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A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

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A

Midsommer Nights Dreame.

FOREWORDS.

Shakspeare began his Comedies with a mixture of French Court life and English peasants in Loves Labors Lost, and then turned to Latin drama for his second play, The Comedie of Errors. For his (probably) third comedy, Midsommer Nights Dreame, he came back to England, and blended Greek Court life, as he imagined it, with the humours of the Warwickshire country folk among whom he had been born and bred, and the fairy-lore which he had learnt in his Stratford home, and of the old people with whom he had gossip. These he combined into a whole, which, though weak as a drama, is so full of poetic beauties and charming fancies, of delightful humour and cheerful merriment, that many critics insist on its belonging to a later period in the playwright's career. But structurally and metrically the comedy belongs to Shakspeare's early time of mistaken identity and cross purposes, of more than two sets of lovers, of ryme and of doggerel, before he had settled down to Italian story for the sources of his lighter plays. Even if Titania's account in II. 1. 81-117, of the effect of the storms of wind and rain are held to apply to those of 1594 described by Stowe in his Annales, ed. 1605, p. 1274-5, 1277-8,—as well as by Bp. King and Simon Forman—the latter date cannot alter the family-tie which binds the Dreame to the Errors and L. L. Lost.

As our old Trinity-Hall tutor, Sir Henry (then Mr.) Maine, showed in the Edinburgh Review for April 1848, "the fairies are the primary conception of the piece, and their action the main action. Shakspeare wished to represent this fanciful creation in contact with two strongly marked extremes of human nature; the instruments by which they influence them being, aptly enough, in one case the ass's head, in the other the 'little
western flower.' It is necessary to this idea that the two actions of the heroes and the artificians should be considered completely subordinate, and their separate relations among themselves as not having been created relatively to the whole piece, but principally to the intended action of the fairies upon them. . . . The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a drama on the night of Midsummer Day, a night sanctified to the operations of fairies, as Hallowe'en was to those of witches . . . and by far the most important division [of the play] comprehends all the transactions of the Midsummer Night: its action is carefully restricted to the duration of these twelve witching hours, Oberon having, as he says, to perform all before 'the first cock crow.'" The whims of the fairies rule the fates of the mortals in this play; the quarrels of the lovers spring from Oberon's and Titania's quarrel, and their happiness flows from the reconciliation of the fancy beings. Not thus does Shakspere use the creatures of his imagination in later life when, in the *Tempest*, he makes them the servants of Prospero for the purposes of good.

Theseus, though lightly sketched, is a true gentleman, as his words about the workmen’s play in V. i. 81-105 show; and in love of sport he is rightly matcht with Hippolita, as their delight in the music of the cry of hounds testifies, IV. i. 107-129. Bottom is a gem, with his amusing self-sufficiency and muddleheadedness; and his fellow-mechanicals have each their individual touch. The play is Stratford all through, in woodland, flower, and country lore. Helena and Hermia, the tall and short boys in Shakspere's company—seen again, tho' perhaps not the same ones, in Rosalind and Celia, and the short one in Maria—are Stratford girls, needle-working and singing together, the little tempery one threatening to scratch the tall one's eyes. These country damsels are earlier in Shakspere's work than a lady like Portia, earlier than Sylvia and Julia, the latter of whom could never have cald her friend a painted maypole. The funny notion of the earth being bored, and the moon creeping thru it to disturb folk in the Antipodes, may have been taken from a passage and woodcut in Caxton's *Myrrour of the World*, in which stones dropt from either pole of the world would meet in the middle of it. Tho' Theseus says that four days and nights are to pass before his wedding, only the two nights of
Forewords.

April 29 and 30, and the three days of April 29 and 30 and May 1 do so pass, tho' the fairies stop with the married couple till the break of the fourth day, May 2. Mr. Fleay thinks that the play was written for the marriage of William Stanley, Earl of Derby, with Elizabeth Vere, the Earl of Oxford's daughter, on Jan. 26, 1595. At their marriage feast then most royally kept (see Stowe's Annales, p. 1279), if the Dreame had been performed, I think Stowe would have notist it.

The best Quarto of the Middsomner Nights Dreame is the first, issued by Thomas Fisher in 1600, and entered in the Stationers' Company's Register on "8 Octobris, Thomas Fysher. Entred for his copie vnnder thandes of Master Rodes / and the Wardens. A booke called A mydsummer nightes Dreame. viij."—Arber's Transcript, iii. 174. Its titlepage is given below. Evidently later in 1600, James Roberts printed and publish'd the second Quarto of the play, in better type, with fuller stage-directions and more exits, but with more mistakes, tho' it corrected a few of the blunders of Q1. From this worse Q2, the play was printed in the First Folio, and that was reprinted, with a few variations, in the second Folio, 1632, the third, 1664, and the fourth, 1685. In 1598 Francis Meres mentions the Dreame as one of Shakspeare's Comedies. The plot of the Dreame, such as it is, was Shakspeare's own. He got Oberon from Lord Berners's English Huon of Burdeaux (Early English Text Soc. ed. Lee, see p. 50), the name Titania from Ovid's Metamorphoses iii. 173 and Arthur Golding's translation of it, where Titania is a name of Diana. Puck (pooke, pixy) was the name he gave the Robin Goodfellow of English fairy-lore, of Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584 (ed. Nicholson 1886, p. 67, 122), and Nash's Terrors of the Night, 1594. Theseus and Hippolita came from North's englishing of Amiot's French translation of Plutarch's Lives, as well as the names Perigenia (Perigouna in North), Aegeis, Ariadne and Antiope, Dreame II. i. 78-80 (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, p. 15-16, 28-37); and Chaucer's Knight's Tale must have been also in Shakspeare's mind when he was writing of Theseus and Hippolita, and of Philostrate, the name that Arcite

A Midsomer Nights Dreame.

...took when he went to Athens after he got his freedom. The love-juice he may have derived a hint of from the MS. of the English Montemayor's *Diana*, printed in 1598, which he probably used in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Shakspeare's compliment in II. i. 148-168 to Queen Elizabeth, and his allusions to Mary, Queen of Scots, to her backers, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and to Leicester's failure to win his Queen, are displayed on a background described in Laneham's Letter on Leicester's Entertainment to Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1575 and in Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

1 See the re-issue of my edition in Chatto & Windus's *Shakespeare Library*. 
THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.

(A star (*) to a name means that the Actor is in it, but does not speak.)

THALES, Duke of Athens (betrothed to HIPPOLETA), I.i.2, IV.i.20, p. 46; V.i.2, p. 52.

EGEUS, father of HERMIA, I.i.20, p. 3; IV.i.29, p. 47.

LYSANDER, loving, & loved by HERMIA, I.i.9, p. 45; II.i.28, 309, p. 28; III.ii.126, 401, pp. 33, 41; IV.i.1.40, p. 48; V.i.39, p. 59.

DEMOSTHENES, loving, but not loved by, HERMIA, the loved by HIPPOLETA, I.i.9, p. 3; III.ii.126, p. 16; II.i.35, p. 24; III.ii.40, 297, 404, pp. 34, 36, 48; IV.i.159, p. 48; V.i.152, p. 56.

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to THALES, I.i.* p. 1; V.i.38, p. 33.

HIPPOLETA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to THALES, I.i.2, p. 3; IV.ii. 111, p. 47; V.i.1, 207, pp. 54, 58.

HERMIA, EGEUS's daughter, in love with LYSANDER, I.i.3, p. 2; II.i.29, 245, pp. 20, 23; III.ii.45, 177, 444, pp. 34, 48; IV.i.138, p. 49; V.i.* p. 50.

HELLENES (HEDERES's daughter), in love with DEMETRIUS, I.i.23, p. 6; II.i.32, p. 10; III.ii.126, 437, pp. 33, 48; IV.i.159, p. 49; V.i.* p. 50.

*The Clowness, 'Actors in the Nekyia,' ('Handsome men that have In Athens,' V.i.72, p. 54.)

QUINCE the Carpenter (and Manager), I.i.2, p. 2; III.ii.40, 270, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii.1, p. 50.

PROLOGUE (the cast for THIRRIUS's Father, I.i.54, p. 10), V.i.106, p. 55.

SHOGOHE the Joiner, I.i.57, p. 10; III.ii.44, p. 25; IV.i.15, p. 51.

as LION, V.i.215, p. 58.

BOTTOM the Weaver, I.ii.2, p. 2; III.ii.4, p. 44; IV.i.5, 199, pp. 48, 49; IV.ii.23, p. 51.

as PYRAMUS, V.i.255, 256, 315, pp. 58, 60, 62.

FUDGE the Bellows-maker, I.i.54, p. 9; III.ii.77, p. 25; IV.i.5, p. 52.

as THREPSY, V.i.186, 256, 315, pp. 57, 59, 62.
The Names of all the Actors.

KNOUT the Tinker, I.i.53, p. 10; III.i.12, 101, pp. 24, 87; IV.i.6_p. 50.

as WALL (the cast for PYRAMUS Father), I.i.54, p. 10; V.i.254, p. 56.

STARLING the Tailor, I.i.50, p. 9; III.i.3, p. 54; IV.i.3, p. 50.

as MOONSHINE (the cast for THINNES Mother, I.i.51, p. 9); V.i.259, p. 59.

(TAWYER, with a Trumpet, V.i.1256_p. 55.)

Fairies.

OBERON, King of Fairies (with his train), II.i.60, p. 13; II.i.57, p. 50; III.i.1, p. 29; IV.i.45, p. 45; V.i.377, p. 53.

TYTANIA, Queen of Fairies (with her train), II.i.51, p. 13; II.i.1, p. 59; III.i.173, p. 27; IV.i.4, p. 43; V.i.383, p. 53.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, or PUCE (OBERON's attendant), II.i.1, 24, pp. 11, 18;
II.i.66, p. 21; III.i.75, p. 26; III.i.6, 120, 421, pp. 39, 32, 48; IV.i.83, p. 45; V.i.377, p. 52.

A Fairy, II.i.9, p. 11. Fairies (with a song), II.i.9, p. 19.

PEASE-BLOSSOM, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.6, p. 43.

CASSIOPHE, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.9, p. 43.

NOTE, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.6, p. 43.

MUSTARD-SEEDS, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.18, p. 44.

Scene: Athens, Theseus's Palace, & Quinsea house; & a Wood near Athens.

Time: April 29, 30, May 1, and May 2 at V.i.349.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or Sans-serif) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a Quarto reading is corrected by the First Folio or another Quarto, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First Quarto, 1600, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ad final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ë.
A Midsummer nights dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetstreete, 1600.
[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto.]
A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Actus Primus. Soena Prima.


Enter Theseus, Hippolita, & Philostrate, with others.

Theseus.

Now, faire Hippolita, our nuptiall hower
Draws on asleep: fower happy daies bring in
An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how flow
This old Moone wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reueneue.

Hipp. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselues in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a filuer bowe,
Now bent in heaven, shal beholde the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Goe, Philostrate!
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of Mirth;
Turne Melancholy foorth to Funerals!
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [Exit Philostrate.

†Hippolita,† I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lysander; and Helena, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke! 20
The. Thankes, good Egeus! What's the newes with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, 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 bewitcht the bosome of my childe.
¶ Thou, thou, Lysander! thou hast given her rimes
And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:
Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,
With faining voice, verles of faining loue,
And stolen the impression of her phantasie
With braceletts of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
Knackes, trifles, nosegaius, sweete-meates, (messengers
Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth;)
With cunning hath thou flicht my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to mee),
To stubborn harfnesse. ¶ And, my gracious Duke,
Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the auncient priviledge of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be, either to this gentleman, [Points to Demetrius.
Or to her death; according to our lawe,
Immediatly provis'd, in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be aduif'd, faire maid!
To you, your father shou'd be as a God:
One that compof'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whome you are but as a forme in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leane the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himselfe he is:

[1. 1. 20-53.] 2
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

But, in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

_Her._ I would my father lookt but with my eyes! 56
_The._ Rather, your eyes must, with his judgement, looke!
_Her._ I doe intreat your grace to pardon mee!

I know not by what power I am made bould;
Nor how it may concerne my modesty,
In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may knowe
The worst that may befall mee in this case,
If I refuse to wed _Demetrius._

_The._ Either to dy the death, or to abjure,
For euer, the society of men.
Therefore, faire _Hermia_, question your desires,
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce,)
You can endure the liery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady cloyster mew'd,
To liue a barraine sifter all your life,
Chaunting faint hymnes to the colde fruitlesse Moone.
Thrice blest they that matter fo their blood,
To vyndgoe such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlyer happy, is the rote distild,
Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in singe blestesnesse!
_Her._ So will I growe, fo liue, fo die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwilléd yoake
My foule consents not to giue fouerainty.

_The._ Take time to pawle, and, by the next newe moone,
(The sealyn day betwixt my loue and mee)
For euerlastinge bond of fellowshipp,
Vpon that day, either prepare to dye,
(For disobedience to your fathers will,)
Or else to wed _Demetrius_, as he would;
Or, on _Dianaes_ altar, to protest
For aye, auftertie and sngle life.

_Deme._ Relent, sweete _Hermia_! and, _Lysander_, yeeld

---

*T4. their* their Q, F. there Q. 

3 [L. L. 54-91.]
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Thy crazed title to my certaine right!

_Lys._ You haue her fathers loue, _Demetrius_; Let me haue _Hermias_! doe you marry him!

_Egeus._ Scornefull _Lysander_! true, he hath my loue; And what is mine, my loue shall render him. And she is mine; and all my right of her, I doe eftate vnto _Demetrius._

_Lysand._ I am, my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee, As well possest; my loue is more than his; My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt (If not with vantage) as _Demetrius_: And (which is more then all these boastes can be,) I am belou'd of beautious _Hermia._

Why should not I then professe my right?

_Demetrius_ (Ile auouch it to his heade!) Made loun to _Nedars_ daughter, _Helena_, And won her soule; and she (sweete Ladie) dotes, Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,

Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

_The._ I must confesse that I haue heard so much;

And, with _Demetrius_, thought to haue spoke thereof; _looks at Hyp._ My minde did loofe it. ¶ But, _Demetrius_, come!

¶ And come, _Egeus_! you shall goe with mee;

I haue some private schooling for you both.

¶ For you, faire _Hermia_, looke you arme your felse To fit your fancies to your fathers will;

Or else, the Law of _Athens_ yeelds you vp (Which by no meanes we may extnuate,) To death, or to a vowe of sngle life.

¶ Come, my _Hyppolita_! what cheare, my loue? _takes her hand._

¶ _Demetrius_ and _Egeus_;* goe along!

I must employ you in some buffine, Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you Of some thing, nerely that concernes your felues.

_Ege._ With duety and desire, we follow you.

_[Exeunt. Maneth Lysander and Hermia.]*

*123. _Egeus_ Q, F. _Egeu_ Q.

I. i. 92-127.]

4
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Lyf/and. How now, my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the rotes there doe fade so fast?

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

Lyf. Eigh me! for aught that I could euere reade,
Could euere here by tale or history,
The courfe of true loue neuer did runne smoothe;
But either it was different in bloud;

(Her. O croffe! too high to be inthrald to lowe.)

Lyf. Or else misgrafs'd, in respect of yeares;
(Her. O fpreit! too olde to be ingag'd to young.)

Lyf. Or else, it floode vpon the choyce of friends;
(Her. O hell! to chooze loue by anthers eyes.)

Lyf. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
Warre, death, or ficknesse, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany, as a found;
Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say, 'Beholde!'
The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp
So quicke, bright things come to confusion!

Her. If, then, true louers haue bin euere croft,
It stand as an edit in destiny;
Then let vs teach our triall, patiencie,
Because it is a customary croffe,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Withes, and teares, poore Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good periwation: therefore, heare mee, Hermia!
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,
Of great reswnews, and she hath no childe:
From Athens is her house remote, seauen leagues;
And the respectes mee as her only sonne.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And, to that place, the sharpe Athenian law
Can not pursue vs. If thou louest mee, then,
Steale forth thy fathers house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the towne,

136. loue] Theobald. loue Qg, F. 154. dew] Q. due Q2, F.

[LL 128-165.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

(Where I did meete thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a moone of May,
There will I staye for thee.

Her. [taketh Lys.'s hand] My good Lysander! 168
I swere to thee, by Cupids stronges bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of Veneus douses,
By that which knitteth soules, and prosperous loues,
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queene,
When the false Troian vnder faile was seene,
By all the vowes that euere men haue broke,
(In number more then euere women spoke!)
In that fame place thou hast appointed mee,
To-morrow truely will I meete with thee!

Lyse. Keepe promisse, loue! Looke, here comes Helena!

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede, faire Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you mee 'faire'? That 'faire' againe vnfay! 181

Demetrius loues your 'faire': ô happy 'faire'!
Your eyes are loadiferres; and your tongue's sweete aire 183
More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare. 185
Sicknesse is catching; O, were fauour so,
Your words Ides catch, 'faire' Hermia, ere I goe; 187
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody! 189
Were the world mine, (Demetrius being bated),
The rest Ile glue to be to you translated.
O, teach mee how you looke; and with what Art,
You fway the motion of Demetrius heart!

Her. I frowne upon him; yet hee loues mee still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil!

Her. I give him curies; yet he giues mee loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection mooue! 197
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

191. Ides] Q, F. ide Hamner
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Hel. None but your beauty: would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort! he no more shall see my face:
Lyfander and my selfe will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a Paradise to mee.
O then, what graces in my loure dooe dwell,
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

Lyf. Helen! to you our mindees wee will vnfould:
To-morrow night, when Phoeb e doth beholde
Her fluer vifage in the wattre glasse,
Decking with liuid pearle the bladed graffe,
(A time that louers flights doth still conceale)
Through Athens gates, haue wee deu't d to seale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beddes were wont to lye,
(Emptying our bofomes, of their counsell sweld,)
There, my Lyfander and my selfe shall meete;
And thence, from Athens, turne away our eyes,
To seeke new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweete playfellow! pray thou for vs,
And good lucke graunt thee thy Demetrius!

If keep word, Lyfander! we must starue our fight
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

[Exit Hermia.

Lyf. I will, my Hermia. [Exit Helena, adieu!
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [Exit Lysander.

Hele. How happie some, ore other some can be!
Through Athens, I am thought as faire as shee.
But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so;
He will not knowe, what all but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on Hermias eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can transfuse to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde;
And therefore is wingd Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde, of any judgament tafe;
Wings, and no eyes, figure vnheedy haffe.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

And therefore is loue said to bee a childe,
Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggith boyes, in game themselfes forswear,
So the boy, Loue, is periu'd euery where.
For, ere Demetrius lookt on Hermias eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine.
And when this haile, some heate from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showrs of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire Hermias flight:
Then to the Wodde, will he, to morrow night
Purse he: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankses, it is a deare expense:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight, thither, and back againe. [Exit. 251

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.


Enter, Quince the Carpenter, and Snugge the Ioyner, and
Bottom the Weauer, and Flute the Bellowes mender,
& Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Tayler.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man,
according to the scrippe.

Quin. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which is
thought fit, through al Athens, to play in our Enterlude, befoere
the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good Peeter Quince, say what the Play treats on;
then read the names of the Actors; & so grow to a point! 8
Quin. Mary, our Play is, 'The most lamentable comedy,
and most cruel death, of Pyramus and Thisby.'

Bot. A very good piece of worke, I assure you, & a merry!
Now, good Peeter Quince, call forth your Actors, by the
scrowle! [Masters, spread your felues! [They do so. 13
Quin. Answer, as I call you. [Nick Bottom, the Weaver?
Bot. Readie! Name what part I am for, and proceed!
Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set downe for Pyramus. 16

*1. Quin. Q2, F. Quin. (turnd u) Q.
I. i. 238-251; II. i-46.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Bott. What is Pyramus? A louer, or a tyrant? 17
Quin. A louer, that kills himselfe, most gallant, for loue.
Bott. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes! I will mooue stormes! I will condole, in some measure! To the rest! . . . yet my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Erclies rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split. 23

The raging rocks:
And shiuerng shocks
Shall breake the locks
Of prifon gates!
And Phibbus carre
Shall shine from farre,
And make & marre
The foolish Fates!

This was loftie! Now, name the rest of the Players! This is Erclies vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling!

Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender?
Flu. Here, Peeter Quince!
Quin. Flute, you must take Thyby on you.
Flut.* What is Thyby? A wandring knight?
Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus must loue.
Fl. Nay, faith; let not me play a woman! I haue a beard
commimg. [strokes his ohln.]
Quin. That's all one! you shall play it in a Maske; and you may speake as small as you will. 42
Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play Thyby too!† Ile
speake in a montrous little voice, thistine, thistine: 'Ah, Pyramus,
my louer deare! thy Thyby deare, & Lady deare!' 45
Qu. No, no! you must play Pyramus: ¶ & Flute, you
Thyby.

Bot. Well, proccede!
Qui. Robin Starveling, the Tailer?
Star. Here, Peeter Quince!
Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thybeyes mother.
¶ Tom Snowte, the Tinker?

*37. Flut. F. Fla. Q1, 2. way, this way. 'Thyme, Thyme'
†43. too] F. to Q1, 2. Q, F.
44. thime, thime = this'n, this
[1. ii. 17-52.]
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Snowt. Here, Peter Quince!
Quin. You, Pyramus father; my selfe, Thisbe's father.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee; [holds out his hand] for I am flowe of studie.
Quin. You may doe it extempore; for it is nothing but roaring.

Boll. Let mee play the Lyon too! I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare mee! I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roare againe! let him roare againe!'

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse, and the Ladies, that they would shrike; and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, every mothers sonne!

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I wil roare you as gently as any fucking doue; I will roare you and² twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Piramus; for Piramus is a sweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall fee in a sommers day; a most lovely gentlemanlike man: therefore you must needes play Piramus.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I bêt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I wil discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your Orange-tawnie bearde, your purple-in-graine beard, or your French-crowne-colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your 'French crownes' haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare-fac't. But, Maiaters! here are your parts! [gives them] And I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night; and mee mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moonelight: there will wee rehearfe: for if wee meeete [89

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1 See note on L. L. L., V. i. 105.  
69. if] Q1, 2. If that F.  
61. too] Q2, F. to Q.  
²and — as if.  
L. ii. 53-89.]
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, faile me not. 92
Bot. Wee will meete; & there we may rehearse most obscenely, and coragiously. Take paines! bee perfitt! adieu!
Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete.
Bot. Enough! holde, or cut bowstringes! 95 [Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.* Scena Prima.

A Wood neare Athens. April 30.

Enter, a Fairie at one doore, and Robin Goodfellow (Pucke) at another.

Robin. How now, spirit? whither wander you?
Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander euery where,
Swifter than the Moons spere;
And I serue the Fairy Queene,
To dew her orbs vpon the greene.
The cowflippes tall, her Pensioners bee;
In their gold coats, spottes you see:
Thosse be Rubies, Fairie fanours;
In thosse freckles, liue their fanours.
I must goe secke some dew-droppes here,
And hang a pearle in euery cowflippes eare.
Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirts! Ile be gon.
Our Queene, and all her Elues, come here anon.
Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
Take heede the Queene come not within his fight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lounly boy, stollen from an Indian king:

* Actus Secundus] F.
II [I. ii. 90-96; II. i. 1-22.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

(She neuer had so sweete a changeling;)  23
And jealous Oberon would haue the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde.  25
But thee, perforce, withhoulds the louéd boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.  27
And now, they neuer meete in groue or greene,
By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,  29
But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.  31

Fa. Either I mistake your shape and making, quite,
Or els you are that shrewde and knauiéh sprite  33
Call'd Robin goodfellow. Are not you hee
That frights the maidens of the Villageree;
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,  35
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huwife cherne;
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barne;
Misselead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme?
Thofe, that 'Hobgoblin' call you, and 'sweete Puck,'
You doe their worke, and they shall haue good luck.  39
Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speakest aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  41
I leafe to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
Neyghing in likenesse of a filly fole.  43
And sometime lurke I in a goshippes bole,
In very likenesse of a rosted crabbe;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop^1 pour the ale.
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime, for three foote tioole, mistaketh mee:
Then slippe I from her bumme: downe topples she,
And 'tailour' cryes, and falles into a coffee;
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,  47
And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and sweare
'A merrier hower was neuer wafted there!'
But room, Faery! here comes Oberon!

Fa. And here, my mistreffe! Would that he were gon!  49

^1 C. lop-ear'd rabbits.  46. silly] Q. silly Q2,F.  55. loffe = laugh.

[II. I. 23-59.]  12
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter the King of Fairies, (Oberon) at one doore, with his traine; and the Queene, (Tytania) at another, with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud Tytania!
Qu. What! Jealous Oberon? Fairies, skippe hence!
I haue forworne his bedde, and company.
Ob. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haft stollen away from Fairy land,
And, (in the shape of Corin,) sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and verfing loue,
To amorous Phylida. Why art thou here,
(Come from the farthest steppe of India,)
But that, forsooth, the bountifing Amazon,
Your buxkind mimreffe, and your warriour loue,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, ioy and prosperitie?
Ob. How canst thou thus, (for shame,) Tytania,
Glauce at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy loue to Theseus?
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he rauished?
And make him, with faire Aegle breake his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?
Quee. These are the forgeries of ieonisie:
And neuer, (since the middle Sommers spring,) 
Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by ruthie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whifling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haft disturbd our sport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in vengeu, haue fuct vp from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting riever made fo proude,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents.

61. Fairy] Q1 2 F: the one chief or attendant Fairy of line 58; the 'traine' who enter, fall back; but all are included in the 'Fairies' of L. 144. 69. steppe] stepe Q3 F. 79. Aegle] Rowe. Eagles Q1 2, F.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

The Oxe hath therefore strecht his yoke in vain,
The Ploughman loft his sweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde:
The fold standes empty in the drownèd field,
And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndistinguifhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere:
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest.
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire,
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound;
And, thorough this diftemperate, wee fee
The seafons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymson rose;
And, on old Hyems chinne and Icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweete Sommer buddes,
Is, as in mockery, set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter, change
Their wonted Liuries; and the mazed worlde,
By their increafe, now knowes not which is which:
And this fame progeny of euils, comes
From our debate, from our diffention:
We are their Parents and originall.

Oberon. Doe you amend it, then! it lyes in you.
Why should Titania crofe her Oberon?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at rest!
The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee!
His mother was a Votresse of my order;
And in the spicèd Indian ayer, by night,
Full often hath the goffipt by my side,
And fat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
Marking th'embarkèd traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to fee the failes conceaue,
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame

And grow bigge-bellied, with the wanton winde;
Which she, with prettie and with swimming gate,
Following, (her wombe then rich with my young squire),
Would imitate, and faile vpon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandisf.
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her sake, doe I reare vp her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obs. How long, within this wood, entend you stay?
Quee. Perchaunce, till after Theseus wedding day.

If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
And see our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs!
If not, shunne me, and I will spare your haunts!

Obs. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee!
Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome! ¶ Fairies, away! 144
We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay!

[Exeunt TITANIA and her Traine.

Obs. Well: goe thy way! Thou shalt not from this groe,
Till I torment thee for this injury!
¶ My gentle Pucke, come hither! Thou remembrest,
Since once I fat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vtering such dulcet and harmonious * breath,
That the rude sea grewe ciuill at her song,
And certaine † starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musick.

Puck. I remember!

Obs. That very time, I saw, (but thou couldst not,) 148
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throne by the † west,
And loof'd his loue-shaft smarlty from his bowe,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But, I might see young Cupids fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaft beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votrisfe pass'd on,

*151. harmonious] Q2, F. her-
†153. certaine] Q2, F. certaine Q.
monious Q.
†158. the] F.

15

[II. L 129-163.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free!
Yet marke I, where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before, milke white; now purple, with Loues wound,
And maidens call it, 'Loue-in-idlenesse.'

Fetch mee that flower! the herbe I shewed thee once.
The iewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,
Will make, or man or woman, madly dote
Upon the next liue creature that it sees.
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
Ere the Leviathan can swimme a league!

Pu. Ile put a girdle, round about the earth,
In forty minutes!

Oberon. Having once this juice,
Ile watch Titania, when she is a-sleepe,
And droppe the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then, she, waking, looks vp
(To be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monky, or on busie Ape.)
She shall pursue it, with the soule of Lone.
And ere I take this charme from off * her fight,
(As I can take it with another herbe,)
Ile make her render vp her Page to mee.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I loue thee not! therefore pursue me not!
Where is Lyfander, and faire Hermia?
The one Ile flye; the other flyeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stolne vnto this wood:
And here am I; and 'wodde' (within this 'wood,')
Because I cannot meete my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone! and follow mee no more!

Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant!

*183. from off] from of [== off]
Q; off from Q2, F.
190. stay . . stayeth] Theobald
(Thirly conj.) stay . . stayeth
[II. 1. 164-196.]
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Is true as steele. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall hauie no power to follow you!

Deme. Doe I entife you? Doe I speake you faire?
Or rather, doe I not, in plainest truthe,
Tell you, 'I doe not, nor* I cannot love you'?

Hel. And even for that, do I love you the more;
I am your Spaniel! and, Demetrius,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Vse me but as your Spaniel! spurne me, strike mee,
Negleéct mee, looëe me! onely give me leave,
(Vinwirthie as I am,) to follow you!
What worser place can I begge in your loue,
(And yet, a place of high reipsect with mee,)
Then to be vse'd as you vse your dogge?

Deme. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do looke on thee!

Hel. And I am sick when I looke not on you!

Deme. You doe impeach your modestie too much,
To leaue the citie, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not;
To truft the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginitie.

Hel. Your vertue is my pruilege. For that
It is not night when I doe see your face,
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you, (in my respect,) are all the world.
Then, how can it be faide, 'I am alone,'
When 'all the world' is here to looke on mee?

Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beastes!

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you!
Runne when you will; The story shall be chaung'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chafe;
The Doue pursues the Griffon; the milde Hinde
Makes speede to catch the Tigre. Booteleffe speede,
When cowardiffe pursues, and valoure flies!

*201. nor] F. not Q1, 2.
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions! Let me goe!
Or, if thou followe mee, do not beleue
But I shal doe thee mischiefe in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the town, the field,
You doe me mischiefe! Fy, Demetrius!
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my Sex!
We cannot fight for loye, as men may doe;
We shalbe woo'd, and were not made to wooe!

[Exit Demetrius.

Ile follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue fo well! [Exit Helena.

Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph! Ere he do leau this groue,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue!

Re-enter Puck.

¶ Haft thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer!

Puck. I, there it is! [holds it out.]

Ob. I pray thee, give it mee! [takes it.]

I know a banke, where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ourcanopi'd, with lushtious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Egantline:
There sleepees Tytania, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight;
And there the snake, throwes her enamelled skinne,
Weed, wide enough, to wrappe a Fairy in.
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seake through this groue!
A sweete Athenian Lady, is in loue
With a diddaine full youth; anoint his eyes;
But doe it, when the next thing he efpies,
May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proove
More fond on her, then the vpon her loue;
And looke thou mee te me ere the first Cocke crowe!

Pu. Feare not, my Lord! your seruant shall do so. [Exeunt.

238. the field] Q. and field Q2, F. 251. ? An Alexandrine, or Quite
*244. Exit Helena.] Exit. Q2, F. 252.  ouer/ canop'd/ 2 measures or feet.
II. l. 235-268.] 254. 260. 262. 264. 266.
Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Woode.

Enter Tytania, Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song! Then, for the third part of a minute, hence!
Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds;
Some warre with Reremife, for their lethren wings,
To make my small Elues coates; and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our queint spirits! Sing me now a-sleepe!*
Then to your offices, and let mee rest!

Fairies sing.

You spotted Snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges, be not seene!
Newts and blindewormes, do no wrong!
Come not neere our Fairy Queene!
Philemele, with melody,
Sing in our sweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby! lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Neuer harme,
Nor spell, nor charme,
Come our lovely lady night!
So, good night, with lullaby!

1. Fai. Weaving Spiders, come not heere!
Hence, you long legd Spinners, hence!
Beetles blacke, approach not neere!
Worme nor snail, doe no offense!
All, Philomele, with melody, & c. [TITANIA sleepe.†

2. Fai. Hence, away! now all is well:
One afoose, stand Centinell! [Exeunt Fairies.

20. 1. Fai.] 2 Fairy Q. Fairy 1 Q. 2 Fairy Q.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Enter Oberon. He squeezes juice from the Pansy on Titania's clos'd eyelids.

Ob. What thou feest when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true love take!
Love and languish for his sake!
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'eft, it is thy deare!
Wake, when some vile thing is neere! [Exit. 34

Enter Lysander, and Hermia.

Lys. Faire love! you faint with wandring in the wood;
And to speake troth, I haue forgot our way!
Weele rest vs, Hermia, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort* of the day.
Herm. Be it so, Lysander! finde thou out a bedde!
For I, vpon this banke will rest my head. [Lyes downe.
Lys. One turfe shall ferue as pillow for vs both;
One heart, one bedde, two bofomes, and one troth!
Herm. Nay, good‡ Lysander! for my sake, my deere,
Ly further off yet! doe not lye so neere!
Lys. O, take the sense, Sweete, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in loues conference.
I meane, that my heart vnto yours is § knit,
So that but 'one heart' wee can make of it;
'Two bofomes' interchained with an oath;
So then, 'two bofomes,' and a single 'troth.'
Then, by your fide, no bed-roome me deny;
For, 'lying' so, Hermia, I doe not 'lye'!
Herm. Lysander riddles very prettily!
Now, much befhrew me manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander 'lyed'!
But, gentle friend, for love and curtesie,
Ly further off! In humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said.

*38. comfort] Q2, F. comfor Q. | ‡43. good] Q2, F. god Q.
†39. Be] Q2, F. Bet Q. | §47. it] Q2, F. it Q.
II. ii. 27-58] 20
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Becomes a vertuous batcheler and a maide: [points away. 59
So farre, be distant! and, good night, sweete friend!
Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end!
Lyf. ‘Amen! amen!’ to that faire prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Heere is my bed: sleepe giue thee all his rest!

[Lyse downe apart.

Her. With halfe that wish, the withers eyes be preft! 65

[They sleepe.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forrest haue I gone;
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.
Night and silence! Who is heere?
Weedes of Athens he doth weare!
This is hee (my master faide)
Despiued the Athenian maide!
[Sees Lysander. 69
And here the maiden, sleeping found,
On the danke and dirty ground!
Pretty fowle! the durst not lye
Neere this lack-loue, this kill-curtsefie!
¶ Churle! vpon thy eyes I throwe

[Squeezes lycle on Lys.'s eyellds.
All the power this charme doth owe!
When thou wak'ft, let loue forbidde
Sleepe, his feat on thy eye lidde!
So awake, when I am gon;
For I must now to Oberon!

[Exit. 83

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill mee, sweete Demetrius!
De. I charge thee, Hence! and doe not haunt mee thus!
Hele. O, wilt thou (darkling) leauue mee? doe not fo!

De. Stay, on thy peril! I alone will goe! [Exit.† 87
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chafe!
The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace!

Happie is Hermia, wherefoere she lies;

†87. Exit.] Exit Demetrius. F.
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

For she hath bless'd and attractiue eyes!

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears!
If so, my eyes are oftner waft then hers.
No, no! I am as ugly as a Beare;
For beastes that meeke mee, runne away for feare!
Therefore, no maruaile though Demetrius
Doe, as a monster, fly my presence thus!
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with Hermia spher eye? [8888 Lyb. 99
But who is here? Lyfander? on the ground?
Dead? or a-sleepe? I see no blood, no wound!
[Lyfander]! if you liue, good sir, awake! [shakes him.
Lyf. [Waking] And runne through fire I will, for thy
I sweete fake!

Transparent Helena! Nature shewes Arte,
That through thy boseme makes me see thy heart!
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perishe on my sworde!
Hel. Do not say so, Lyfander! say not so!
What though he loue your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loues you; then be content!

Lyf. 'Content' with 'Hermia'? No! I doe repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent!
Not 'Hermia,' but Helena, I loue!
Who will not change a Rauen for a doue?
The will of man, is by his reason swai'd;
And 'reason' faile you are the worthier maide.
Things growing, are not ripe vntill their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to 'reason';
And touching now the point of humane skill,
'Reason' becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads mee to your eyes; where I orelooke
Lones storie, written in Loues richest booke!

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When, at your hands, did I desere this scorne?
Ift not enough, ift not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no, nor neuer can,
Desere a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you doe mee wrong, (good sooth, you doe!)
II. II. 91-129.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

In such disdainfull manner mee to wooe! 130
But fare you well! perforce, I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleness. 132
O, that a Ladie, of one man refus'd,
Should of another, therefore be abus'd! 134
  Lys. She sees not Hermia! ¶ Hermia, sleepe thou there;
And never maist thou come Lysander neere! 136
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,
The deepest loathing, to the stomacke brings:
Or, as the herefies that men doe leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceaue,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresi,
Of all bee hated! but the most, of mee!
And, all my powers, addresse your loue and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! 144
  Her. [Waking] Helpe mee, Lysander! helpe mee! do thy best
To pluck this crawlling serpant from my brest!
Ay mee, for pittie! What a dreame was here!
Lysander! looke how I doe quake with feare!
Me thought a serpant eate my heart away,
And you fata smilling at his cruell pray!
Lysander! what! remou'd? Lysander! Lord!
What! out of hearing gon'? No found? no word?
Alacke! where are you? Speake, and if you heare!
Speake, of all loues! I fwoone almost with feare!
No? then I well perceiue you are not ny:
Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately! 156

[Exit. 156

[II. ii. 130-156.]
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Actus Tertius.* Scena Prima.


Enter the Clownes, Bottom, Quince, Snout, Starveling, Snugge, and Flute.

Bott. Are we all met?  
Quin. Pat, pat! and here's a maruailes conuenient place,  
for our rehearfall! This greene plot shall be our stage, this  
hausthorne-brake our tyring house [points to them]; and we will  
doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke!  

Bott. Peter Quince?  
Quin. What faiest thou, bully Bottom?  
Bot. There are things in this comedy, of Pyramus and  
Thisby, that will neuer pleafe. First, Pyramus must draw a  
sworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide!  
How anfwere you that?  

Snout. Berlakin! a parlous feare!  
Star. I beleue we must leaze the killing out, when all is done.  
Bott. Not a whit! I haue a deuife to make all well! Write  
me a Prologue; and let the Prologue feme to fay, 'we wil  
do no harme with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kild  
indeede': and for the more better aflurance, tel them that 'I,  
Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weauer'! this will  
put them out of feare.  
Quin. Well! wee will haue fuch a Prologue; and it shall  
be written in eight and fix.  

Bot. No: make it two more! let it be written in eight &  
eight!  

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?  
Star. I feare it, I promife you!  

Bot. Masters, you ought to confider with your felues,† to  
bring in (God fhielde vs!) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moft  
dreadfull thing! For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule  
then your Lyon, liuing; & we ought to looke toote!  

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* Actus Tertius] F.  
2. maruailes Q: its way of p. 44.  
spelling the maruaileous of Q2, F.  
†26. selues] F. selfe Q1, 2.  
III. i. 1-29.}  
24
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue must tel he is 'not a Lion!'

Bot. Nay! you must name his name; and halfe his face must be scene through the Lions necke; and he himselfe must speake through, sayeing thus, or to the same defect; 'Ladies!' or 'faire Ladies!' 'I would wish you,' or 'I would request you,' or 'I would intreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours! If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitie of my life! No! I am no such thing! I am a man, as other men are!' & there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainely he is 'Snugge the Ioyner'! 40

Quin. Well: it shall be so! But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meete by Moone-light. 43

Snugge. Doth the Moone shine that night we play our Play?

Bo. A Calender, a Calender! looke in the Almanack! finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine! [night!

Quin. [producing an Almanack] Yes! it doth shine that

Bot.† Why, then may you leave a caement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may shine in at the caement.

Quin. ! or els, one must come in with a bush of thorns & a lantern, and say 'he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moone-shine.' Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus & Thisby (faies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall. 50

Snout. You can neuer bring in 'a wal!' What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present 'wall:' and let him have some plaster, or som lome, or some rough-caft, about him; to signifie 'wall;' and let him holde his fingers thus [<]; and through that crany, shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper. 61

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euerie mothers sonne, and reheare your parts! [They sit downe.] ¶ Pyramus, you beginne! when you have spoken your speecch, enter into that Brake! and so euerie one according to his cue.

44. [Snugge] Sn. Q1; 2, F. Snug F2. (Snout Cam., not letting Snugge speak in this scene.) 44. shine] Q2, F. shine Q. 459. Bot.] Q2, F. Cet. Q. 60. and] Delius (Collier). or Q1, 2, F. 61 See line 4, abov, p. 24. 25 (III. i. 30-65.)
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter Robin (Pucke), behind.

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we swaggring here, So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene? What! a play toward! Ile be an Auditor; An Actor too,* thoppes, if I see caufe.

Quin. Speake, Pyramus! I Thyby, stand forth!

[They advance.

Pyra. Thyby, the flowers of odious savours sweete, . . .
(Quin. Odours! odours!†)

Py. Odours savours sweete:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thyby deare!
But harke! a voice! say thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

[Exit 'Into that Brake'.

(Puck.‡ A stranger Pyramus then ere played heere!)

[Follows Bot.

Thys. [Flute.] Must I speake now?

Quin. I, marry, must you! For you must vnderstand, he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thys. Most radiant Pyramus! most lillie white of heue!
(Of colour like the red rofe on triumphant bryer ;)

Most brisly Iuwennall, and eene most lovely lewe!

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre,
Ile meete thee, Pyramus, at Ninnies tournbe !

Quin. 'Ninus tournbe,' man! Why! you must not speake that yet! That, you anfwere to Pyramus! You speake al your part at once, curve and all! §Pyramus, enter! Your cue is past: It is; 'never tire.'

Thys. O! 'As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre!'

Re-enter Pyramus (Bottome) with the Asse head.§ Robin follows, stamping (see ili. ii. 25).

Py. If I were faire, Thyby, I were onely thine! . . .
Quin. O monftrous! O strange! We are haunted! Pray, matters, fly!|| matters, helpe!

[The Clowynes all exunt, save Bottom.

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*69. too] Q2, F. to Q.
†72. odours] Q2, F. odorous Q1, a. (after l. 98).
‡76. Puck] F. Quin. Q1, a. [92. fly] flye Q2, F. sly Q.

III. l. 66-92.]
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Rob. Ile follow you! Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bufh, through brake, through bryer!
Sometime a horfe Ile be, sometime a hound,
A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier, 96
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horfe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne! [Exit.
Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of
them, to make mee afeard. 100

Re-enter Snowte.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chaung'd! What do I see on thee?
Bott. What doe you see? You see an Asse-head of your
owne, Do you? [Exit Snowte.

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bleffe thee, Bottom! bleffe thee! Thou art translated!
[Exit.

Bott. I see their knauery! This is to make an asse of mee;
to fright me, if they could. But I wil not sitre from this
place, do what they can! I wil walke vp and downe heere,
and I will sing, that they shal heare I am not afeide: 108

[Sing] The Woofell cock, so blacke of heue,
With Orange tawny bill,
The Throffe, with his note so true,
The Wren, with little quill, ... 112

[Tytania. [wakes] What Angell wakes me from my flowry
bed?)

Bott. [Sing] The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray,
(Whose note, full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, 'nay!') ... 117

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a birde? Who
would giue a birde the ly, though hee cry 'Cuckow,' neuer so?

Tita. [Rises] I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe!
Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note; 121
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue mee,
On the first viewe, to say, to sweare, 'I loue thee!' 124

Bott. Meethinks, mistresse, you shold haue little reaon
for that! And yet, to say the truth, reaon and loue keepe
little company together, now a daies! The more the pitty,

[III. i. 93-127.]
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

that some honest neighbours will not make them friends!
Nay, I can gleake, vpon occasion.

Tyta. Thou art as wise as thou art beautifull!
Bott. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
of this wood, I haue enough to serve mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe!
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no!
I am a spirit, of no common rate,
(The Somer, still, doth tend vpon my state;)
And I doe loue thee! therefore, goe with mee!
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
And fing, while thou on press'd flowers dost sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
That thou shalt, like an ayery spirit, goe.

"Pease-blosom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seeds!"

Enter these foure Fairyes.

1. Faire. Readie!
2. Faire. And I!
3. Faire. And I!
4. Faire. And I!
All 4. Where shall we goe?

Tyta. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman; [points to B.

Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes;
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries;
The hony bagges, steale from the Humble-Bees;
And, for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted Butterfies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes!
Nod to him, Elues, and doe him curtseies! [They do so. 155

1. Fai. Haile, mortall!

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*132. owne] Q2, F. owe Q. consecutive identical rymes in Shakespere. See 8 in y, below, p. 32; 'Fairies. Readie: and I, and I,' and 8 in -e, p. 46; and 7 in -ing, and I.' Q. F.

144. 1. Faire. . . . All] Capell. 149. The honey bagges, &c. from the Humble Bees.

146-155: the only instance of 10: 156-159. 1. Faire. . . . 4. Faire.

III. 1. 128-156.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

2. Fai. Haile! Haile!
3. Fai. Haile!
4. Fairie. 156 Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily! I beeche your worshippes name!

Cob. Cobwebbe! 159 Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb! if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you.

Pea. Psease-blossome! 163 Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squagh, your mother, and to master Peagcod, your father. Good master Psease-blossome, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too.

F Your name, honest gentleman?

Myf. Mylardsseede! 168 Bot. Good master Mylardsseede, I know your patience well. That same cowardly gyantlike Ox-beefe hath deuourd many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good master Mylardsseede.

Tita. Come, waite uppon him! leade him to my bower! 174 The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a waaty eye;
And when thee weepes, weepes every little flower,
Lamenting some enforceid chastitie!
Ty vp my louers tongue! bring him silently! 178

[Exeunt, Fairies leading Bottom.

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Wood. April 30.

Enter Oberon, King of Fairies; and soon after, Robin Goodfellow (Puck).

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak’t!
Then, what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremitie!

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger! How now, mad spirit? What night-rule now, about this hauntede groue?

Puck. My mistresse, with a monster is in loue!

Neere to her close and confecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleepeing hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

That works for bread, vpon Athenian sialles,

Were met together, to rehearse a play

Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day.

The shaloweft thickskinne of that barraine fort,

(Who Pyramus presented in their sport,

Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake.

VWhen I did him at this aduantage take,

An Asses nole I fixe'd on his head.

Anon his Thistle must be answere'd;

And forth my Minnick comes! When they him spy,—

As wilde geefe, that the creeping Fouler eye,

Or ruffet-pated coughs, many in fort

(Ryfing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)

Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the sky,

So, at his fithe,—away his fellowes fly!

And, at our stampe, here, ore and ore, one falles;

He ' murther ' cryes, and ' helpe ' from Athens calis.

Their sene thus weake, loft with their feares thus strong,

Made fenfeleffe things begin to doe them wrong;

For, briers and thornes, at their apparel snatch:

Some, fleueus; some, hats; from yeelders all things catch.

I led them on in this disfraeted feare,

And left sweete Pyramus translated there:

When in that moment (so it came to passe,)

Tytania wak't, and straight-way lou'd an Asse!

Ob. This falles out better then I could deuise!

But haft thou yet latcht the Athenians eyes,

With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleepeing, (that is finiisht too!*)

And the Athenian woman by his side;

That, when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close! this is the same Athenian.
Rob. This is the woman; but not this the man!
Demet. O, why rebuke you him that loyes you so?
Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe!
Her. Now I but chide; but I should se thee worse,
For thou (I seare,) hast giuen me cause to curse!
If thou haft flaine Lyfander in his sleepe,
Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe,
& kill mee too!*
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As hee to mee! Would hee haue stollen away
From sleeping Hermia? I se beleue as soone,
This whole earth may be bor’d, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers nonetide with th’Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou haft murdred him!
So, shoul a murtherer looke! so dead, so grimme!
Dem. ‘So shoul’ the murthered ‘looke,’ and ‘so shoul I,
Pearst through the heart with your sterne cruelty!
Yet you, the ‘murtherer,’ looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder Venus, in her glimmering sphare. [points to V.
Her. What’s this to my Lyfander? Where is hee?
Ah, good Demetrius! wilt thou giue him mee?
Dem. I had rather giue his carcasse to my hounds!
Her. Out, dog! out, curre! thou driu’st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience! Haft thou flaine him, then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men!
O, once tell true! tell true, euen for my sake!
Durft thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake,
And haft thou kild him sleeping? O braue tutch!
Could not a worme, an Adder, do so much?
An Adder did it! For with doubler tongue
Then thyne, (thou serpant!) neuer Adder stung!
Dem. You spende your passion on a misprando mood:
I am not guilty of Lyfanders bloode;
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell mee, then, that he is well.

*49. too] F. to Q1, 2.  †52. From] Q2, F. Frow Q.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

De. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A priuledge, neuer to see mee more:
And from thy hated preence part I!
See me no more, whether he be dead or no! [Exit.
Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine:
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier growe,
For debt, that bankrout sleepe doth sorrow owe:
Which now (in some slight measure) it will pay;
If (for his tender) here I make some stay.
[Lyes doune & sleepees.

Ob. [to Rob.] What haft thou done? Thou haft mistaken quite,
And laid the loue-iuice on some true loues sight!
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true!
Robi. Then fate orerules, that, one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath!
Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde!
And Helena of Athens, looke thou finde!
All fancy-sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With fighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.
By some illusion, fee thou bring her here!
Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare.
Robin. I goe, I goe! looke how I goe!
Swifter then arrow, from the Tartars bowe! [Exit. Ob. Flower of this purple dy,
Hit with Cupids archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye! [Drops iuice Into Demetrius eyes.
When his loue he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky!
When thou wak'ft, if she be by,
Begge of her, for remedy!

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Helena is heere at hande;
And the youth, mistooke by mee,
Pleading for a louvere fee.
Shall wee their fond pageant fee?
Lord! what foole these mortals bee!
Ob. Stand aside! The noyse they make,
Will caufe Demetrius to awake.
Pu. Then will two, at once wooe one!
That muft needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please mee,
That befall prepof'trously.

Enter Lysander, and Helena.

Lys. Why shold you think, that I shold wooe in scorne?
Scorne and derifion, neuer come in teares.
Looke, when I vow, I weepe; and vowes so borne,
In their natuittie all truth appeares.
  How can these things in mee, seeme scorne to you,
  Barring the badge of faith, to provoe them true?
Hel. You doe advance your cunning, more and more.
When trueth killes truth, o diuelish-holy fray!
These vowes are Hermias. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
  Your vowes to her and mee, (put in two scales,)
  Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I sware.
Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.
Lys. Demetrius loves her; and he loves not you.
Deme. [Waking] O Helen! goddesse, nymph, perfect, diuine!
To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne?
Christall is mudded! O, how ripe in showe,
Thy lippe, those kissing cherries, tempting growe!
That pure conicell'd white, high Taurus snow,
Pand with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crowe,
When thou holdest vp thy hand! O! let me kisse

[tries to kiss her hand.

This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse!
Hel. O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent
To set against mee, for your merriment!
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

You would not doe mee thus much injury. 148
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne in soules, to mocke mee too? 150
If you were men, as men you are in showe,
You would not vie a gentle Lady so;
To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate mee with your hearts. 154
You both are Riuals, and loue Hermia;
And now both Riualles, to mock Helena. 156
A trim exploit, a manly enterpryse,
To conjure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
With your derision! None of noble fort
Would so offend a virgine, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport! 161

Lysand. You are vnkinde, Demetrius! be not so!
For you loue Hermia; this, you know, I know;
And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermias loue I yeelde you vp my part:
And yours of Helena, to mee bequeath,
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death!

Hel. Neuer did mockers wafte more idle breath!

Deme. Lysander, kepe thy Hermia! I will none!
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone!
My heart to her, but as guestwyfe sojournd;
And now to Helen, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.

Lys.

Helen, it is not so!

Deme. Disparage not the faith thou doft not know,
Leaft, to thy perill, thou aby it deare! [points to Herm.
Looke where thy loue comes! yonder is thy deare!

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It payes the hearing, double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, Lysander, found:
Mine eare, (I thanke it,) brought mee to thy found!

---

1 heare = here.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

But why, vnkindly, didst thou leave mee so?
Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What 'love' could 'press' Lyfander from my side?
Lyf. Lyfanders 'love,' (that would not let him bide,) 186
Faire Helena! who more engilts the night
Then all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. [points to stars.
Why seek'st thou mee? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leave thee so?
Her. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee! 190
Hel. Lo! she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this false spurt, in spight of mee.
Iniurious Hermia! most vngrateful maide!
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd,
To baite mee with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
(The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie-footed time
For parting vs;) O, is all forgot?
All schooldayes friendshipp, childhood innocence?
Veen, Hermia, like two artificiall gods,
Haue, with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, fitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voyces and mindes,
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one stemme:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownd with one creast.
And will you rent our auncient love asunder,
To joyn with men in scornig your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly!
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe fele the injury!
Her. I am amaz'd at your words!

213. [like] Theobald (Folkes conj.). life Qt, 2, F.
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

I scorne you not! It seemes that you scorne mee!

Hel. Haue you not set Lysander, as in scorne,
To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, Demetrius,
(Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote,)
To call mee 'goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,'
Pretious, celestia!' Wherfore speakes he this
To her he hates? And wherfore doth Lysander
Deny your loue, (so rich within his foule,)
And tender mee (forsooth!) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate,
(But miserable moft, to loue vnlovd')
This you should pittie, rather then despise!

Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this!

Hel. I! doe! Perfeuer! counterfait sad looks!
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back!

Winke each at other: holde the sweete ies ft vp!
This sport, well carried, shall bee chronicled!
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.

But fare ye wel! tis partly my owne fault;
Which death, or absence soone shall remedy! [Walks away.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena! heare my excuse,
My loue! my life! my foule! faire Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Herm. Sweete! doe not scorne her so!

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst 'compell' no more, then she 'intreat.'
Thy threats have no more strength then her weake praiers.
'Helen! I loue thee! by my life I doe!
I sweare by that which I will loose for thee,
To prooue him false, that faies I loue thee not!

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do!

Lys. If thou say fo, withdrawe, and prooue it too!*

Dem. Quick, come!

250. praiers] Theobald. praise Q1, 2, F.

*255. too] F. to Q1, 2.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Her. Lyfander, whereto tends all this? [She throws her arms round him.

Lyf. Away! you Ethiop! [He struggles with her.

Dem. [To Hermia] No, no! heele . . . . . 257
[To Lyf.] Seems to brake loose! take on as you would follow,
But yet come not! You are a tame man! go! 259

Lyf. Hang off, thou cat, thou bur! Vile thing, let loose!
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent!

Her. Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,
Sweete louve?

Lyf. Thy 'louve'! Out, tawny Tartar, out! 263
Out, loath'd medicine! o hated potion, hence!

Her. Doe you not ieast?

Hel. Yes, sooth: and so doe you!

Lyf. Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceiue, 267
A weake 'bond' holds you. [Points to Herm.] Ile not trust
your word!

Lyf. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so! [Throws Herm. off.

Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
'Hate' mee! wherefore? O me! what newes, my loue?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyfander?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while. 274
Since night, you lou'd mee; yet 'since night,' you left mee;
Why then, 'you left mee' (o, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lyf. I, 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 ieast, 280
That I doe hate thee, and l oue Helena!

Her. O mee! [To Hel.] You goggler! you canker blossome!
You theefe of louve! what? have you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine, I faith! 284

257. Dem. would have said to|ding (who is followd aboy). F reads 
Hermia, 'No, no: heele not fight! 'No, no, Sir, see me,' &c. 
He loves his own skin too well!' 260. off] Q2, F. of Q. 
or something of the kind.—Sped. 
*279. Therefore] Q2, F. Thefore Q. 
[II. ii. 256-284.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What? will you teare
Impatient answeres from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy! you counterfait, you puppet, you!

*Her. 'Puppet'? Why, so! I, that way goes the game!

Now I perceiue that she hath made compare
Betwenee our stature; she hath erg'd her height;
And with her perfonage, her tall perfonage,

Her 'height,' (forfooth!) she hath preuaid with him.
†And are you growne fo 'high' in his esteeme,

Because I am fo dwarfish and fo lowe?

How 'lowe' am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake!
How 'lowe' am I? I am not yet fo 'lowe,'

But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes! [makes at Hel.

Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentlemen,*

Let her not hurt me! [Gets behind them.] I was neuer curst;
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maid, for my cowardize:

Let her not strike mee! You, perhaps, may thinke,

Because she is something lower then my selfe,

That I can match her!...

*Her. 'Lower'! harke, againe!

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me!

I euermore did loue you, Hermia,

Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you;

Sawe that, in loue vnto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.
He followed you; for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatened mee

To strike mee, spurne mee; nay, to kill mee too†:

And now, so you will let me quiet goe,

To Athens will I beare my folly backe,

And follow you no further. Let me goe! [Turns to go. You see how simple, and how fond, I am! [Comes back.

Herm. Why! get you gon! Who ift that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart! that I leaue here behind.

Her. What, with Lyfander?

Hel. [With Demetrius! 320

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*299. gentlemen] Q2, F. gentleman Q.
†313. too] F. to Q1, 2.

III. h. 285-320] 38
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Lyf. Be not afraid! she shall not harme thee, Helena!
Deme. No, sir; she shall not! though you take her part!
Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd!
She was a vixen, when she went to schoole: 324
And though she be but little, she is fierce!
Her. 'Little' again! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
† Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?
Let me come to her! [tries to come]
Lyf. [pushing her off] Get you gon, you dwarfe! 328
You minimus, of hindring knot-graffe made!
You bead! you acorne!
Deme. You are too officious,
In her behalfse, that scornes your seruices.
Let her alone! speake not of Helena!
Take not her part! For, if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,
Thou shalt aby it!
Lyf. Now she holds me not!
Now follow, (if thou dar'ft,) to try whose right, 336
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena!
Deme. 'Follow'? Nay! Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.
[Exeunt Lysander & Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistrefse! all this coyle is long of you! 339
[HEL. draws back] Nay! goe not backe!
Hel. I will not truft you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curtse company! 341
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legges are longer, though, to runne away! [Runs off.
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say! [Exit. 344

Advance, Oberon and Puck.†

Ob. This is thy negligence! still thou mistak'ft,
Or else commit thy knaueries wilfully!
Puck. Beleeue mee, King of Shadowes, I mistooke!
Did not you tell mee, I shoud 'know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on'? 1
And, fo farre blamelesse prooues my enterprisef
That I haue nointed an Athenians eyes:

A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

And so fare am I glad it so did fort,
As this their iangleing, I esteeme a sport!

Ob. Thou seest, these louers seeke a place to fight:

Hy therefore, Robin! overcast the night!
The starry welkin, couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
And lead these teasty Rivals so away,

As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue;
Then firre Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like Demetrius;
And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting sleepe,
With leden legs, and Batty wings, doth creepe:
Then crush this hearbe into Lyfander's eye; [gives the hearbe.
Whole liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errore, with his might,
And make his eyebals roule with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruiteless vision;
And backe to Athens shall the louers wend,
With league, whose date, till death shall neuer end.
When I, in this affaire, do thee imploys,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian boy:
And then I will her charm'd eye release
From monsters viewes; and all things shall be peace!

Puck. My Faiery Lord, this must be done with haste,
For Nights swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; [points to the East.

At whose approach, Ghosts, wandring here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards: damnd spirits all,
(That in crose-waies and floods haue burial,)
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For feare least day should looke their shames vpone:
They wilfully themselfues exile from light,
And must for aye confort with black-browed night!

Ober. But we are spirits of another sort!
I, with the Mornings Loue, haue oft made sport,
And, like a forrestor, the grouses may tread,
Even till the Eastern gate, all fiery red.

III. II. 352-391.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Opening on Neptune with faire bless'd beames, 393
Turnes into yellow golde, his falt greene streams.
But notwithstanding,* haste! make no delay!
We may effect this business, yet ere day. [Exit. 395
  Pui. Vp & down, vp & down,
I will lead them vp & down!
I am feared in field & town!
Goblin, lead them vp & downe!
Here comes one!

Re-enter Lysander. (Robin shifts places.)

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now!
Rob. Here, villaine! drawne & ready! Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight!
Rob. Follow me then
To plainer ground! [Exit Lys.

Re-enter Demetrius.

Deme. Lysander! speake againe! 404
Thou runaway, thou coward! art thou fled?
Speake! in some bush? Where doest thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the starres,
Telling the bushes that thou look'ft for warres,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant! come, thou childe!
Ile whippe thee with a rodde! He is deſil'd,
That draws a sword on thee!

De. Yea, art thou there?
Rob. Follow my voice! weele try no manhood here. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calles, then he is gon!
The villaine is much lighter-heel'd then I!
I followed fatter; but faster he did fly;
That, fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
And here will rest me. [Lye down.] ¶Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou shewe me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and reuenge this spight! [Sleeps. 420

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*394. notwithstanding] Q2, F. 1 See lines 1, 4, next page.
notwstanding Q.

A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Re-enter Robin (shifting places),1 and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho! Coward! why comest thou not?
Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'st! For well I wot
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Rob. Come hither! I am here!
D. Nay then, thou mock'st me! Thou shalt* buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day light see!
Now, goe thy way! (Faintnesse constraineth mee
To measure out my length on this cold bed.)
By daies approach, looke to be visit'd! [Lies down & sleeps.

Re-enter Helena.

Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to Athens, by day light,
From thefe that my poore company defteft!
And sleepe, that sometimes thuts vp sorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie!
[Lies down & sleeps.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more!
Two of both kinde makes vp power.
Heare shee comes, curft and fadde!
Cupid is a knauish ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde!

Re-enter Hermia.†

Her. Neuer fo weary, neuer fo in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe!
My legges can keepe no pace with my desires!
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day.
Heauens shielde Lyfander, if they meane a fray!
[Lies down and sleeps.

1 F has *shifting places* opp. mia. Q2, F (after line 440).

421-447]
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Rob. On the ground,
Sleepe found!
Ile apply
To your eye, [Squeezes juice on Lys.'s eyelids.

Gentle lover, remedy! 452
When thou wak'ft,
Thou tak'ft
True delight,
In the fight 456

Of thy former ladies eye:
And the country proverbe knowne,
That 'euer man should take his owne,'
In your waking shall be shewn:
'Jacke shall haue still.'
Nought shall goe ill:
'The man shall haue his mare again,' & 'all shall be well!' 463

[They sleepe all the next Act. to I. 148.*

Actus Quartus.† Soena Prima.

The Wood, where Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, & Hermia lie asleep. April 30; May 1.

Enter Queene of Faeries, and Clowne (Bottom), and Faeries (Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Mustardseede, & the rest): and the King (Oberon) behind them, unseen.

Tita. Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowery bed, 1 [She pulls him down.

While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
And kiss thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy! [kisses sm.
Clown. Where's Pease-blossome?
Pea. Ready!
Clow. Scratch my heade, Pease-blossome! 6 Where's Mounfieur Cobweb?
Mounfieur Cobweb?
Cob. Ready!
Clo. Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hiped Humble-Bee

451. To your] Rowe. your Q2, F.
463. They sleepe all the Act. F.
† Actus Quartus. F.
43 [III. ii. 448-463; IV. i. 1-11.
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

on the toppe of a thistle! and, good Mounsheur, bring mee the hony bagge! Doe not fret your selue too much in the action, Mounsheur! and, good Mounsheur, haue a care the hony bagge breake not! I wold be loath to haue you over-flown with a honibag, signior. ¶ Where's Mounsheur *Mustardseed? 17

Must. Readie!

Clo. Gie me your neafe, Mounsheur† Mustardseed! [Shakes his hand.] Pray you, leaue your curtse, good Mounsheur! Must. What's your will? 21

Clo. Nothing, good Mounsheur, but to helpe Caualry Cobwebbe to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounsheur; for me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face; And I am such a tender Asse, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch!

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete Loue? Clo. I haue a reasonable good eare in 'musique.' Lets haue the tonges and the bones!

[Musick of Tongs & Bones, Rurall Musick.

Tyta. Or say, sweete loue, what thou desir'st† to eate. 30

Clo. Truely, a pecke of pronander! I could mounch your good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay! Good hay, sweete hay, hath no fellow!

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall seke 34

The Squirills hoord, and fetch thee thence newe nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peafe! But, I pray you, let none of your people flirre me: I haue an expostion of sleepe come vpon mee. 38

Tyta. Slepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes! ¶ Faerie, be gon, and be alwaies away! [Exeunt Fairies. ¶ So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honifuckle,

Winds him in her armes.

Gently entwist: the female Iuy, so

Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

24. maruailes] maruailes
Q2. maruailes F. See note on

III. i. 2, p. 240.

**30. desir'st] desirest Q1, 2, F.

But the line is Tytania's, and verse.

35. the] thence Q1, 2, F.

Q2. maruailes F. See note on
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

O, how I loue thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleepe.

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin! Seest thou this sweete sight?
Her dotage, now I doe beginne to pittie; [Points to Tit. & Bottom.

For, meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete favours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that fame deawe, which sometime on the buddes
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles,
Stood now within the prettie flouritets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patienc,
I then did aske of her her changeling childe:
Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent,
To beare him to my bower in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vn doe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scaple [points to Bot.
From off* the head of this Athenian swaine;
That, hee awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearec vexation of a Dreame.
But first I will releafe the Fairy Queene.

[Squeezes lulae on her Eyes.

¶ Be, as thou waft wont to bee!
See, as thou waft wont to see!
Dians buddle, orCupids flower,
Hath such force, and blessed power.

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweete Queene! [She wakes.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions haue I seene!
Me thought I was enamoured of an Asse.

Ob. There lyes your loue! [points to Bottom.

*64. off] Q2, F. of Q.
72. or—over] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). or Q1, a, F.

[IV. I 44-77.]
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
O, how mine eyes doo loath his visage now! 78
Ob. Silence a while! ¶ Robin, take off this head!
¶ Titania, musick call! and strike more dead
Then common sleepe, of all these fine, the sense!
Ti. Musick, howe! musick! such as charmeth sleepe.

[Musick, still.*

Rob. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fools eyes pepe!
[takes the Asses head off Botton. 83
Ob. Sound, Musick! Come, my queen! take hands with me,

[They take hands & dance.
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be!
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnely
Daunce, in Duke Theseus house triumphantly,
And bleffe it to all faire prosperitie.
There shall the paires of faithfull louers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in iollitie.
Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke!
I do heare the morning Larke.
Ob. Then, my Queene, in silence sad,
Trippe we after nights shade:
We, the Globe, can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.
Ti. 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. Sleepers Lye still.†

[Vinde horne.

Enter Theseus and all his traine, with Hippolita & Egeus.
May 1, Daybreak.

The. Goe, one of you! finde out the forrester!
For now our observation is performde:

81. fwe] Theobald (Thirlby conj.) fine Q1, 2, F. 84-91: eight rimes in e. See p. 28.

[IV. 1. 77-103] 46
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

And since we have the vaward of the day, My loue shall heare the musick of my hounds! Vncoonel! in the westerne vallie let them goe! Dispatch, I say, and finde the forrester!

[Exit one of the Trai ne.

[If Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe, And marke the musickall confusion Of hounds and Echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, When in a wood of Creete they bayed the Beare With hounds of Sparta: never did I heare Such gallant chiding! For, besides the grous, The skyes, the fountaines, every region neare Seemd all one mutuall cry: I never heard So musickall a discord, such sweete thunder!

Thef. My hounds are bred out of the 'Spartane' kinde, So flew'd, so fanned; and their heads are hung VVith eares that swepee away the morning deawe; Crooke-kneed, and deawlapt, like Theffalian Bulls; Slowe in purfuit, but matcht in mouth like bals, Each vnder each. A 'cry' more tunable Was never hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,

In 'Creete,' in 'Sparta,' nor in Theffaly! Iudge when you heare! [Sees the Sleepers.] But soft! What nymphes are thefe?

Egeus. My Lord! this is* my daughter heere a-sleepe! [points to each in turn.

And this, Lyfander! this, Demetrius is!
This, Helena! old Nedars Helena!

I wonder of their being heere together!

The. No doubt they rose vp earely, to obserue The right[1] of May; and, hearing our intent, Came heere in grace of our solemnitie . . .

[If But speake, Egeus! is not this the day, That Hermia should giue answere of her choyce?

Egeus. It is, my Lord!
Thefe. Goe bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornses!

116. See nd] F2. Seeke Q1, 2, F. 127. this is] Q2, F. this Q. 1 right — rite.

47 [IV. i. 104-137.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Winde hornes. Shoue within: the sleepers, all but Bottom, wake & start vp.

The. Good morrow, friends! Saint Valentine is past! 138
If begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my Lord! [all kneel.
The. I pray you all, stand vp. [they rise.
I know you two are Riuall enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is so farre from jealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie?
Lys. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truely say how I came hither;
But as I thinke, (for truely would I speake,)—
And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is,—
I came with Hermione hither. Our intent
Was, to be gon from Athens; where we might,
Without the perill of the Athenian lawe, . . . .
Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord! you haue enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head!
They would haue stolne away! I They would, Demetrius,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and mee of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife!

Deme. My Lord! faire Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I, in fury, hither followed them;
Faire Helena, in fancy following mee.
But, my good Lord, I wote not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my luye to Hermia
(Melted as the snowe,) seemes to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gude,
Which in my childheode I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely Helena! To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I saw Hermione:

Winde. . . . ] Shoue within: they all start vp. Winde hornes. Q.
171. saw] Steevens. see Q1, 2, F.
IV. I. 138-171.] 48
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

But, like in 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!

The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met!
Of this discourse, we more will here anon.

†Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, (for the morning now is some thing wore,) 
Our purpose d hunting shall be set a side.

†Away, with vs, to Athens! Three and three,
Weele holde a feast in great solemnitie.

†Come, Hippolita!

[Execut Thesesus & all his traine, with Hippolita & Egeus.

Deme. These things seeme small and vn distinguishing,
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds!

Her. Me thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seemes double!

Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I have found* Demetrius, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne!

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seemes to me,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame! Do not you thinke
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father! ...

Hel. And Hippolita/...

Lyf. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple!

Dem. Why, then, we are awake! let vs follow him,
And, by the way, let vs† recount our dreames!

[Execut Louers.‡

[Bottome wakes.§] Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will anfwere. My next is, 'most faire Pyramus.'
A Midsummer Nighte's Dreame.

Hey ho! [yawn] Peeter Quince! Flute, the bellowes-mender!* Snout the tinker! Starveling! Gods my life! Stolne [202 hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue had a most rare vision! I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say what dreame it was! Man is but an Asse, if hee goo about to expound this dreame. Me thought I was... there is no man can tell what! Me thought I was... and me thought I [207 had... But man is but a patcht foole, if hee will offer to say what mee thought I had! The eye of man hath not heard, the care of man hath not seene, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his hearte to report, [211 what my dreame was! I will get Peter Quince to write a Ballet of this dreame: it shall be call'd Bottoms Dreame, because it hath no 'bottome': and I will sing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracios, I shall sing it at her death. [Exit. 216

Actus Quartus.§ Scena Seconda.


Enter Quince, Flute (callFd Thisby), Snout and Starveling.||

Quin. Have you sent to Bottoms house? Is he come home yet?

Staru.** Hee cannot be heard of! Out of doubt he is transported!

Thy. If hee come not, then the Play is mard! It goes not forward: Doth it?

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

Thy. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

---


A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Quin. Yea, and the beest person too; and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweete voice!

Thy. You must say, 'Paragon.' A 'Paramour' is (God bleffe vs !) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, the Ioyner (who's to play Lion).

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple; and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men! 17

Thy. O sweete bully Bottome! Thus hath hee loft six pence a day, during his life: hee could haue sca.red sixe pence a day! And the Duke had not given him six pence a day, for playing Pyramus, Ile be hang'd! He would haue deferred it! Six pence a day, in Pyramus, or nothing! 22

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these harts?

[they gather round him.

Quin. Bottom! O most couragious day! O most happy houre! Bott. Masters! I am to discouer wonders: but ask me not what! For if I tell you, I am no* true Athenian! . . . I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out! 27

Quin. Let vs heare, sweete Bottom!

Bot. Not a word of mee! All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apperell together; good stringes to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes; meete prentely at the palace; every man looke ore his part! For, the short and the long is, our play is prefered! In any case let Thyby [33 haue cleane linnen; and let not him that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes; for they shall hang out for the Lyons clawe. And, most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garliske! for we are to vter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them say, 'it is a sweete Comedy!' No more wordes! Away! go! away!

[Exeunt.† 39

†39. Exeunt.] F.

51 [IV. ii. 11-39.
\textit{A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.}

\textbf{Actus Quintus.} \textit{Scena Prima.}

\textbf{Athens. The palace of Theseus. May 1.}

Enter (from the Temple) Theseus, his Dutchesse Hyppolita, and all his traine, with Philostrate.

Hip. Tis strange, my Theseus, that these louers speake of!

The. More 'strange' then true! I never may beleuee

These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,
Such phantasties, that apprehend
More then coole reaason euere comprehends.
The lunatick, the louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One, sees more duels then vast hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Aegypt.
The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And, as Imagination bodies forth
The formes of things vnknowne, the Poets penne
Turnes them to shapes, and glues to ayery nothing,
A locall habitation, and a name.
Such trickes hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some ioy,
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy;
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare!

Dutch. Hyp. But all the storie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than Fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable!

The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth!

\begin{center}
\textbf{Enter, the married Louers; Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.}
\end{center}

\begin{footnotesize}
\begin{tabular}{ll}
\textit{Actus Quintus} & F. \\
% \textit{Enter...} & Qq, F (after l. 27).
\end{tabular}
\end{footnotesize}
Accompany your hearts!

Lyf. More then to vs,
Waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde! 31
The. Come now! what maskes, what daunces,shall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three hours,
Betweene our* after-supper, & bed-time?
Where is our vsual manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hower?
 ¶ Call Philostrate!

Philostrate. Here, mighty Theseus! 38
The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this evening?
What maske? what muficke? How shall we beguile
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight?
Philo. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.

[ Gives Theseus a list of Sports.

Make choyce, of which your Highness will see first!

The. [reades] 'The battell with the Centaures, to be sung 44
By an Athenian Eunuche, to the Harpe?'
(Weele none of that! That, haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.)
'The ryot of the tippe Bachanals, 48
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?'
(That is an olde deuise; and it was plaide,
When I from Thebes came laft a conquerer.)
'The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late decaft in beggary?'
(That is some Satire keene and criticall,
Not forting with a nuptiall ceremony.)
'A tedious breife Scene of young Pyramus
And his loue Thiby: very tragicall mirth?'
¶ Merry, and 'tragical'? 'Tedious,' and 'breife'
That is, hot Ise, and wondrous† strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord? 60
Philo. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long:
(Which is as 'breife' as I haue knowne a play:)
But, by ten words, my Lord, it is too long.

---

*34. our] F. Or Q1, 2.
†59. wondrous] Q2, F. wodrous Q (? read stain'd for strange).
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Which makes it 'tedious'; For, in all the Play, 64
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 rehearse, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears,
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

These. What are they, that doe play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men, that worke in Athens here, 72
Which never labour'd in their minds till nowe,
And now have toyled their unbreath'd memories
With this same Play, against your nuptiall.
The. And wee will heare it!

Phil. No, my noble Lord! 76
It is not for you! I haue heard it ouer,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleffe you can finde sport in their entents,
Extremely fretch't, and cond with cruel paine,
To do you service.
The. I will heare that play!
For never any thing can be amisse,
When simplesses and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in! and take your places, Ladies! 84

[Exit Philostrate.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse recharged;
And duty, in his service, perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He sayes, they can doe 'nothing' in this kinde. 88
The. The 'kinder' we, to giue them thanks for 'nothing'.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes:
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their prætiz'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome: Trust me, sweete,
Out of this silence, yet I pickt a welcome: 100

v. l 64-100.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Loure, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Re-enter Philostrate.

Philo. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest!
Duk. Let him approach! [Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter the Prologue, Manager Quince,* the Carpenter.

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Confider then, we come but in deffight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
Wee are not here. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand, and, by their showe,
You shall know all, that you are like to knowe.
The. This fellow doth not stand vpon points!
Lyf. He hath rid his Prologue like a rough Colte: hee
knowes not the stoppe. A good morall, my Lord! It is not
enough to speake; but to speake true!
Hyp. Indeed, he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child
on a Recorder; a found, but not in gournement.
The. His speach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing im-
paired, but all difordered. Who is next?

†Tawyer with a Trumpet before them:

Enter Pyramus (Bottom the Weaver), and Thisby (Flute
the Bellowes-Mender), and Wall (Snout the Tinker),
and Moone-shine (Starubeling the Tailor), and Lyon
(Snug the Joiner).

Prologue. Geniles! perchance you wonder at this show; But wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.

†125. Tawyer...] F. T. was, no doubt, a Player of the Globe
Company.

[T. 104-127.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe;

[Points to each in turn.

This beautifull Lady, Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall which did these louers funder;
And through walls chinke, poore soules, they are content
To whisper. (At the which, let no man wonder.)
This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth Moone-shine; For, if you will know,
By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne
To meete at Ninus tombe, there, there, to wooe.
This grisly beast, (which Lyon right by name,)
The tryste Thisby, (comming first by night,)
Did scarce away, or rather, did affright;
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile, with bloody mouth did slaine.
Anon comes Pyramus, (sweete youth, and tall)
And finds his tryste Thisbyes mantle slaine:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamfull blade,
He bravely brought his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine,
At large discoursse, while here they doe remaine. [Exit.}

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.

Demet. No wonder', my Lord! One 'Lyon' may, when many Ases doe.

[Exeunt Lyon, Pyramus, Thysby, and Moone-shine.

Wall. In this same entrelude it doth befall,
That I, one Snowt † (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crane'd hole or chinke,
Through which the louers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This stone, this roughcast, and this stone, doth showe
That I am that same wall: the truth is so.
And this the crane is, right and finister,

[Holds up his fingers thus <

*129. Thisby] Q2, F. Thsby Q. 153. Exeunt...] Exit... Q4, F.
†155. Snowt] F. Flute Q1, 2.
Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper.

The. Would you defire lime and haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the Wittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse, my Lord!

Re-enter Bottom as Pyramus.

The. Pyramus drawes neare the wall: stile! 167
Py. O grim-lookt night! o night, with hue fo blace!
O night, which euer art, when day is not!
O night, O night! alacke, alacke, alacke!
I feare my Thiſbes promise is forgot!
[And thou, o wall, o sweete, o louely wall,
That stant betweene her fathers ground and mine!
Thou wall, o wall, o sweete and louely wall!

Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through with mine eyne! 175

Thankes, curteous wall! loe! shield thee well, for this!
But what see I? No Thiſby doe I see!
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blyffe!
Curſe be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee!

The. The wall, mee thinkes, being tendible, shou'd 'curſe'
againe!

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not! 'Deceiuing mee' is
Thiſbes 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!

Re-enter Flute as Thisby.

Thif. O wall! full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee!
My cherry lips have often kisſ thy stones;
Thy stones, with time and hayre knit vp in thee.
Pyra. I see a voice! now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my Thiſbes face.

Thiſby!

Thif. My loue! thou art my loue, I thinke!

Py. 'Thinke' what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still!

Thif. And I, like Helen, till the Fates me kill!

*166. Re-enter...] Enter Pyra-

†189. up in thee] F. now againe

mus. F (after line 167).
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Pyra. Not Shafalus, to Procrus was so true!
Thif. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you!

Pyr. O, kiss thee through the hole of this wilde wall!
Thif. I kiss the wall's hole; not your lips at all!

Pyr. Wilt thou, at Ninnies tomb, meet me straight way?
Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay!

[Exeunt Pyramus & Thisby.

Wal. Thus haue I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth goe! [Exit Clow.*

Duk. Now is the Murall downe‡ between the two neighbors!

Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to
hear without warning!

Dutch. (Hyp.) This is the filliest stuffe, that ever I heard!

Duke. The beft in this kinde, are but shadowes; and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. (Hyp.) It must be your 'imagination', then; & not
theirs.

Duke. If we 'imagine' no worse of them, then they of
themselves, they may passe for excellent men! Here come
two noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon!

Re-enter Lyon (Snug), and Moone-shine (Starveling),
with his Lanthorne, Thorne-bush & Dogge.

Lyon. You, Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare
The smallest monftrous mouse that creepes on floore,)

May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildest rage doth roare!

Then know that I (one º Snug the Joyner) am
A Lyon-fell, nor else no Lyons damme;
For, if I shoulde, as Lyon, come in stride
Into this place, 'twere pity, on my life!

Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience!

Deme. The very 'beast' at a 'beast', my Lord, that ere I saw!

Lys. This Lyon is a very fox for his valour!

Duk. True: and a goole for his discretion!

---

†204. Murall downe] Pope(ed. 2). 22.—W. A. Wright.
murall downe F. Moon vse'd Q 220. Lyon-fell = lion's skin, hide.
i, 2.
V. i. 196-226.] 58
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

De. Not so, my Lord! For his 'valour' cannot carry his 'discretion'; and the 'fox' carries the 'goose'.

Duk. 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 Moone! Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present. . . .

(Deme. He should have worn the horns on his head! Duk. He is no crescent; and his horns are invisible, within the circumference!)

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present:

Myself, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be. . . .

Duke. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the 'man should be put into the 'lanthorne'. How is it else the 'man ith Moone'?

Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you see, it is already 'in snuffe'.

Dutch. (Hyp.) I am aweary of this Moone! Would hee woulde change!

Duke. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet, in curtesie, in all reason, wee must slay the time!

Lyfan. Proceede, Moone!

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge. [Points to each. Deme. Why! All these should be in the 'lanthorne'; for all these are in the 'Moone'. But silence! here comes Thisby!

Re-enter Thisby.

Th. This is ould Ninies tumbe. Where is my loul? 254

Lyon. [The Lion roares.] Oh! [Thisby runs off.]

Dem. Well roard, Lyon!

Duke. Well runne, Thisby!

Dutch. (Hyp.) Well shone, Moone! Truly, the Moone shines with a good grace.

[The Lyon touzles Thisby's mantle, & stains it with blood; then Exit.

---

A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Duk. Well mouz'd, Lyon!
Dem. And then came Pyramus!
Lys. And so the Lyon vanisht!

Re-enter Pyramus, girt with a Sword.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee for thy sunny beams!
I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright!
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering beams,
I trust to take, of true! Thibby, flight!
But stay: & fight!
[Sees Thibby's mantle.
But marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dose is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it bee?
O dainty duck! o deare!
Thy mantle good,
What! stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come!
Cut thread and thrumme!
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell!

Duke. This passion, & the death of a deare friend, would
go neere to make a man looke fad!

Dut. (Hyp.) Beshrew my heart, but I pitty the man!
Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, did'st thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon wilde hath here deflour'd my deare,
Which is, (no, no!) which was, the fairest dame
That liued, that loued, that lik't, that look't with cheere!
Come teares, confound!
Out, sword! and wound [Draws his Sword.
The pappe of Pyramus!
I, that left pappe,
Where heart doth hoppe.
Thus dy I! thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead!
Now am I fled!
My soule is in the sky!
Tongue, loose thy light!
Moone, take thy flight!
Now dy, dy! dy, dy, dy!

v. i. 260-296.] 60
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Dem. No 'Die' but an ace for him; For he is but 'one'.

Lyf. Leffe then an 'ace', man; For he is dead, he is 'nothing'.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and yet prooue an 'Aife'.

Dut. (Hyp.) How chance Moone-shine is gone, before Thisby comes backe, and findes her louer?

Duk. Shee will finde him, by starre-light. Here shee comes! and her passion ends the Play.

Re-enter Thisby.*

Dut. (Hyp.) Me thinkes she should not vse a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be briefe!

Demet. A moth will turne the ballance, which Pyramus, which Thisby, is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs! she, for a woman, God blesse vs!

Lyf. She hath spied him already, with those sweete eyes.

Deme. And thus she meanes, videlicet:—

Thif. A-sleepe, my loue? [Shakes him.]

What? dead! my doue?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speake, speake! Quite dumbe?

Dead! dead? A tumbe

Muyst cover thy sweete eyes.

These lilly lippes,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cow-tlippe cheakes,

Are gon! are gon!

Louers, make mone!

His eyes were greene as lekes.

O Systers three!

Come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as milke!

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shone

With sheeres, his threede of filke!

300. yet prooue] Q. prooue Q2. line 302.

308. warnd] Q1, 2. warrant.

*Re-enter ...] Enter ... F (after mod. edd. he ... blesse vs) Fom.

61 [V. i. 297-329.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Tongue, not a word!
Come, trusty sword!
[Pulls P.'s sword from his left pappe.
Come, blade, my breast imbrow! [Stabs herself.
And farewell, friends!
Thus Thyby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu!

Duke. Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.
Deme. I, and Wall too.*
Bott.† [Starting vp] No! I assure you, the wall is downe
that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the Epi-
logue, or to heare a Bergomase daunce between two of our
company?

Duke. No 'Epilogue,' I pray you! For your Play needs no
excuse. Neuer excuse! For when the Players are all deade,
there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it had
played Pyramus, and hangd himselfe in Thibies garter, it
would haue beene a fine Tragedy! and so it is, truely, and
very notably discharg'd! But come, your 'Burgomase'! let
your 'Epilogue' alone! [A Bergomase Daunce. May 2. 348
The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Louers, to bed! tis almoast Fairy time.
I feare we shall outsleepe the comming morne,
As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.
This palpable-grosse Play hath well beguil'd
The heauie gate of night! Sweete friends, to bed!
A fortnight holde we this solemnitie,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity! [Exeunt. 356

Enter Pucke, with a broom.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyon roares,
And the wolfe behowls the Moone;
Whilft the heauie ploughman fiores,
All with weary taske foredoone.
Now the wafted brands doe glowe,
Whilft the fcriech-owle, fcrieching lowd,

*337. too] Q2, F. to Q.  358. behowl.] Theobald (War-
†338. Bott. Bot. F. Lyon Q1, 2.  358. behowl.] burton. beholds Qt, 2, F.
357. Lyon] Rowe. Lyons Q1, 2.
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowde.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euer one lets forth his spight,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And wee Fairies, (that doe runne
By the triple Hecates teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkenesse like a dreame,)
Now are frolick: not a mouse
Shall disturbance this hallowed house!
I am sent with broome, before,
To sweepe the dust behinde the dore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsie fier!
Euer Elfe and Fairy spight,
Hop as light as birde from brier;
And this ditty, after mee,
Sing, and daunce it trippingly!
Tita. 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.

OBERONS Song *: the Fairies sing it after him, & daunce.

Ob. Now, untill the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy fary!
To the best bride-bed will wee,
Which by vs shall bee'd be;
And the issue there create,
Euer shal be fortunate:
So shal all the couples three,
Euer true in loving be:
And the blots of natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand,

387-408 in italics, in F, as if they were the song. [v. l. 363-396.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre, 398
Nor marke prodigious, (such as are
Despisèd in natuittie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-deaw consecrate,
Euer Fairy take his gate,
And each feuerall chamber bleffe,
Through this palace with sweete peace!
And the owner of it bleft,
Euer shall in safety rest.
Trippe away! make no stay!
Meete me all, by breake of day!

[Exeunt all but Pucke.

Epilogue.

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this, (and all is mended,) 410
That you haue but slumberd here,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
(No more yielding, but a DREAME)
Gentles, doe not reprehend!
If you pardon, wee will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we haue vnearnèd luck,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck, a 'lyer' call.
So, good night vnto you all!
Give me your hands, if we be friends;
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit. 424

405, 406. Q1, 2, F have these transpos'd. C. R. W., in Illustr.
Lond. News, set 'em right.

FINIS.

V. l. 397-424.] 64
NOTES.

p. 2. I. i. 27. Scan, for 5 measures, This man hath b'witch'd; or better, for 6, This man hath bewitched.

p. 9. I. ii. 22. To the rest!... is 'Now go on to the rest of the Players!' (see l. 32) and then the irrepressible egotist breaks out again. - B. Nicholson.

p. 18. II. i. 249. Scan, 'I know / a banke / where the Wilde / time / blowes /'. Note the pauses wrought by the long vowels and consonant-breaks, ild—il, tm—blO.

p. 43. III. ii. 461. 'Jacke shall haue Ill.' Cp. Beroune's 'Jacke hath not Gill,' p. 82 abuv, L. L. Lost, V. ii. 850, and

'All shalbe well, Jacke shall haue Gill:
Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.'

'Jacke and Gill.' 12. Heywood's Three hundred Epigrammes, upon three hundred proverbs. 1562.

p. 43. III. ii. 463. Browne prints this line as two, in his Damoselle, IV. ii.


p. 44. IV. i. 22-3. to helpe Casalery Cobwebbe to scratch. Grey notes that Cobwebbe has 'been despatched upon a perilous adventure': see l. 12-16. He would read Putse-blosom. ? A slip of Shakspeare's. We keep Cobwebbe on the stage.

p. 50. IV. i. 207-8. me thought I had. ? Bottom feels his head.

p. 51. IV. ii. 11-12. Some eds. give this speech to Snout, who has no other speech, and Flute's correction, 13-14, to Quince, because Quince is generally the corretor of other folk. But we know that Quince 'doth not stand upon points' (V. i. 118), that 'His speach was like a tangle chaine' (V. i. 124), and that he said Bottom went 'to see a noyse that he heard'. He might therefore mistake 'Paramour' for 'Paragon'; he was but one of the 'hempen homespunnes' (III. i. 66), 'patches, rude Mechanicals' (III. ii. 9); and we therefore hold that no sufficient reason has been shown for changing the text, in which Q1, 2, F are firm.

p. 53. V. i. 34. after-supper. ? the old rere-supper.

p. 53. V. i. 39. abridgement, a Play. Cp. Hamlet on the Players: "they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time." II. ii. 548. (Cp. briefe, M. N. Dr., V. i. 42.) Or a Play as a time-shortener, pastime, entertainment.

p. 59. V. i. 242. in snuffe, metaphorically, 'in anger'.

p. 64. V. i. 420, 424. amends. What play had Shaksper in hand then? The Merchant?

p. 64. V. i. 423. Give me your hands: clap your hands, applaud.

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