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***A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM***  
***(1596)***

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**by William Shakespeare**

Styled by LimpidSoft





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John Redmond  
Sydney, Australia

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THESEUS, Duke of Athens

EGEUS, father to Hermia

LYSANDER, in love with Hermia

DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus

QUINCE, a carpenter

SNUG, a joiner

BOTTOM, a weaver

FLUTE, a bellows-mender

SNOUT, a tinker

STARVELING, a tailor

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus

HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander

HELENA, in love with Demetrius

OBERON, King of the Fairies

TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies

PUCK, or ROBIN GOODFELLOW

PEASEBLOSSOM, fairy

COBWEB, fairy

MOTH, fairy

MUSTARDSEED, fairy

PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBY, WALL, MOONSHINE, LION are presented by:

QUINCE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, STARVELING, AND SNUG

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

Athens and a wood near it



# ACT I

---

## SCENE I

---

*Athens. The palace of THESEUS  
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,  
and ATTENDANTS*

THESEUS Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIPPOLYTA Four days will quickly steep  
themselves in night;  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

THESEUS Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE*

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
And won thy love doing thee injuries;  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter EGEUS, and his daughter HERMIA,  
LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS*

EGEUS Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

THESEUS  
Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?

EGEUS Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth, Lysander. And, my gracious Duke,  
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats—  
messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth;  
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's  
heart;  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious Duke,  
Be it so she will not here before your Grace  
Consent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:  
As she is mine I may dispose of her;  
Which shall be either to this gentleman  
Or to her death, according to our law  
Immediately provided in that case.

THESEUS  
What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid  
To you your father should be as a god;  
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

HERMIA So is Lysander

THESEUS In himself he is;  
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,  
The other must be held the worthier.

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

THESEUS  
Rather your eyes must with his judgment look

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

THESEUS Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
You can endure the livery of a nun,  
For aye to be shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

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

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

DEMETRIUS  
Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

LYSANDER  
You have her father's love, Demetrius;  
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

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

LYSANDER I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,  
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

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

EGEUS With duty and desire we follow you  
*Exeunt all but LYSANDER and HERMIA*

LYSANDER  
How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HERMIA  
Belike for want of rain, which I could well  
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

LYSANDER  
Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But either it was different in blood—

HERMIA O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low

LYSANDER  
Or else misgraffed in respect of years—

HERMIA O spite! too old to be engag'd to young

LYSANDER  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

HERMIA O hell! to choose love by another's eyes

LYSANDER  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

HERMIA If then true lovers have ever cross'd,  
It stands as an edict in destiny.  
Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross,  
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,  
Wishes and tears, poor Fancy's followers.

LYSANDER  
A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child—  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues—  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

HERMIA My good Lysander!  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow, with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,  
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,

And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage  
Queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen,  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke,  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

LYSANDER Keep promise, love

*Enter HELENA*

HERMIA God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

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  
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds  
appear.  
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go!  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet  
melody.  
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.  
O, teach me how you look, and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

HERMIA I frown upon him, yet he loves me still

HELENA O that your frowns would teach my  
smiles such skill!

HERMIA I give him curses, yet he gives me love

HELENA O that my prayers could such affection  
move!

HERMIA The more I hate, the more he follows me

HELENA The more I love, the more he hateth me

HERMIA His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine

HELENA None, but your beauty; would that fault  
were mine!

HERMIA Take comfort: he no more shall see my  
face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.  
Before the time I did Lysander see,  
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me.  
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,  
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

LYSANDER Helen, to you our minds we will  
unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,  
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

HERMIA And in the wood where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!  
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

LYSANDER I will, my Hermia

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you. *Exit*

HELENA How happy some o'er other some can  
be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities.  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;  
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.  
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere;  
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolv'd, and show'rs of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again. *Exit*

---

## SCENE II

---

*Athens. QUINCE'S house*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM FLUTE,  
SNOUT, and STARVELING*

QUINCE Is all our company here?

BOTTOM You were best to call them generally,  
man by man, according to the scrip.

QUINCE Here is the scroll of every man's name  
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in  
our interlude before the Duke and the Duchess on  
his wedding-day at night.

BOTTOM First, good Peter Quince, say what the  
play treats on; then read the names of the actors;  
and so grow to a point.

QUINCE

Marry, our play is 'The most Lamentable  
Comedy and most

Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisby.'

BOTTOM A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUINCE Answer, as I call you

BOTTOM Ready

QUINCE You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus

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

QUINCE A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love

BOTTOM That will ask some tears in the true performing of it do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest— yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

'The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates;  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far,  
And make and mar  
The foolish Fates.'

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

QUINCE Francis Flute, the bellows-mender

FLUTE Here, Peter Quince

QUINCE Flute, you must take Thisby on you

FLUTE What is Thisby? A wand'ring knight?

QUINCE It is the lady that Pyramus must love

FLUTE Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming

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

BOTTOM An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice: 'Thisne, Thisne!'

*(Then speaking small)* 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! Thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

QUINCE No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby

BOTTOM Well, proceed

QUINCE Robin Starveling, the tailor

STARVELING Here, Peter Quince

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

SNOUT Here, Peter Quince

QUINCE You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's

father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part. And, I hope, here is a play fitted.

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

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

BOTTOM Let me play the lion too man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that I will make the Duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

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

ALL That would hang us, every mother's son

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

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

BOTTOM Well, I will undertake it in?

QUINCE Why, what you will

BOTTOM

I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

QUINCE Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, and our devices known.

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

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

QUINCE At the Duke's oak we meet

BOTTOM Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings

## ACT II

---

### SCENE I

---

*A wood near Athens*

*Enter a FAIRY at One door, and PUCK at another*

PUCK How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAIRY

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the Fairy Queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.  
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

PUCK The King doth keep his revels here to-night;

Take heed the Queen come not within his sight;  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she as her attendant hath  
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king.  
She never had so sweet a changeling;  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;  
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.  
And now they never meet in grove or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
But they do square, that all their elves for fear  
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

FAIRY Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery,  
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,  
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,  
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,  
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.  
Are not you he?

PUCK Thou speakest aright:

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

FAIRY And here my mistress

*Enter OBERON at one door, with his TRAIN, and TITANIA at another, with hers*

OBERON Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania

TITANIA What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBERON Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?

TITANIA Then I must be thy lady; but I know  
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India,  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,  
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity?

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

TITANIA These are the forgeries of jealousy;

And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,  
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
 Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,  
 Hath every pelting river made so proud  
 That they have overborne their continents.  
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
 The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn  
 Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;  
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
 And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;  
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,  
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.  
 The human mortals want their winter here;  
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest;  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound.  
 And thorough this distemperature we see  
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts  
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;  
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
 Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,  
 The childing autumn, angry winter, change  
 Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,  
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.  
 And this same progeny of evils comes  
 From our debate, from our dissension;  
 We are their parents and original.

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

TITANIA Set your heart at rest;  
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
 His mother was a vot'ress of my order;  
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;  
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood;  
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,  
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;  
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait  
 Following— her womb then rich with my young  
 squire—  
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,  
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;  
 And for her sake do I rear up her boy;

And for her sake I will not part with him.

OBERON How long within this wood intend you  
 stay?

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

OBERON Give me that boy and I will go with thee

TITANIA Not for thy fairy kingdom  
 We shall chide downright if I longer stay.  
*Exit TITANIA with her train*

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

PUCK I remember

OBERON That very time I saw, but thou couldst  
 not,  
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth  
 Cupid, all arm'd; a certain aim he took  
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west,  
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry  
 moon;  
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell.  
 It fell upon a little western flower,  
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's  
 wound,  
 And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.  
 Fetch me that flow'r, the herb I showed thee once.  
 The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid  
 Will make or man or woman madly dote  
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again  
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
 In forty minutes. *Exit PUCK*

OBERON Having once this juice,  
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;  
 The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
 Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,  
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
 And ere I take this charm from off her sight,

As I can take it with another herb,  
I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible;  
And I will overhear their conference.  
*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him*

DEMETRIUS I love thee not, therefore pursue me  
not

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stol'n unto this wood,  
And here am I, and wood within this wood,  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

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

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

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

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

HELENA And I am sick when I look not on you

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

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

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

HELENA The wildest hath not such a heart as you  
Run when you will; the story shall be chang'd:

Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger— bootless speed,  
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

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

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

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well.  
*Exit HELENA*

OBERON  
Fare thee well, nymph; ere he do leave this grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.  
*Re-enter PUCK*  
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

PUCK Ay, there it is

OBERON I pray thee give it me  
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;  
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;  
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.  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

PUCK  
Fear not, my lord; your servant shall do so

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## SCENE II

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*Another part of the wood*  
*Enter TITANIA, with her train*

TITANIA Come now, a roundel and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;  
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,

To make my small elves coats; and some keep  
back

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and  
wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

*The FAIRIES Sing*

FIRST FAIRY

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy Queen

CHORUS Philomel with melody

Sing in our sweet lullaby  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby  
Never harm  
Nor spell nor charm  
Come our lovely lady nigh  
So good night, with lullaby

SECOND FAIRY Weaving spiders, come not here;

Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail do no offence  
*CHORUS Philomel with melody, etc.*

FIRST FAIRY Hence away; now all is well

One aloof stand sentinel. *Exeunt FAIRIES*  
*Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on*  
*TITANIA'S eyelids*

OBERON What thou seest when thou dost wake,

Do it for thy true-love take;  
Love and languish for his sake.  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.  
Wake when some vile thing is near. *Exit*  
*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA*

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,

For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER One turf shall serve as pillow for us  
both;

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

HERMIA Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my  
dear,

Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

LYSANDER

O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.  
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it;  
Two bosoms interchained with an oath,  
So then two bosoms and a single troth.

Then by your side no bed-room me deny,  
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HERMIA Lysander riddles very prettily

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

LYSANDER

Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I;  
And then end life when I end loyalty!  
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA

With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!  
*They sleep*  
*Enter PUCK*

PUCK

Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love  
Night and silence— Who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
This is he, my master said,  
Despised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
On the dank and dirty ground  
Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe:  
When thou wak'st let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid  
So awake when I am gone;  
For I must now to Oberon.

*Exit*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running*

HELENA Stay, though thou kill me, sweet  
Demetrius

DEMETRIUS

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

HELENA O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not  
so

DEMETRIUS Stay on thy peril; I alone will go

HELENA O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;  
If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.  
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,  
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;  
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius  
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?  
 But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!  
 Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.  
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER

*(Waking)* And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake  
 Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,  
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
 Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

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

LYSANDER Content with Hermia! No: I do  
 repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
 Not Hermia but Helena I love:  
 Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd,  
 And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
 Things growing are not ripe until their season;  
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
 And touching now the point of human skill,  
 Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
 And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook  
 Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

HELENA

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
 When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
 That I did never, no, nor never can,  
 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
 But you must flout my insufficiency?  
 Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you  
 do,  
 In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
 But fare you well; perforce I must confess  
 I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
 O, that a lady of one man refus'd  
 Should of another therefore be abus'd! *Exit*

LYSANDER She sees not Hermia

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!  
 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,  
 Or as the heresies that men do leave  
 Are hated most of those they did deceive,  
 So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,  
 Of all be hated, but the most of me!  
 And, all my powers, address your love and might  
 To honour Helen, and to be her knight! *Exit*

HERMIA

*(Starting)* Help me, Lysander, help me; do thy  
 best  
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.  
 Ay me, for pity! What a dream was here!

Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.  
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.  
 Lysander! What, remov'd? Lysander! lord!  
 What, out of hearing gone? No sound, no word?  
 Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear;  
 Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.  
 No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.  
 Either death or you I'll find immediately. *Exit*



## ACT III

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### SCENE I

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*The wood. TITANIA lying asleep  
Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,  
SNOUT, and STARVELING*

BOTTOM Are we all met?

QUINCE

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

BOTTOM Peter Quince!

QUINCE What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOTTOM There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT By'r lakin, a parlous fear

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

BOTTOM Not a whit; I have a device to make all well prologue; and let the prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

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

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

SNOUT Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STARVELING I fear it, I promise you

BOTTOM Masters, you ought to consider with yourself to bring in— God shield us!— a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to't.

SNOUT Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion

BOTTOM Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: 'Ladies,' or 'Fair ladies, I would

wish you' or 'I would request you' or 'I would entreat you not to fear, not to tremble. My life for yours! If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are.' And there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUINCE Well, it shall be so is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOTTOM A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUINCE Yes, it doth shine that night

BOTTOM Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUINCE Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT You can never bring in a wall

BOTTOM Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUINCE If that may be, then all is well mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind*

PUCK What hempen homespuns have we swagg'ring here,  
So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?  
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;  
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

QUINCE Speak, Pyramus

BOTTOM Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet-

QUINCE 'Odious'— odorous!

BOTTOM — odours savours sweet;  
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.  
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,

And by and by I will to thee appear. *Exit*

PUCK

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! *Exit*

FLUTE Must I speak now?

QUINCE

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

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 would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

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

FLUTE O— As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head*

BOTTOM If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine

QUINCE O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted masters! Help!

*Exeunt all but BOTTOM and PUCK*

PUCK I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake,  
through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

*Exit*

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

*Re-enter SNOUT*

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

BOTTOM What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you?

*Exit SNOUT*

*Re-enter QUINCE*

QUINCE Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! Thou art translated *Exit*

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

The ousel cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill

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

BOTTOM *Sings*

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo grey,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?

Who would give a bird the he, though he cry 'cuckoo' never so?

TITANIA I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again  
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force performe doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

BOTTOM Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that

And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

TITANIA Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful

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

TITANIA Out of this wood do not desire to go;  
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state;  
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED*

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready

COBWEB And I

MOTH And I

MUSTARDSEED And I

ALL Where shall we go?

TITANIA Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,

And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

PEASEBLOSSOM Hail, mortal!

COBWEB Hail!

MOTH Hail!

MUSTARDSEED Hail!

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

COBWEB Cobweb

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

PEASEBLOSSOM Peaseblossom

BOTTOM I pray you, commend me to Mistress  
Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod,  
your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall  
desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name,  
I beseech you, sir?

MUSTARDSEED Mustardseed

BOTTOM Good Master Mustardseed, I know your  
patience well same cowardly giant-like ox-beef  
hath devour'd many a gentleman of your house. I  
promise you your kindred hath made my eyes  
water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance,  
good Master Mustardseed.

TITANIA Come, wait upon him; lead him to my  
bower  
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower;  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.  
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.  
*Exeunt*

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## SCENE II

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*Another part of the wood*  
*Enter OBERON*

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

*Enter PUCK*

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit!  
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

PUCK My mistress with a monster is in love  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play

Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport  
Forsook his scene and ent'red in a brake;  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nole I fixed on his head.  
Anon his Thisby must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,  
So at his sight away his fellows fly;  
And at our stamp here, o'er and o'er one falls;  
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus  
strong,  
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,  
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things  
catch.  
I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;  
When in that moment, so it came to pass,  
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

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

PUCK I took him sleeping— that is finish'd too—  
And the Athenian woman by his side;  
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.  
*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA*

OBERON Stand close; this is the same Athenian

PUCK This is the woman, but not this the man

DEMETRIUS

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

HERMIA

Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,  
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,  
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day  
As he to me. Would he have stolen away  
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon  
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon  
May through the centre creep and so displease  
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.  
It cannot be but thou hast murd' red him;  
So should a murderer look— so dead, so grim.

DEMETRIUS

So should the murdered look; and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

HERMIA What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

DEMETRIUS I had rather give his carcass to my hounds

HERMIA

Out, dog! out, cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

Henceforth be never numb'ed among men!

O, once tell true; tell true, even for my sake!

Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

DEMETRIUS You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HERMIA I pray thee, tell me then that he is well

DEMETRIUS An if I could, what should I get therefore?

HERMIA A privilege never to see me more

And from thy hated presence part I so;

See me no more whether he be dead or no. *Exit*

DEMETRIUS

There is no following her in this fierce vein;

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lies down*

OBERON

What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

PUCK

Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

OBERON

About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find;

All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,

With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here;

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK I go, I go; look how I go,

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. *Exit*

OBERON

Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy

*Re-enter PUCK*

PUCK Captain of our fairy band,

Helena is here at hand,

And the youth mistook by me

Pleading for a lover's fee;

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

OBERON Stand aside

Will cause Demetrius to awake

PUCK Then will two at once woo one

That must needs be sport alone;

And those things do best please me

That befall prepost'rously

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA*

LYSANDER

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,

In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,

Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

HELENA You do advance your cunning more and more

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,

Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

LYSANDER I had no judgment when to her I swore

HELENA Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er

LYSANDER Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you

DEMETRIUS

*(Awaking)* O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

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

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

Fann'd with the 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!

HELENA O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment.

If you were civil and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

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

But you must join in souls to mock me too?  
 If you were men, as men you are in show,  
 You would not use a gentle lady so:  
 To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
 When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
 You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
 And now both rivals, to mock Helena.  
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
 To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
 With your derision! None of noble sort  
 Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
 A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

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

HELENA Never did mockers waste more idle  
 breath

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

LYSANDER Helen, it is not so

DEMETRIUS  
 Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,  
 Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.  
 Look where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.  
*Enter HERMIA*

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

LYSANDER  
 Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?

HERMIA  
 What love could press Lysander from my side?

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

HERMIA You speak not as you think; it cannot be

HELENA Lo, she is one of this confederacy!  
 Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.  
 Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!  
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these  
 contriv'd,  
 To bait me with this foul derision?  
 Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
 The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,  
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
 For parting us— O, is all forgot?  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood  
 innocence?  
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Have with our needles created both one flower,  
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition,  
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stern;  
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;  
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

HERMIA I am amazed at your passionate words;  
 I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

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

HERMIA I understand not what you mean by this

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

LYSANDER Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;

My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

HELENA O excellent!

HERMIA Sweet, do not scorn her so

DEMETRIUS If she cannot entreat, I can compel

LYSANDER

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

DEMETRIUS

I say I love thee more than he can do

LYSANDER

If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too

DEMETRIUS Quick, come

HERMIA Lysander, whereto tends all this?

LYSANDER Away, you Ethiopie!

DEMETRIUS No, no, he will

Seem to break loose— take on as you would  
follow,  
But yet come not. You are a tame man; go!

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA

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

LYSANDER Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed med'cine! O hated potion, hence!

HERMIA Do you not jest?

HELENA Yes, sooth; and so do you

LYSANDER Demetrius, I will keep my word with  
thee

DEMETRIUS I would I had your bond; for I  
perceive

A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

LYSANDER

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

HERMIA What! Can you do me greater harm than  
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?  
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?  
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.  
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left  
me.  
Why then, you left me— O, the gods forbid!—  
In earnest, shall I say?

LYSANDER Ay, by my life!

And never did desire to see thee more.  
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest  
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

HERMIA O me! you juggler! you cankerblossom!

You thief of love! What! Have you come by  
night,

And stol'n my love's heart from him?

HELENA Fine, i' faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness? What! Will you tear  
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?  
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

HERMIA 'Puppet!' why so? Ay, that way goes the  
game

Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.  
And are you grown so high in his esteem  
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak.  
How low am I? I am not yet so low  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

HELENA I pray you, though you mock me,  
gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;  
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;  
I am a right maid for my cowardice;  
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,  
Because she is something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

HERMIA 'Lower' hark, again

HELENA Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with  
me

I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.  
He followed you; for love I followed him;  
But he hath chid me hence, and threat'ned me  
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;  
And now, so you will let me quiet go,  
To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further. Let me go.  
You see how simple and how fond I am.

HERMIA Why, get you gone! Who is't that  
hinders you?

HELENA A foolish heart that I leave here behind

HERMIA What! with Lysander?

HELENA With Demetrius

LYSANDER Be not afraid; she shall not harm  
thee, Helena

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

HELENA O, when she is angry, she is keen and  
shrewd;

She was a vixen when she went to school;  
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

HERMIA 'Little' again! Nothing but 'low' and  
'little'!

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.

LYSANDER Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;  
You bead, you acorn.

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

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

DEMETRIUS Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee,  
cheek by jowl

*Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS*

HERMIA You, mistress, all this coil is long of you  
Nay, go not back.

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

HERMIA I am amaz'd, and know not what to say

OBERON This is thy negligence  
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

PUCK Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook  
Did not you tell me I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprise  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

OBERON Thou seest these lovers seek a place to  
fight  
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,  
And lead these testy rivals so astray  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might  
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend  
With league whose date till death shall never end.  
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be  
peace.

PUCK My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast;  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,  
At whose approach ghosts, wand'ring here and  
there,  
Troop home to churchyards. Damned spirits all  
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone,  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon;  
They wilfully themselves exil'd from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd  
night.

OBERON But we are spirits of another sort:  
I with the Morning's love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay;  
We may effect this business yet ere day. *Exit*  
*OBERON*

PUCK Up and down, up and down,  
I will lead them up and down  
I am fear'd in field and town  
Goblin, lead them up and down  
Here comes one.

*Enter LYSANDER*

LYSANDER Where art thou, proud Demetrius?  
Speak thou now

PUCK Here, villain, drawn and ready

LYSANDER I will be with thee straight

PUCK Follow me, then,  
To plainer ground. *Exit LYSANDER as following  
the voice*

*Enter DEMETRIUS*

DEMETRIUS Lysander, speak again  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy  
head?

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

DEMETRIUS Yea, art thou there?

PUCK Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

LYSANDER  
 He goes before me, and still dares me on;  
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
 The villain is much lighter heel'd than I.  
 I followed fast, but faster he did fly,  
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
 And here will rest me. (*Lies down*) Come, thou  
 gentle day.  
 For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
 I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. *Sleeps*  
*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS*

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

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

PUCK Come hither; I am here

DEMETRIUS Nay, then, thou mock'st me  
 If ever I thy face by daylight see;  
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
 By day's approach look to be visited.  
*Lies down and sleeps*  
*Enter HELENA*

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. *Sleeps*

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  
*Enter HERMIA*

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

PUCK On the ground  
 Sleep sound;  
 I'll apply  
 To your eye,  
 Gentle lover, remedy  
 (*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER'S eyes*)

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

*Exit*

## ACT IV

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### SCENE I

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*The wood. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA, lying asleep  
Enter TITANIA and Bottom; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other FAIRIES attending;*

*OBERON behind, unseen*

TITANIA Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM Ready

BOTTOM Scratch my head, Peaseblossom  
Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB Ready

BOTTOM Mounsieur Cobweb; good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDSEED Ready

BOTTOM Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed your curtsy, good mounsieur.

MUSTARDSEED What's your will?

BOTTOM Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

TITANIA What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOTTOM I have a reasonable good ear in music and the bones.

TITANIA Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat

BOTTOM Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a

great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

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

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

TITANIA Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. *Exeunt FAIRIES*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwist; the female ivy so

Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! *They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

OBERON

*Advancing*

Welcome, good Robin sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity;

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,

Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls

Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,

Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her,

And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,

I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent

To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

And now I have the boy, I will undo

This hateful imperfection of her eyes.

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp

From off the head of this Athenian swain,

That he awaking when the other do

May all to Athens back again repair,

And think no more of this night's accidents

But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

*(Touching her eyes)*

Be as thou wast wont to be;

See as thou wast wont to see

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

TITANIA My Oberon! What visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

OBERON There lies your love

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

OBERON Silence awhile  
Titania, music call; and strike more dead  
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

TITANIA Music, ho, music, such as charmeth  
sleep!

PUCK Now when thou wak'st with thine own  
fool's eyes peep

OBERON Sound, music  
*Music*  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly  
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,  
And bless it to all fair prosperity.  
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, an in jollity.

PUCK Fairy King, attend and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark

OBERON Then, my Queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after night's shade  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon

TITANIA Come, my lord; and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night  
That I sleeping here was found  
With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt*  
*To the winding of horns, enter THESEUS,*  
*HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

THESEUS Go, one of you, find out the forester;  
For now our observation is perform'd,  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.  
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go.  
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester. *Exit an*  
*ATTENDANT*  
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

HIPPOLYTA I was with Hercules and Cadmus  
once  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding, for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

THESEUS My hounds are bred out of the Spartan  
kind,

So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;  
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian  
bulls;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.  
Judge when you hear. But, soft, what nymphs are  
these?

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

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

EGEUS It is, my lord

THESEUS Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with  
their horns  
*Horns and shout within. The sleepers awake and*  
*kneel to THESEUS*  
Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

LYSANDER Pardon, my lord

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

LYSANDER My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here,  
But, as I think— for truly would I speak,  
And now I do bethink me, so it is—  
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,  
Without the peril of the Athenian law—

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,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me:  
You of your wife, and me of my consent,  
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

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

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

THESEUS Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.  
Egeus, I will overbear your will;  
For in the temple, by and by, with us  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And, for the morning now is something worn,  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.  
Away with us to Athens, three and three;  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.  
Come, Hippolyta.  
*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and  
train*

DEMETRIUS These things seem small and  
undistinguishable,  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

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

HELENA So methinks;  
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.

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

HERMIA Yea, and my father

HELENA And Hippolyta

LYSANDER And he did bid us follow to the  
temple

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

BOTTOM (*Awaking*) When my cue comes, call  
me, and I will answer next is 'Most fair  
Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the  
bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!  
God's my life, stol'n hence, and 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 was.  
Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this  
dream. Methought I was— there is no man can tell  
what. Methought I was, and methought I had, but  
man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say  
what methought I had. The eye of man hath not  
heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is  
not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his

heart to report, what my dream was. I will get  
Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It  
shall be call'd 'Bottom's Dream,' because it hath  
no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a  
play, before the Duke.  
Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I  
shall sing it at her death. *Exit*

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## SCENE II

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*Athens. QUINCE'S house  
Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and  
STARVELING*

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

STARVELING He cannot be heard of

FLUTE If he come not, then the play is marr'd; it  
goes not forward, doth it?

QUINCE It is not possible to discharge Pyramus  
but he.

FLUTE No; he hath simply the best wit of any  
handicraft man in Athens.

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

FLUTE You must say 'paragon thing of naught.  
*Enter SNUG*

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

FLUTE O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost  
sixpence a day during his life; he could not have  
scaped sixpence a day. An the Duke had not  
given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus,  
I'll be hanged. He would have deserved it:  
sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter BOTTOM*

BOTTOM Where are these lads? Where are these  
hearts?

QUINCE Bottom! O most courageous day! O most  
happy hour!

BOTTOM Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but  
ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am not true  
Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell  
out.

QUINCE Let us hear, sweet Bottom

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



# ACT V

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## SCENE I

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*Athens. The palace of THESEUS*  
*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE,*  
*LORDS, and ATTENDANTS*

HIPPOLYTA 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these  
lovers speak of

THESEUS More strange than true  
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.  
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact.  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;  
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination  
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

HIPPOLYTA But all the story of the night told  
over,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
And grows to something of great constancy,  
But howsoever strange and admirable.  
*Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and*  
*HELENA*

THESEUS Here come the lovers, full of joy and  
mirth  
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love  
Accompany your hearts!

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

THESEUS Come now; what masques, what dances  
shall we have,  
To wear away this long age of three hours

Between our after-supper and bed-time?  
Where is our usual manager of mirth?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.

PHILOSTRATE Here, mighty Theseus

THESEUS Say, what abridgment have you for this  
evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we  
beguile  
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

PHILOSTRATE There is a brief how many sports  
are ripe;

Make choice of which your Highness will see  
first.

*Giving a paper*

THESEUS 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be  
sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'  
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,  
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'  
That is an old device, and it was play'd  
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'  
That is some satire, keen and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisby; very tragical mirth.'  
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!  
That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

PHILOSTRATE

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.  
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;  
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.  
Which when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,  
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears  
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

THESEUS What are they that do play it?

PHILOSTRATE Hard-handed men that work in  
Athens here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories  
With this same play against your nuptial.

THESEUS And we will hear it

PHILOSTRATE No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you. I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.

THESEUS I will hear that play;  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE*

HIPPOLYTA  
I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charged,  
And duty in his service perishing.

THESEUS  
Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing

HIPPOLYTA  
He says they can do nothing in this kind

THESEUS  
The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing  
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;  
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in might, not merit.  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,  
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,  
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,  
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
In least speak most to my capacity.

*Re-enter PHILOSTRATE*

PHILOSTRATE SO please your Grace, the  
Prologue is address'd

THESEUS Let him approach  
*Enter QUINCE as the PROLOGUE*

PROLOGUE If we offend, it is with our good will  
That you should think, we come not to offend,  
But with good will. To show our simple skill,  
That is the true beginning of our end.  
Consider then, we come but in despite.  
We do not come, as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is. All for your delight  
We are not here. That you should here repent you,  
The actors are at band; and, by their show,

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

THESEUS This fellow doth not stand upon points

LYSANDER  
He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he  
knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is  
not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIPPOLYTA  
Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue like a child  
on a recorder— a sound, but not in government.

THESEUS  
His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing im-  
paired, but all disordered. Who is next?  
*Enter, with a trumpet before them, as in dumb  
show, PYRAMUS and THISBY, WALL,  
MOONSHINE, and LION*

PROLOGUE Gentles, perchance you wonder at  
this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.  
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers  
sunder;  
And through Walls chink, poor souls, they are  
content  
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.  
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.  
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,  
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright;  
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;  
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;  
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,  
At large discourse while here they do remain.  
*Exeunt PROLOGUE, PYRAMUS, THISBY,  
LION, and MOONSHINE*

THESEUS I wonder if the lion be to speak

DEMETRIUS  
No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many  
asses do

WALL In this same interlude it doth befall  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;  
And such a wall as I would have you think  
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,  
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
Did whisper often very secretly.  
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so;  
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

THESEUS Would you desire lime and hair to  
speak better?

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

*Enter PYRAMUS*

THESEUS Pyramus draws near the wall; silence

PYRAMUS O grim-look'd night! O night with hue  
so black!

O night, which ever art when day is not!  
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,  
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!  
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
That stand'st between her father's ground and  
mine;  
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine  
eyne.

*WALL holds up his fingers*

Thanks, courteous wall. Jove shield thee well for  
this!

But what see what see I? No Thisby do I see.  
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss,  
Curs'd he thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THESEUS The wall, methinks, being sensible,  
should curse again

PYRAMUS No, in truth, sir, he should not cue.  
She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through  
the wall.

You shall see it will fall pat as I told you; yonder  
she comes.

*Enter THISBY*

THISBY

O wall, full often hast thou beard my moans,  
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!  
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,  
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

PYRAMUS I see a voice; now will I to the chink,  
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.  
Thisby!

THISBY My love! thou art my love, I think

PYRAMUS Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's  
grace;  
And like Limander am I trusty still.

THISBY And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill

PYRAMUS Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true

THISBY As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you

PYRAMUS O, kiss me through the hole of this  
vile wall

THISBY I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all

PYRAMUS Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me  
straightway?

THISBY Tide life, tide death, I come without delay

*Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBY*

WALL Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;  
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.

*Exit WALL*

THESEUS Now is the moon used between the two  
neighbours

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

HIPPOLYTA

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard

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

HIPPOLYTA It must be your imagination then,  
and not theirs

THESEUS 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.

*Enter LION and MOONSHINE*

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,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I as Snug the joiner am

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;

For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

THESEUS A very gentle beast, and of a good  
conscience

DEMETRIUS The very best at a beast, my lord,  
that e'er I saw

LYSANDER This lion is a very fox for his valour

THESEUS True; and a goose for his discretion

DEMETRIUS Not so, my lord; for his valour  
cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the  
goose.

THESEUS His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry  
his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is  
well. Leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to  
the Moon.

MOONSHINE This lanthorn doth the horned  
moon present-

DEMETRIUS He should have worn the horns on  
his head

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

MOONSHINE This lanthorn doth the horned  
moon present;

Myself the Man i' th' Moon do seem to be.

THESEUS This is the greatest error of all the rest;  
the man should be put into the lantern. How is it

else the man i' th' moon?

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

HIPPOLYTA I am weary of this moon

THESEUS It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

LYSANDER Proceed, Moon

MOON All that I have to say is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the Man i' th' Moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

DEMETRIUS Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisby.

*Re-enter THISBY*

THISBY This is old Niny's tomb

LION (*Roaring*) O— *THISBY runs off*

DEMETRIUS Well roar'd, Lion

THESEUS Well run, Thisby

HIPPOLYTA Well shone, Moon grace.

*The LION tears THISBY'S Mantle, and exit*

THESEUS Well mous'd, Lion

*Re-enter PYRAMUS*

DEMETRIUS And then came Pyramus

LYSANDER And so the lion vanish'd

PYRAMUS Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;  
For, by thy gracious golden, glittering gleams,  
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!  
But mark, poor knight,  
What dreadful dole is here!  
Eyes, do you see?  
How can it be?  
O dainty duck! O dear!  
Thy mantle good,  
What! stain'd with blood?  
Approach, ye Furies fell  
O Fates! come, come;  
Cut thread and thrum;  
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell

THESEUS This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

HIPPOLYTA Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man

PYRAMUS O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear;  
Which is— no, no— which was the fairest dame  
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;  
Out, sword, and wound  
The pap of Pyramus;  
Ay, that left pap,  
Where heart doth hop.

*(Stabs himself)*

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

*Exit MOONSHINE*

Now die, die, die, die, die.

*Dies*

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

LYSANDER Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing

THESEUS With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover and yet prove an ass.

HIPPOLYTA How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisby comes back and finds her lover?

*Re-enter THISBY*

THESEUS She will find him by starlight passion ends the play.

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

DEMETRIUS A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisby, is the better— he for a man, God warrant us: She for a woman, God bless us!

LYSANDER She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes

DEMETRIUS And thus she moans, videlicet:-

THISBY Asleep, my love?  
What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise,  
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?  
Dead, dead? A tomb  
Must cover thy sweet eyes  
These lily lips,  
This cherry nose,  
These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
Are gone, are gone;  
Lovers, make moan;  
His eyes were green as leeks  
O Sisters Three,  
Come, come to me,  
With hands as pale as milk;  
Lay them in gore,  
Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk  
Tongue, not a word  
Come, trusty sword;  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue.  
*(Stabs herself)*  
And farewell, friends;  
Thus Thisby ends;  
Adieu, adieu, adieu. *Dies*

THESEUS

Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead

DEMETRIUS Ay, and Wall too

BOTTOM (*Starting up*) No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

THESEUS No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse

Never excuse; for when the players are all dead there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisby's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy. And so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone. *A dance*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels and new jollity. *Exeunt*

*Enter PUCK with a broom*

PUCK ,

Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf howls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary task fordone

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe

In remembrance of a shroud

Now it is the time of night

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic. Not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallowed house

I am sent with broom before,

To sweep the dust behind the door

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with all their train*

OBERON Through the house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire;

Every elf and fairy sprite

Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing and dance it trippingly

TITANIA First, rehearse your song by rote,

To each word a warbling note;

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place

*OBERON leading, the FAIRIES sing and dance*

OBERON Now, until the break of day,

Through this house each fairy stray

To the best bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blessed be;

And the issue there create

Ever shall be fortunate

So shall all the couples three

Ever true in loving be;

And the blots of Nature's hand

Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,

Nor mark prodigious, such as are

Despised in nativity,

Shall upon their children be

With this field-dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his gait,

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace, with sweet peace;

And the owner of it blest

Ever shall in safety rest

Trip away; make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

*Exeunt all but PUCK*

PUCK If we shadows have offended

Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slumb'ed here

While these visions did appear

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend

If you pardon, we will mend

And, as I am an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck

Now to scape the serpent's tongue,

We will make amends ere long;

Else the Puck a liar call

So, good night unto you all

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends.

*Exit*