eight and six.

32 **Bottom.** No: make it two more: let it be written in
33 eight and eight.

34

35 **Snout.** Will not the ladies be afeared of the lion?

36

37 **Starv.** I fear it, I promise you.

38

39 **Bottom.** Masters, you ought to consider with
40 yourselves, to bring in (God shield us) a lion among

42 ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not
43 a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living: and
44 we ought to look toote.

45 **Snout.** Therefore, another prologue must tell he is
46 not a lion.

47 **Bottom.** Nay: you must name his name, and half his
48 face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he
49 himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the
50 same defect: "Ladies," or, "Fair ladies, I would wish
51 you," or, "I would request you," or, "I would entreat
52 you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If
53 you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my
54 life. No, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men
55 are": and there indeed, let him name his name, and
56 tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

57 **Quin.** Well: it shall be so: But there is two hard things;
58 that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber:
59 for you know, Pyramus and Thisbe meet by moonlight.

60 **Snout.** Doth the moon shine, that night we play our
61 play?

62 **Bottom.** A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac:
63 find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

64 **Quin.** Yes: it doth shine that night.

65 **Bottom.** Why then, may you leave a casement of the
66 great chamber window (where we play) open; and the
67 moon may shine in at the casement.

68 **Quin.** Ay: or else, one must come in, with a bush
69 of thorns, and a lantern, and say he comes to
70 disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine.
71 Then, there is another thing; we must have a wall in
72 the great chamber: for Pyramus and Thisbe (says
73 the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

74 **Snout.** You can never bring in a wall. What say you,
75 Bottom?

76 **Bottom.** Some man or other must present wall: and
77 let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some
78 rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him
79 hold his fingers thus: and through that cranny, shall

90 Pyramus and Thisbe whisper.

92 **Quin.** If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
94 down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.
96 Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your
98 speech, enter into that brake, and so every one
100 according to his cue.

102 *Enter Puck.*

104 **Puck.** What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
106 So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen? –
108 What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor,
110 An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

112 **Quin.** Speak, Pyramus: – Thisbe stand forth.

114 **Bottom.** Thisbe, the flowers of odious savours sweet, –

116 **Quin.** Odours, odours.

118 **Bottom.** – odours savours sweet:
120 So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisbe dear.
122 But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
124 And by and by I will to thee appear.

126 *[Exit Bottom.]*

128 **Puck.** A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

130 *[Exit Puck.]*

132 **Flute.** Must I speak now?

134 **Quin.** Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand,
136 he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to
come again.

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

Quin. “Ninus' tomb,” man: why, you must not speak
that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all
your part at once, cues and all. – Pyramus enter: your
cue is past: it is, “never tire.”

138 **Flute.** O – As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

140 *Re-enter Puck,
and Bottom with an ass's head.*

142 **Bottom.** If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine.

144 **Quin.** O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted!
146 Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

148 *[Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout,
and Starveling.]*

150 **Puck.** I'll follow you: I'll lead you about a round,
152 Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
154 A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
156 Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

158 *[Exit Puck.]*

160 **Bottom.** Why do they run away? this is a knavery of
them to make me afeard.

162 *Re-enter Snout.*

164 **Snout.** O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on
166 thee?

168 **Bottom.** What do you see? you see an ass-head of
your own, do you?

170 *[Exit Snout.]*

172 *Re-enter Quince.*

174 **Quin.** Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! thou art
176 translated.

178 *[Exit Quince.]*

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

186 *Sings.*

188 *The woosel cock, so black of hue,*
 With orange-tawny bill,
190 *The throstle, with his note so true,*
 The wren, with little quill;

192 **Titan.** [*Awaking.*]
194 What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

196 **Bottom.** [*Sings.*]
 The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
198 *The plain-song cuckoo gray:*
 Whose note full many a man doth mark,
200 *And dares not answer nay; –*

202 For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a
 bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry
204 “cuckoo” never so?

206 **Titan.** I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
 Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note:
208 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
 And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me
210 On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

212 **Bottom.** Methinks, mistress, you should have little
 reason for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and
214 love keep little company together, now-a-days. The
 more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not
216 make them friends. – Nay, I can gleek, upon occasion.

218 **Titan.** Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

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

224 **Titan.** Out of this wood do not desire to go:
 Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
226 I am a spirit, of no common rate:
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,
228 And I do love thee: therefore go with me.
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee:
230 And they shall fetch thee jewels, from the deep,
 And sing, while thou, on pressed flowers, dost sleep:
232 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
 That thou shalt, like an airy spirit, go. –
234 Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed!

236 *Enter four Fairies.*

238 **Pease.** Ready.
240 **Cob.** And I.
242 **Moth.** And I.
244 **Must.** And I.
246 **All.** Where shall we go?
248 **Titan.** Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes,
250 Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
252 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
254 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
256 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes;
258 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
260 **Peas.** Hail, mortal!
262 **Cob.** Hail!
264 **Moth.** Hail!
266 **Must.** Hail!
268 **Bottom.** I cry your worships' mercy, heartily: – I
beseech your worship's name.
270 **Cob.** Cobweb.
272 **Bottom.** I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
274 good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make
bold with you. – Your name, honest gentleman?
276 **Pease.** Pease-blossom.
278 **Bottom.** I pray you, commend me to Mistress
280 Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your
father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire
282 you of more acquaintance, too. – Your name, I
beseech you, sir?
284 **Must.** Mustardseed.
286 **Bottom.** Good Master Mustardseed, I know your

288 | patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef
290 | hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I
292 | promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water
ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master
Mustardseed.

294 | **Titan.** Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye:
296 | And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
298 | Tie up my lover's tongue, bring him silently.

300 | [Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE II.*Another part of the wood.**Enter Oberon.*

1 **Ober.** I wonder if Titania be awaked;
 2 Then what it was that next came in her eye,
 Which she must dote on, in extremity.

Enter Puck.

4
 6 Here comes my messenger. —
 8 How now, mad spirit?
 What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

10 **Puck.** My mistress with a monster is in love,
 12 Near to her close and consecrated bower.
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
 14 A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
 That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
 16 Were met together to rehearse a play,
 Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day:
 18 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
 Who Pyramus presented, in their sport,
 20 Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake:
 When I did him at this advantage take,
 22 An ass's noll I fixèd on his head.
 Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
 24 And forth my minnick comes. When they him spy,
 As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye;
 26 Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
 Rising and cawing at the gun's report;
 28 Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky:
 So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
 30 And at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls:
 He "murder!" cries, and help from Athens calls.
 32 Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
 Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
 34 For briars and thorns, at their apparel, snatch:
 Some sleeves, some hats; from yielders, all things catch.
 36 I led them on, in this distracted fear,
 And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
 38 When in that moment (so it came to pass)
 Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

40 **Ober.** This falls out better than I could devise. —

42 But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

44 **Puck.** I took him sleeping (that is finished too)
46 And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

48 *Enter Demetrius and Hermia.*

50 **Ober.** Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

52 **Puck.** This is the woman: but not this the man.

54 **Demet.** O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
56 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

58 **Herm.** Now I but chide: but I should use thee worse,
For thou (I fear) hast given me cause to curse.
60 If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er-shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
62 And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
64 As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
66 This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
68 Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murdered him;
70 So should a murtherer look; so dead, so grim.

72 **Demet.** So should the murdered look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart, with your stern cruëlty:
74 Yet you, the murtherer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus, in her glimmering sphere.

76 **Herm.** What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
78 Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

80 **Demet.** I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

82 **Herm.** Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
84 Henceforth be never numbered among men. –
O, once tell true: tell true, even for my sake; –
86 Durst thou have looked upon him, being awake?
And hast thou killed him, sleeping? O brave touch!
88 Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it: for with doubler tongue

90 Than thine (thou serpent) never adder stung.

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

96 **Herm.** I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.

98 **Demet.** And if I could, what should I get therefore?

100 **Herm.** A privilege, never to see me more:
And from thy hated presence part I [so]:
102 See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

104 [Exit Hermia.]

106 **Demet.** There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore, for a while, I will remain.
108 So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe:
110 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

112 [Demetrius lies down and sleeps.]

114 **Ober.** What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
116 And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
118 Some true love turned, and not a false turned true.

120 **Puck.** Then fate o'er-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

122 **Ober.** About the wood, go swifter than the wind,
124 And Helena of Athens look thou find.
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
126 With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
128 I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

130 **Puck.** I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

132 [Exit Puck.]

134 **Ober.** Flower of this purple dye,
136 Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye;
138 When his love he doth espy,

140 Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky. –
142 When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

144 *Re-enter Puck.*

146 **Puck.** Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
148 And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
150 Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

152 **Ober.** Stand aside. The noise they make
154 Will cause Demetrius to awake.

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

160 *Enter Lysander and Helena.*

162 **Lysan.** Why should you think, that I should woo in scorn?
164 Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep: and vows so born,
166 In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things, in me, seem scorn to you?
168 Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

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

176 **Lysan.** I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

178 **Helena.** Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

180 **Lysan.** Demetrius loves her: and he loves not you.

182 **Demet.** [Awaking.]
184 O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect divine,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
186 Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

188 Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealèd white, high Taurus' snow,
190 Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

192 **Helena.** O spite! O hell! I see, you all are bent
194 To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
196 You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
198 But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
200 You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
202 When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia:
204 And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
206 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
208 Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

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

218 **Helena.** Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

220 **Demet.** Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none.
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
222 My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,
And now to Helen is it home returned,
224 There to remain.

226 **Lysan.** Helen, it is not so.

228 **Demet.** Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril, thou aby it dear. –
230 Look, where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

232 *Re-enter Hermia.*

234 **Herm.** Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;

236 | Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence. –
238 | Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found:
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
240 | But why, unkindly, didst thou leave me so?

242 | **Lysan.** Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

244 | **Herm.** What love could press Lysander from my side?

246 | **Lysan.** Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
248 | Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
250 | The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

252 | **Herm.** You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

254 | **Helena.** Lo: she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three,
256 | To fashion this false sport, in spite of me. –
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
258 | Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
260 | Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
262 | When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: – O, is all forgot?
264 | All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
266 | Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
268 | Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
270 | Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
272 | But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
274 | So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
276 | Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
278 | To join with men, in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
280 | Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.
282 | **Herm.** I am amazèd at your [passionate] words:

284 I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

286 **Helena.** Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
288 And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
290 To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious celestial? Wherefore speaks he this,
292 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love (so rich within his soul)
294 And tender me (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
296 What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
298 But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

300 **Herm.** I understand not what you mean by this.

302 **Helena.** Ay, do; perséver, counterfeit sad looks:
304 Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back:
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
306 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
308 You would not make me such an argument. —
But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault:
310 Which death, or absence soon shall remedy.

312 **Lysan.** Stay, gentle Helena: hear my excuse,
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

314 **Helena.** O excellent!

316 **Herm.** Sweet, do not scorn her so.

318 **Demet.** If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

320 **Lysan.** Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
322 Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. —
Helen, I love thee, by my life, I do:
324 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.

326 **Demet.** I say, I love thee more than he can do.

328 **Lysan.** If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

330 **Demet.** Quick, come!

332 **Herm.** Lysander, whereto tends all this?
334 **Lysan.** Away, you Ethiop!
336 **Demet.** No, no: he'll
338 Seem to break loose: – take on as you would follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!
340 **Lysan.** Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
342 Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent!
344 **Herm.** Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
346 **Lysan.** Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
348 Out, loathèd medicine! O hated potion, hence!
350 **Herm.** Do you not jest?
352 **Helena.** Yes, sooth: and so do you.
354 **Lysan.** Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
356 **Demet.** I would I had your bond; for I perceive,
A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.
358 **Lysan.** What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
360 Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
362 **Herm.** What? can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
364 Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
366 Since night, you loved me; yet since night, you left me:
Why then, you left me (O, the gods forbid)
368 In earnest, shall I say?
370 **Lysan.** Ay, by my life:
And never did desire to see thee more.
372 Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain: nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
374 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
376 **Herm.** O me, you juggler, you canker-blossom,
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
378 And stol'n my love's heart from him?
380 **Helena.** Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

- 382 No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
384 Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
- 386 **Herm.** Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
388 Between our statures: she hath urged her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
390 Her height (forsooth) she hath prevailed with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
392 Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak:
394 How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
396
- Helena.** I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
398 Let her not hurt me. I was never curst:
I have no gift at all in shrewishness:
400 I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
402 Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
404
- Herm.** Lower? hark again!
406
- Helena.** Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me;
408 I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you,
410 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
412 He followed you: for love, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatened me
414 To strike me, spurn me; nay, to kill me too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
416 To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
418 You see how simple, and how fond I am.
- 420 **Herm.** Why? get you gone. Who is 't that hinders you?
- 422 **Helena.** A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
- 424 **Herm.** What, with Lysander?
- 426 **Helena.** With Demetrius.
- 428 **Lysan.** Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
- 430 **Demet.** No sir: she shall not, though you take her part.

432 **Helena.** O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school:
434 And though she be but little, she is fierce.

436 **Herm.** Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
438 Let me come to her.

440 **Lysan.** Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
442 You bead, you acorn.

444 **Demet.** You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
446 Let her alone: speak not of Helena,
Take not her part; for if thou dost intend
448 Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

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

454 **Demet.** Follow? nay: I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

456
[Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.]

458
Herm. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you. –
460 Nay, go not back.

462 **Helena.** I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
464 Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray.
My legs are longer though, to run away.

466
[Exit Helena.]

468
Herm. I am amazed, and know not what to say.

470
[Exit Hermia.]

472
Ober. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
474 Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

476 **Puck.** Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
478 By the Athenian garments he had on?
And, so far blameless proves my enterprise,

480 That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
482 As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

484 **Ober.** Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night,
486 The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron,
488 And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
490 Like to Lysander, sometime frame thy tongue:
Then stir Demetrius up, with bitter wrong:
492 And sometime rail thou like Demetrius:
And from each other, look thou lead them thus;
494 Till o'er their brows, death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
496 Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
498 To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
500 When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision.
502 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
504 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy:
506 And then I will her charmèd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

508 **Puck.** My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
510 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger:
512 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damnèd spirits all,
514 That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone:
516 For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
518 And must for aye consort with black-browed night.

520 **Ober.** But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the morning's love, have oft made sport;
522 And, like a forester, the groves may tread
Even till the eastern gate all fiery-red,
524 Opening on Neptune, with fair blessèd beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams. —
526 But notwithstanding, haste, make no delay:

528 We may effect this business yet ere day.
[Exit Oberon.]

530 **Puck.** Up and down, up and down,
532 I will lead them up and down:
I am feared in field and town:
534 Goblin, lead them up and down. —
Here comes one.

536 *Re-enter Lysander.*

538 **Lysan.** Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

540 **Puck.** Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

542 **Lysan.** I will be with thee straight.

544 **Puck.** Follow me then
546 To plainer ground.

548 [Exit Lysander, as following the voice.]

550 *Re-enter Demetrius.*

552 **Demet.** Lysander, speak again:
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
554 Speak in some bush. Where dost thou hide thy head?

556 **Puck.** Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
558 And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled
560 That draws a sword on thee.

562 **Demet.** Yea, art thou there?

564 **Puck.** Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
[Exeunt Puck and Demetrius.]

568 *Re-enter Lysander.*

570 **Lysan.** He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
572 The villain is much lighter-heeled than I;
I followed fast: but faster he did fly;
574 That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me.

576

[Lies down.]

578

Come, thou gentle day!

580

For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

582

[Sleeps.]

584

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

586

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

588

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

592

594

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

596

Demet. Nay then, thou mock'st me. Thou shat buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see.

598

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed:

600

By day's approach look to be visited.

602

[Lies down and sleeps.]

604

Re-enter Helena.

606

Helena. 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.

608

610

612

[Lies down and sleeps.]

614

Puck. 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.

616

618

620

Re-enter Hermia.

622

Herm. Never so weary, never so in woe.
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:
I can no further crawl, no further go:

624

626 My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day:
628 Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

630 *[Lies down and sleeps.]*

632 **Puck.** On the ground
Sleep sound:
634 I'll apply
Your eye,
636 Gentle lover, remedy.

638 *[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.]*

640 When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
642 True delight
In the sight
644 Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
646 That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
648 Jack shall have Jill:
Nought shall go ill:
650 The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.

652 *[Exit Puck.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

The same part of the woods.

*Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia,
lying asleep.*

*Enter Titania and Bottom; Pease-blossom, Cobweb,
Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending;
Oberon behind unseen.*

- 1 **Titan.** Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
2 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
4 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
- 6 **Bottom.** Where's Pease-blossom?
- 8 **Pease.** Ready.
- 10 **Bottom.** Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. – Where's
Mounsieur Cobweb?
- 12 **Cob.** Ready.
- 14 **Bottom.** Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get
16 you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-
hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle: and good
18 mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret
yourself too much in the action, mounsieur: and,
20 good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not;
I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-
22 bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?
- 24 **Must.** Ready.
- 26 **Bottom.** Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed.
Pray you, leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.
- 28 **Must.** What's your will?
- 30 **Bottom.** Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help
32 Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about
34 the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do
but tickle me, I must scratch.
- 36

38 **Titan.** What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

40 **Bottom.** I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's
have the tongs and the bones.

42 **Titan.** Or, say sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

44 **Bottom.** Truly a peck of provender: I could mounch
your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to
46 a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

48 **Titan.** I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

50 **Bottom.** I had rather have a handful or two of dried
52 peas. But, I pray you: let none of your people stirt me:
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

54 **Titan.** Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. –
56 Fairies, be gone, and be always away.

58 [Exeunt Fairies.]

60 So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist: the female ivy so
62 Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

64 [They sleep.]

66 Enter Puck.

68 **Ober.** [Advancing.]
70 Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
72 For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
74 I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
76 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
78 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouriets' eyes,
80 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
82 And she, in mild terms, begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
84 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy Land.

86 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 88 And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain;
 90 That he, awaking when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair,
 92 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 94 But first I will release the Fairy Queen. –
 Be as thou wast wont to be;
 96 See as thou wast wont to see:
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 98 Hath such force and blessèd power. –
 Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.
 100
Titan. My Oberon, what visions have I seen!
 102 Methought I was enamoured of an ass.
 104 **Ober.** There lies your love.
 106 **Titan.** How came these things to pass?
 O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
 108
Ober. Silence awhile. – Robin, take off this head: –
 110 Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
 112
Titan. Music, ho, music: such as charmeth sleep!
 114
 [Music, still.]
 116
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
 118
Ober. Sound, music! – Come, my queen, take hands with me,
 120 And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
 Now, thou and I are new in amity,
 122 And will tomorrow midnight, solemnly
 Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
 124 And bless it to all fair prosperity.
 There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
 126 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
 128 **Puck.** Fairy King, attend, and mark:
 I do hear the morning lark.
 130
Ober. Then my queen, in silence sad,
 132 Trip we after [the] night's shade:
 We the globe can compass soon,

134 Swifter than the wandering moon.

136 **Titan.** Come my lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
138 That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground.

140

[Exeunt.]

142

[Wind horn.]

144

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

146

Thes. Go one of you, find out the forester:
148 For now our observation is performed.
And since we have the vaward of the day,
150 My love shall hear the music of my hounds. –
Uncouple, in the western valley, let them go: –
152 Dispatch I say, and find the forester. –

154

[Exit an Attendant.]

156 We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusiön
158 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

160 **Hippol.** I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear,
162 With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
164 The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seeme[d] all one mutual cry. I never heard
166 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

168 **Thes.** My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind:
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
170 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped, like Thessalian bulls:
172 Slow in pursuit; but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
174 Was never hollowed to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
176 Judge when you hear. – But, soft! what nymphs are these?

178 **Egeus.** My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,
180 This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.
182

184 **Thes.** No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May: and hearing our intent,
Came here, in grace of our solemnity.
186 But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

188
190 **Egeus.** It is, my lord.

192 **Thes.** Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

194 [Horns and shout within.
Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia
wake and start up.]

196
198 Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple, now?

200 **Lysan.** Pardon, my lord.

202 **Thes.** I pray you all, stand up. –
I know you two are rival enemies.
204 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
206 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

208 **Lysan.** My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but, as yet, I swear,
210 I cannot truly say how I came here.
But as I think (for truly would I speak)
212 And now I do bethink me, so it is;
I came with Hermia, hither: our intent
214 Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law, –

216
218 **Egeus.** Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head: –
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
220 Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You of your wife, and me, of my consent:
222 Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

224 **Demet.** My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
226 And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
228 But my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
230 (Melted as the snow) seems to me now

232 As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 234 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 236 Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia:
 But, like a sickness, did I loathe this food;
 238 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
 240 And will for evermore be true to it.

242 **Thes.** Fair lovers, you are fortunately met.
 Of this discourse, we more will hear anon. –
 244 Egeus, I will overbear your will:
 For in the temple, by and by, with us,
 246 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 248 Our purposed hunting shall be set aside. –
 Away, with us, to Athens! three and three,
 250 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity. –
 Come, Hippolyta.

252
 [Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus and train.]

254 **Demet.** These things seem small and undistinguishable,
 256 Like far-off mountains turnèd into clouds.

258 **Herm.** Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.

260 **Helena.** So methinks:
 262 And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

264 **Demet.** Are you sure
 266 That we are awake? It seems to me
 That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
 268 The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

270 **Herm.** Yea, and my father.

272 **Helena.** And Hippolyta.

274 **Lysan.** And he did bid us follow to the temple.

276 **Demet.** Why then, we are awake: let 's follow him,
 And by the way let us recount our dreams.

278
 [Exeunt Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.]

280

Bottom. [*Awaking.*]

282

When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:

my next is, "Most fair Pyramus." – Hey ho! Peter

284

Quince? Flute, the bellows-mender? Snout, the

tinker? Starveling? Gods my life! stolen hence, and

286

left me asleep? I have had a most rare vision. I have

had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it

288

was. Man is but an ass, if he go about [to] expound

this dream. Methought I was – there is no man can tell

290

what. Methought I was, – and methought I had, –

but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say

292

what methought I had. The eye of man hath not

heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not

294

able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to

report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to

296

write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called

Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom: and

298

I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the

duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious,

300

I shall sing it at her death.

302

[*Exit Bottom.*]

ACT IV, SCENE II.*Athens, Quince's house.**The afternoon of the same day.**Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

1 **Quin.** Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come
2 home yet?

4 **Starv.** He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is
transported.

6
8 **Flute.** If he come not, then the play is marred. It goes
not forward, doth it?

10 **Quin.** It is not possible. You have not a man, in all
12 Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

14 **Flute.** No, he hath simply the best wit of any
handicraft man in Athens.

16 **Quin.** Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very
paramour for a sweet voice.

18
20 **Flute.** You must say "paragon": a paramour is
(God bless us) a thing of naught.

22 *Enter Snug.*

24 **Snug.** Masters, the duke is coming from the temple,
and there is two or three lords and ladies more
26 married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all
been made men.

28
30 **Flute.** O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
sixpence a day during his life; he could not have
scaped sixpence a day. And the duke had not given
32 him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
hanged. He would have deserved it: sixpence a day,
34 in Pyramus, or nothing.

36 *Enter Bottom.*

38 **Bottom.** Where are these lads? where are these
40 hearts?

42 **Quin.** Bottom! O most courageous day! O most
happy hour!

44 **Bottom.** Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask
46 me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I
will tell you every thing right as it fell out.

48 **Quin.** Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

50 **Bottom.** Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is,
that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together,
52 good strings to your beards, new ribands to your
pumps, meet presently at the palace, every man look
54 o'er his part. For the short and the long is, our play is
preferred. In any case let Thisbe have clean linen;
56 and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails: for
they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most
58 dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic: for we are to
utter sweet breath: and I do not doubt but to hear
60 them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words.
Away, go, away!

62

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.SCENE I.*Athens: the palace of Theseus.**The evening of the same day.**Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate,
Lords, and Attendants.*

1 **Hippol.** 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
2

Thes. More strange than true: I never may believe
4 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
6 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
8 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
10 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
12 See Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling,
14 Doth glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth
16 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
18 A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imaginatiön,
20 That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
22 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

24 **Hippol.** But, all the story of the night told over,
26 And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
28 And grows to something of great constancy:
But howsoever, strange and admirable.

30 **Thes.** Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
32

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

34 Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love
36 Accompany your hearts!

- 38 **Lysan.** More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
- 40 **Thes.** Come now: what masques, what dances shall we have,
42 To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
44 Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
46 To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
- 48 **Philo.** Here, mighty Theseus.
- 50 **Thes.** Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
52 What masque, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
- 54 **Philo.** There is a brief, how many sports are ripe.
56 Make choice, of which your highness will see first.
- 58 [Giving a paper.]
- 60 **Thes.** [Reads.]
The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,
62 *By an Athenian eunuch to the harp? –*
We'll none of that. That have I told my love,
64 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
[Reads.]
66 *The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,*
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage? –
68 That is an old device: and it was played,
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
70 [Reads.]
The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
72 *Of Learning, late deceased in beggary? –*
That is some satire, keen and critical,
74 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
[Reads.]
76 *A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus*
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth? –
78 Merry, and tragical? Tedious, and brief?
That is hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
80 How shall we find the concord of this discord?
- 82 **Philo.** A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play:
84 But, by ten words, my lord, it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,

86 | There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
88 | For Pyramus, therein, doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
90 | Made mine eyes water: but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

92 |
Thes. What are they, that do play it?

94 |
Philo. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
96 | Which never laboured in their minds till now:
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories,
98 | With this same play, against your nuptial.

100 | **Thes.** And we will hear it.

102 | **Philo.** No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
104 | And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents
106 | Extremely stretched, and conned with cruel pain,
To do you service.

108 |
Thes. I will hear that play.
110 | For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
112 | Go bring them in, and take your places, ladies.

114 | [Exit Philostrate.]

116 | **Hippol.** I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duery, in his service, perishing.

118 |
Thes. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

120 |
Hippol. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

122 |
Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
124 | Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do, noble
126 | Respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
128 | To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
130 | Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
132 | And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

134 Out of this silence, yet, I picked a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty,
136 I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
138 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

140

Re-enter Philostrate.

142

Philo. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addressed.

144

Thes. Let him approach.

146

[Flourish of trumpets.]

148

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

150

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.

152

That you should think, we come not to offend,

But with good will. To shew our simple skill,

154

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

156

We do not come, as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight,

158

We are not here. That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand: and, by their show,

160

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

162

Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

164

Lysan. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt: he

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

166

enough to speak; but to speak true.

168

Hippol. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a

child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

170

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing

172

impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

174

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall,

Moonshine, and Lion.

176

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;

178

But, wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know:

180

This beauteous lady Thisbe is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

182 Wall, that vile Wall, which did these lovers sunder:
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
184 To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
186 Presenteth Moonshine. For if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
188 To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast (which Lion hight by name)
190 The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
192 And as she fled, her mantle she did fall:
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
194 Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain:
196 Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast.
198 And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
200 Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

202 **Thes.** I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

204 **Demet.** No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
206 many asses do.

208 [Exeunt Prologue, Pyramus, Thisbe,
Lion, and Moonshine.]

210 **Wall.** In this same interlude it doth befall,
212 That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
214 That had in it a crannied hole or chink:
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,
216 Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show,
218 That I am that same wall: the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
220 Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

222 **Thes.** Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better?

224 **Demet.** It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
226 discourse, my lord.

228 **Thes.** Pyramus draws near the wall: silence.

230 *Re-enter Pyramus.*

232 **Pyra.** O grim-looking night! O night, with hue so black,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
234 O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot.
236 And thou O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stands't between her father's ground and mine,
238 Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through, with mine eyne,

240 *[Wall holds up his fingers.]*

242 Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for this.
244 But what see I? No Thisbe do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss,
246 Cursed be thy stones, for thus deceiving me.

248 **Thes.** The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

250 **Pyra.** No, in truth sir, he should not. "Deceiving me"
252 is Thisbe's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy
her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I
254 told you: yonder she comes.

256 *Re-enter Thisbe.*

258 **Thisbe.** O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me.
260 My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones;
Thy stones, with lime and hair knit now again.

262 **Pyra.** I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
264 To spy and I can hear my Thisbe's face. –
Thisbe?

266 **Thisbe.** My love thou art, my love I think.

268 **Pyra.** Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace:
270 And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

272 **Thisbe.** And I, like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

274 **Pyra.** Not Shafalus to Procrus, was so true.

276 **Thisbe.** As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

278 **Pyra.** O kiss me, through the hole of this vild wall!

280 **Thisbe.** I kiss the wall's hole; not your lips at all.

282 **Pyra.** Wilt thou, at Ninny's tomb, meet me straightway?

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

286 [Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.]

288 **Wall.** Thus have I, Wall, my part dischargèd so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

290 [Exit Wall.]

292

294 **Thes.** Now is the moon used between the two
neighbours.

296 **Demet.** No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wilful, to hear without warning.

298

300 **Hippol.** This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

302 **Thes.** The best, in this kind, are but shadows: and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

304 **Hippol.** It must be your imagination, then, and not
theirs.

306

308 **Thes.** If we imagine no worse of them than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. –
Here come two noble beasts, in a man and a lion.

310 Re-enter Lion and Moonshine.

312

314 **Lion.** You ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor)
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
316 When lion rough, in wildest rage, doth roar.
Then know that I, as Snug the joiner, am
318 A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should, as lion, come in strife,
320 Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

322 **Thes.** A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

324 **Demet.** The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I
saw.

326

328 **Lysan.** This lion is a very fox, for his valour.

Thes. True: and a goose for his discretion.

330 **Demet.** Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry
332 his discretion: and the fox carries the goose.

334 **Thes.** His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:
336 leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

338 **Moon.** This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present; –

340 **Demet.** He should have worn the horns on his head.

342 **Thes.** He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible,
within the circumference.

344 **Moon.** This lanthorn doth the hornèd moon present,
346 Myself, the man ith moon, do seem to be.

348 **Thes.** This is the greatest error of all the rest: the
man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else
350 the man ith moon?

352 **Demet.** He dares not come there, for the candle; for,
you see, it is already in snuff.

354 **Hipp.** I am aweary of this moon. Would he would
356 change.

358 **Thes.** It appears, by his small light of discretion, that
he is in the wane: but yet in courtesy, in all reason,
360 we must stay the time.

362 **Lysan.** Proceed, Moon.

364 **Moon.** All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the
lanthorn is the moon; I, the man ith moon; this
366 thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

368 **Demet.** Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for
all these are in the moon. – But silence: here comes
370 Thisbe.

372 *Re-enter Thisbe.*

374 **Thisbe.** This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

376 **Lion.** [Roaring] Oh –

378 *[Thisbe runs off.]*

380 **Demet.** Well roared, Lion.

382 **Thes.** Well run, Thisbe.

384 **Hippol.** Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines
with a good grace.

386

388 [The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle,
and exit.]

390 **Thes.** Well mouzed, Lion.

392 **Demet.** And then came Pyramus.

394 **Lysan.** And so the lion vanished.

396

Re-enter Pyramus.

398 **Pyra.** Sweet Moon, I thank thee, for thy sunny beams.

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

400 For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering beams,

I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight. –

402 But stay: O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

404 What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes, do you see!

406 How can it be!

O dainty duck, O dear!

408 Thy mantle good,

What, stained with blood?

410 Approach ye Furies fell!

O Fates come, come,

412 Cut thread and thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

414

Thes. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,

416 would go near to make a man look sad.

418 **Hippol.** Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

420 **Pyra.** O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vild hath here deflowered my dear.

422 Which is – no, no – which was the fairest dame

That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.

424 Come tears, confound;

Out sword, and wound

426 The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,

428 Where heart doth hop:

430

[Stabs himself.]

432 Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
434 Now am I fled,
My soul is in the sky.
436 Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight:

[Exit Moonshine.]

440 Now die, die, die, die, die.

[Dies.]

444 **Demet.** No die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

446 **Lysan.** Less than an ace, man; for he is dead, he is
448 nothing.

450 **Thes.** With the help of a surgeon, he might yet
recover, and prove an ass.

452 **Hippol.** How chance Moonshine is gone before?
454 Thisbe comes back, and finds her lover.

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

Re-enter Thisbe.

460 **Hippol.** Methinks she should not use a long one, for
462 such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

464 **Demet.** A moth will turn the balance, which
Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man,
466 God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

468 **Lysan.** She hath spied him already, with those sweet
eyes.

470 **Demet.** And thus she means, videlicet: –
472

Thisbe. Asleep, my love?
474 What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise,
476 Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
478 Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
480 This cherry nose,

482 These yellow cowslip cheeks
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers make moan:
484 His eyes were green, as leeks.
O sisters three,
486 Come, come, to me,
With hands as pale as milk,
488 Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
490 With shears, his threed of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
492 Come trusty sword,
Come blade, my breast imbrue:

[Stabs herself.]

496 And farewell friends:
498 Thus Thisbe ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

[Dies.]

502 **Thes.** Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

504 **Demet.** Ay, and Wall too.

506 **Lion.** No, I assure you, the wall is down, that parted
508 their fathers. – Will it please you, to see the Epilogue,
or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our
510 company?

512 **Thes.** No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Never excuse: for when the players are all
514 dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that
writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in
516 Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and
so it is truly, and very notably discharged. But come,
518 your Bergomask: let your Epilogue alone.

[A dance.]

522 The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost fairy time.
524 I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatched.
526 This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
528 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

530 In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

532

Enter Puck.

534

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
536 And the wolf beholds the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
538 All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
540 Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
542 In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
544 That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
546 In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run,
548 By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
550 Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
552 Shall disturb this hallowed house.
I am sent, with broom, before,
554 To sweep the dust behind the door.

556

Enter Oberon and Titania with all their train.

558 **Ober.** Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire.
560 Every elf and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
562 And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

564

Titan. First rehearse your song by rote,
566 To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
568 Will we sing and bless this place.

570

[Song and dance.]

572 **Ober.** Now, until the break of day,
Through this house, each fairy stray.
574 To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
576 And the issue, there create,

578 Ever shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
580 And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand.
582 Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
584 Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
586 With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
588 And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace,
590 Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
592 Trip away; make no stay:
Meet me all, by break of day.

594
[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.]

596
Puck. If we shadows have offended,
598 Think but this (and all is mended),
That you have but slumbered here,
600 While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
602 No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
604 If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
606 If we have unearnèd luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
608 We will make amends, ere long:
Else, the Puck a liar call.
610 So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends:
612 And Robin shall restore amends.

614
[Exit Puck.]

616 FINIS

Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, www.ElizabethanDrama.org, generally lean towards retaining the language of the plays' earliest editions. This includes keeping archaic words and language that modern editors tend to modernize and correct. On the other hand, where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted.

This edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is based on the text of the Quarto printed in 1600. The play appeared again in the 1623 Folio of Shakespeare's works. Comparison of the two editions shows a number of variations in wording and word choice, though not enough of them exist so as to cause the reader to lose sleep, wondering if he or she is missing anything by choosing one text over the other.

You will find below a fairly comprehensive list of changes a director may wish to consider applying to the text of our play, in order to make the language more sensible. These emendations are of several types:

- (1) modernization of archaic words;
- (2) substantive alternate wording found in the Folio; and
- (3) commonly-accepted emendations suggested by later editors and commentators.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotations to the play.

An asterisk (*) indicates an emendation based on alternative wording in the Folio.

Universal Emendations:

- 1. modernize **shew(s)(ed)** to **show(s)(ed)** everywhere:
2.1.197; 2.2.152; 3.2.448, 580; 5.1.153.
- 2. modernize **vild** to **vile** everywhere:
5.1.278, 421.
- 3. modernize **murther(er)** to **murder(er)** everywhere:
3.2.31, 70, 74.
- 4. modernize **lanthorn** to **lantern** everywhere:
5.1.338, 345, 349, 365, 368.

Act I, Scene i.

- 1. line 11: emend **Now bent** to **New-bent**.
- 2. line 165: omit **Ay me**.*
- 3. line 170: emend **to love** to **to low**.
- 4. line 176: emend **friends** to **merit**.*
- 5. line 200: emend **remote** to **removed**.*
- 6. line 235: emend **Your words I['d] catch** to **yours**

would I catch.

7. line 239: emend *I'll* to *I'd*.
8. line 255: emend *Helena* to *Helen* (or)
emend *is no fault of mine* to *is none of mine*.*
9. line 275: emend *swelled* to *sweet*.
10. line 278: emend *strange companions* to *stranger companies*.

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 108: modernize *shrike* to *shriek*.
2. line 132: modernize *perfit* to *perfect*.*
3. line 147: modernize *perfit* to *perfect*.*

Act II, Scene i.

1. line 51: emend *filly foal* to *silly foal*.*
2. line 55: modernize *dewlop* to *dewlap*.
3. line 60: modernize *loff* to *laugh*.
4. line 82: emend *steppe* to *steep*.*
5. line 106: emend *pelting* to *petty*.*
6. line 112: modernize *murrion* to *murrain*.
7. line 124: emend *chin* to *thin*.
8. line 226: emend *stay* and *stayeth* to *slay* and *slayeth*.
9. line 293: emend *I'll* to *I*.*
10. line 303: the original line as printed is:
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Optional change 1: reverse the clauses:
Welcome, wanderer. Hast thou the flower there?
Option change 2: revise the punctuation:
Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?

Act II, Scene ii.

1. line 4: modernize *leathren* to *leather*.
2. line 75: emend *we can make of it* to *can you make of it*.*
3. line 76: emend *interchained* to *interchanged*.*
4. line 102: emend *found* to *find*.*
5. line 212: modernize *swoun* to *swoon*.

Act III, Scene i.

1. line 43: emend *toote* to *to 't*.*
2. line 76: emend *lantern* to *lanthorn*.*
3. line 87: emend *or* to *and*.

Act III, Scene ii.

1. line 24: modernize *minnick* to *mimic*.
2. line 109: modernize *bankrout* to *bankrupt*.
3. line 510: emend *night's swift* to *night-swift*.*
4. line 554: repunctuate "*Speak in some bush*." to "*Speak!*
[pause] *In some bush?*"
4. line 596: modernize *shat* to *shalt*.*
5. line 635: emend *Your eye* to *To your eye*.

Act IV, Scene i.

1. line 32: emend *Cobweb* to *Pease-blossom*.
2. line 44: modernize *mounch* to *munch*.*
3. line 52: emend *stirt* to *stir*.*
4. line 56: emend *always* to *all ways*.
5. line 73: emend *flavours* to *savours*.*
6. line 79: modernize *flouriets* to *flowerets*.
7. lines 265-6: omit *Are you sure / That we are awake?**
8. line 298: emend *a play* to *our play*.
9. line 300: emend *at her death* to *after death*.

Act IV, Scene ii.

1. line 52: modernize *ribands* to *ribbons*.

Act V, Scene i.

1. line 47: emend *Philostrate* to *Egeus*.*
2. Reassign the speeches of lines 49, 55, 82, 95, 102, and 143 to Egeus.*
3. line 55: emend *ripe* to *rife*.*
4. Reassign the following pairs of lines to Lysander:
61-62; 66-67; 71-72; 76-77.*
5. line 78: emend *strange snow* to *strange black snow*.
6. line 117: modernize *duery* to *duty*.*
7. line 185: emend *lantern* to *lanthorn*.*
8. line 189: modernize *grizly* to *grisly*.
9. line 261: emend *knit now again* to *knit now in thee*.*
10. line 293: emend *moon used* to any of:
(a) *mural down*;
(b) *mure all down*; or
(c) *wall down*.
11. lines 346, 350 and 365: emend *ith* to *i' th'*.
12. line 390: modernize *mouzed* to *moused*.*
13. line 400: emend *glittering beams* to *glittering gleams*.
14. line 401: emend *take* to *taste*.*
15. lines 465-6: omit *he for a man...God bless us*.*
16. line 490: modernize *threed* to *thread*.*
17. Reassign the speech beginning at line 507 to Bottom.*
18. line 536: emend *beholds* to *behows*.