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GENERAL EDITOR PROFESSOR I. GOLLANCZ, LITT.D.
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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE:
A
Midsommer Nights Dreame.

FOREWORDS.

Shakspere 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 gossipt. 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 cheery 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 Shakspere'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. i. 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. Shakspere 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 artisans 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 temperey 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 cold 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 'Myrour 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. ¹ 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 perform'd, I think Stowe would have notisit it.

The best Quarto of the Midsummer Nights Dreame is the first, issued by Thomas Fisher in 1600, and enter'd in the Stationers' Company's Register on "8 Octobris, Thomas Fyssher. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Master Rodes / and the Wardens. A booke called A mydsommer nightes Dreame. vj".—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 Shakspere's Comedies. The plot of the Dreame, such as it is, was Shakspere'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 englising of Amiot's French translation of Plutarch's Lives, as well as the names Perigenia (Perigouna in North), Ægles, 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 Shakspere's mind when he was writing of Theseus and Hippolita, and of Philostrate, the name that Arcite

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*. Shakspere'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 displayd on a background described in
Laneham's Letter on Leicester's Entertainment to Elizabeth at
Kenilworth in 1575\textsuperscript{1} and in Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

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

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

THESEUS, Duke of Athens (betrothed to HIPPOLITA), I.i.1, p. 46; IV.i.108, p. 46; V.i.2, p. 52.

EGEUS, father of HERMIA, I.i.29, p. 2; IV.i.127, p. 47.

LYSANDER, loving, & loud by, HERMIA, I.i.92, p. 4; II.i.35, 103, pp. 20, 22; III.i.125, 401, pp. 33, 45; IV.i.149, p. 48; V.i.39, p. 53.

DEMETRIUS, loving, but not loud by, HERMIA, the loved by HELENA, I.i.91, p. 3; II.i.188, p. 15; II.i.85, p. 21; III.i.43, 137, 404, pp. 33, 41; IV.i.159, p. 48; V.i.152, p. 56.

PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to THESEUS, I.i,* p. 1; V.i.38, p. 53.

HIPPOLITA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to THESEUS, I.i.7, p. 1; IV.i.111, p. 47; V.i.1, 207, pp. 52, 58.

HERMIA, EGEUS’s daughter, in love with LYSANDER, I.i.33, p. 2; II.i.39, 145, pp. 20, 23; III.i.45, 171, 442, pp. 31, 34, 42; IV.i.188, p. 49; V.i,* p. 52.

HELENA (NEDAR’s daughter), in love with DEMETRIUS, I.i.81, p. 6; II.i.195, p. 16; II.i.84, p. 21; III.i.128, 431, pp. 33, 42; IV.i.189, p. 49; V.i,* p. 52.

‘The Clownes.’ Actors in the Entertlude. (‘Hardhanded men that worke in Athens,’ V.i.72, p. 54.)

GUINCE the Carpenter (and Manager), I.i.i, p. 8; III.i.9, 104, pp. 24, 27; IV. ii.1, p. 50.

as PROLOGUE (the cast for THISBES Father), I.i.54, p. 10, V.i.108, p. 55.

SNUGGE the Joiner, I.i.37, p. 10; III.i.44, p. 25; IV.i.15, p. 51.

as LION, V.i.219, p. 58.

BOTTOM the Weaver, I.i.8, p. 8; III.i.1, p. 24; IV.i.5, 199, pp. 43, 49; IV. ii.23, p. 51.

as PYRAMUS, V.i.168, 262, 338, pp. 57, 60, 62.

FLUTE the Bellowes-mender, I.i.8, p. 9; III.i.77, p. 26; IV.i.5, p. 50.

as THISBY, V.i.185, 254, 312, pp. 57, 59, 61.

x
The Names of all the Actors.

SNOUT the Tinker, I.i.53, p. 10; III.i.12, 101, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii,*p. 50.

as WALL (the cast for PYRAMUS Father, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.154, p. 55.

STARELING the Tylor, I.i.50, p. 9; III.i.23, p. 24; IV.ii.3, p. 50.

as MOONSHINE (the cast for THISBIES Mother, I.i.51, p. 9), V.i.232, p. 59.

(TAWYER, with a Trumpet, V.i.125-6,*p. 55.)

Fairies.

OBERON, King of Fairies (with his train), II.i.50, p. 13; II.i.27, p. 20; III.ii.5, p. 29; IV.i.45, p. 45; V.i.377, p. 63.

TYTANIA, Queen of Fairies (with her train), II.i.61, p. 23; II.i.7, p. 19; III.i.113, p. 27; IV.i.50, p. 46; V.i.357, p. 63.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, or FOO (OBERON'S attendant), II.i.1, 248, pp. 11, 18; II.i.65, p. 21; III.i.76, p. 26; III.i.6, 321, pp. 30, 42; IV.i.53, p. 46; V.i.383, p. 63.

A Fairie, II.i.2, p. 11. Fairies (with a song), II.i.9, p. 19.

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

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

MOTH, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.4, p. 43.

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

TYTANIAS Attendants.

Scene: Athens, Theseuses Palace, & Quinces house; & a Wood near Athens.

Time: April 29, 30, May 1, and May 2 at V.1.349.

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 -ed final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the s is printed ſ.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

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

Written by William Shakespeare.

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

Actus Primus.* Scena Prima.


Enter Theseus, Hippolita, & Philostrate, with others.

Theseus.

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

Hippolita. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselfes in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a filuer bowe,
New bent in heauen, shall beholde the night
Of our solemnities.

Theseus. 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 fword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

---

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

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!  
The. Thankes, good Egeus! What 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 gratious Duke,  
This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe.  
¶ Thou, thou, Lysander! thou hast given her rimes  
And interchang’d lone-tokens with my childe:  
Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,  
With faining voice, verfes of faining loue,  
And stolne the impression of her phantasie  
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,  
Knackes, trifles, nogegales, sweete-meates, (messengers  
Of strong preuailement in unhardened youth:)  
With cunning hast thou fileht my daughters heart,  
Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee,)  
To stubborne harshneffe. ¶ And, my gratious Duke,  
Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,  
Confent to marry with Demetrius,  
I beg the auncient priviledge of Athens:  
As the 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 prouided, in that cafe.  
The. What say you, Hermia? Be aduif’d, faire maid!  
To you, your father should be as a God:  
One that compol’d your beauties; yea, and one  
To whome you are but as a forme in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leau the figure, or disfigure it:  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.  
Her. So is Lysander.  
The. In himselfe he is:  
I. i. 20-53.]
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

But, in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
   *Her. I would my father looke 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 worse 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 yeeld not to your fathers choyce,) You can endure the linery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady cloyfter mew'd,
To liue a barraine sifter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the colde fruitleffe Moone.
Thrie bleffed they that mafter so theire* bloode,
To vndergoe fuch maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlyer happy, is the rofe distild,
Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in fingle bleffedneffe!
   *Her. So will I growe, so liue, so die, my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordshippes, whose vnwishe'd yoake
My soule confents not to giue fourainty.
   *The. Take time to pawfe, and, by the next newe moone,
(The fealing day betwixt my loue and mee
For euerlafting 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, aufferitie and fingle life.

   *74. theire] their Q2, F. there Q.

Deme. Relent, sweete Hermia! ¶ and, Lyfander, yeeld

[1. 1. 54-91.]
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Thy crazed title to my certaine right!

Lyf. You haue her fathers Ioue, Demetrius;
Let me haue Hermias! doe you marry him!

Egeus. Scornefull Lysander! true, he hath my Ioue;
And what is mine, my Ioue shall render him.
And she is mine; and all my right of her,
I doe estate vnto Demetrius.

Lysand. I am, my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well possest; my Ioue is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairely rankt
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius:
And (which is more then all thefe boaftes can be,) I am belou'd of beautious Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius (Ile auouch it to his heade!)
Made Ioue to Nedars daughter, Helena,
And won her foule; and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I muft confesfe that I haue heard fo much;
And, with Demetrius, thought to haue spoke thereof;
But, being ouer full of Ielfe affaires,
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 Ielfe
To fit your fancies to your fathers will;
Or else, the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of fingle life.
¶ Come, my Hyppolita! what cheare, my Ioue? ¶ Demetrius and Egeus,* goe along!
I muft employ you in some businesse,
Againft our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of some thing, nerely that concernes your felves.

Ege. With duety and defire, we follow you.

¶ Exeunt. Manet Lysander and Hermia.†

*123. Egeus] Q2, F. Egeu Q.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Lysand. How now, my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?

Her. Well, for want of raine, which I could well

Beteme them, from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Eigh me! for aught that I could ever reade,

Could ever here by tale or history,
The courfe of true loue neuer did runne smoothe;

But either it was different in bloud;

(Heir. O croffe! too high to be inthralld to lowe.)

Lys. Or else misgrafted, in respect of yeares;

(Heir. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.)

Lys. Or else, it floode vpon the choyce of friends;

(Heir. O hell! to choose loue by anothers eyes.)

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,

Warre, death, or ficknesse, did lay fiege 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 heaven and earth,

And, ere a man hath power to say, 'Beholde!'

The iawes of darkeneffe do deuoure it vp

So quicke, bright things come to confusion!

Her. If, then, true louers haue bin euer crost,

It stands as an edict in destiny;

Then let vs teach our triall, patience,

Because it is a customeary crose,

As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,

Withes, and teares, poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perswasion: therefore, heare mee, Hermia!

I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,

Of great reuenew, and the hath no childe:

From Athens is her house remote, seauen leagues;

And she respectes mee as her only sonne.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And, to that place, the sharpe Athenian law

Can not purfue vs. If thou louest mee, then,

Steale forth thy fathers house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the towne,
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do obseruance to a morne of May,)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. [takes Lys.'s hand] My good Lyfander! I swear to thee, by Cupids strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of Venus does,
By that which knitteth foules, and prospers loues,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queene,
When the false Trojan under saile was seen,
By all the vows that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spake!)
In that same place thou hast appointed mee,
To-morrow truly will I meete with thee!

Lyf. Keep promise, love! Look, here comes Helena!

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, faire Helena! whither away?

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

Demetrius loues your 'faire': o happy 'faire'!

Your eyes are loadstarres; and your tongue's sweete aire

More tunable then larke, to sheepheards care,

When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.

Sicknesse is catching: O, were fauour fo,

Your words I'de catch, 'faire' Hermia, ere I goe;

My care should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody!

Were the world mine, (Demetrius being bated,)

The rest ile glue to be to you translatted.

O, teach mee how you looke; and with what Art,

You sway the motion of Demetrius heart!

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil!

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

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moue!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows mee.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.

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

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182. your] Q. you F. 187. Ide] F2. I Qq, F. ide Hanmer
191. IDE] Q, F.
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 Lyfander see,

Seem'd Athens as a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my louse dooe dwell,

That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

Lyf. Helen! to you our mindes wee will vnfould:

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth beholde

Her filuer visage in the watry* glasse,

Decking with liquid pearle the bladed graffe,

(A time that louers flights doth still conceale)

Through Athens gates, haue wee deuif'd to sleepe.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,

Vpon fant Primrofe beddes were wont to lye,

(Emptying our bosomes, 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!

† Keepe word, Lyfander! we must starue our fight

From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

[Exit Hermia.

Lyf. I will, my Hermia. † Helena, adieu!

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!  [Exit Lysander.

Hel. How happie some, ore otherfome can be!

Through Athens, I am thought as faire as thee.

But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so;

He will not knowe, what all but hee doe know.

And as hee erreth, doting on Hermias eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,

Loue can transpose 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 judgement taste;

Wings, and no eyes, figure vnheedy haffe.

[207. unto a] Q. into Q2, F. *210. watry] watty Q. watry Q2, F.

7 [I. i. 201-237.]
And therefore is love said to bee a childe,
Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil’d.
As waggish boyes, in game themselues forswear,
So the boy, Love, is periur’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 diffolued, and shoures of othes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire Hermias flight:
Then to the Wodde, will he, to morrow night
Purue her:
[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 Starueling 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, be-
fore the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good Peeter Quince, lay what the Play treats on;
then read the names of the Actors; & so grow to a point!

Quin. Mary, our Play is, ‘The most lamentable comedy,
and most cruel death, of Pyramus and Thisby.’

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I assure you, & a merry!
Now, good Peeter Quince, call forth your Actors, by the
scrowle! ¶ Misters, spreade your selues! [They do so. 13
Quin. Answere, as I call you. ¶ Nick Bottom, the Weauer?
Bot. Readie! Name what part I am for, and proceede!
Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set downe for Pyramus. 16
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Bott. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?  
Quin. A lover, that kils himselfe, moft gallant, for loue.  
Bott. That will ake some teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes! I wil moone stormes! I will condole, in some measure! To the reft! . . . yet my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all splitt.  

The raging rocks:  
And shiuering shocks  
Shall breake the lockes  
Of prison gates!  
And Phibbus carre  
Shall shine from farre,  
And make & marre  
The foolish Fates!  

This was loftie! Now, name the reft of the Players! This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: A lover is more condoling!  
Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender?  
Flu. Here, Peeter Quince!  
Quin. Flute, you must take Thysby on you.  
Flut.* What is Thysby? 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 coming. [strokes his chin.]  
Quin. That's all one! you shall play it in a Maske; and you may speake as small as you will.  
Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play Thysby too!† Ile speake in a monftrous little voice, thifne, thifne: 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover deare! thy Thysby deare, & Lady deare!'  
Qu. No, no! you must play Pyramus: ¶ & Flute, you Thysby.  
Bot. Well, proceede!  
Qu. Robin Starueling, the Tailer?  
Star. Here, Peeter Quince!  
Quin. Robin Starueling, you must play Thysbyes mother.  
¶ Tom Snowte, the Tinker?

---

*37. Flut. F. Fla. Q1, 2. way, this way. 'Thisne, Thisne'
†43. too] F. to Q1, 2. Q, F.
44. thisne, thisne = this'n, this
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Snow. Here, Peter Quince!

Quin. You, Pyramus father; my selfe, Thisbe's father.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, give it mee; [holds out his hand] for I am flowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it extempore; for it is nothing but roaring.

Bott. Let me 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 aggrauate 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 moost lovely gentlemaulike man: therefore you must needes play Piramus.

Bot. Well; I will vndertake it. What beard were I beft 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-crownе-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, Maisters! here are your parts! [gives em] And I am to intreat you, request you, and defire you, to con them by to morrow night; and meeete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moonelight: there will wee rehearfe: for if wee meeete [89
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

in the city, wee shall be dogd with company, and our deuifes known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, faile me not.

Bot. Wee will meete; & there we may rehearse most oblicenely, and coragiously. Take paines! bee perfitt! adieu!

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete.

Bot. Enough! holde, or cut bowstringes!

[Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.* Scena Prima.

A Wood neere 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 sphere;
And I serue the Fairy Queene,
To dew her orbs vpon the green.
The cowflippes tall, her Pensioners bee;
In their gold coats, spottes you see:
Thofe be Rubies, Fairie fauours;
In thofe freckles, line their fauours.
I muft goe feeke fome dew-droppes here,
And hang a pearle in euery cowflippes eare.
Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirits! Ie 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 paffing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy, stolen from an Indian king:

(She never had so sweete a changeling;) 23
And jealous Oberon would have the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde. 25
But thee, perforce, withhoulds the louèd boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy. 27
And now, they never meete in groue or greene,
By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,
But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there. 29

Fa. Either I mistake your shape and making, quite,
Or els you are that threwe and knauish sprite 33
Call'd Robin goodfellow. Are not you hee
That frights the maidens of the Villageree; 35
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleffe make the breathleffe huswife cherne;
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme;
Misselead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme? 37
Thofe, that 'Hobgoblin' call you, and 'sweete Puck,'
You doe their worke, and they shall have good luck. 39
Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speakest aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night. 43
I ieat to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile, 45
Neyghing in likenesse of a filly foole.
And sometime lurke I in a gosslipes bole,
In very likenesse of a rosted crabb;
And, when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop\(^1\) poure the ale. 47
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime, for three foote stoole, misfaketh mee:
Then flippe I from her bumme: downe toples she,
And 'tailour' cryes, and falles into a coffe; 51
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe, 53
And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and sweare
'A merrier howre was never wafted there!' 55
But roome, Faery! here comes Oberon !

Fa. And here, my mistresse! Would that he were gon! 59

---

\(^1\) C. lop-ear'd rabbits. 46. *filly* Q. silly Q2,F. 55. loffe = laugh.
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 forfowrne his bedde, and company.
Ob. Tarry, rath wanton! Am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Ten I muft be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haft stollen away from Fairy land,
And, (in the shape of Corin,) fat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and verfing loue,
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
(Come from the farthest steppe of India,)
But that, forfooth, the bouncing Amayon,
Your bukind mistrefse, and your warriour loue,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, joy and prosperitie?
Ob. How canft thou thus, (for shame,) Tytania,
Glaunce 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 rauihed?
And make him, with faire Aegle breake his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Quee. These are the forgeries of iecolousie:
And neuer, (since the middle Sommers spring,) Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beachèd margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whistling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haft diursturb our sport.
Therefore the windes, pyng to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue suckt vp from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euer pelting riever made so proude,
That they haue ouerbome their Continents.

---

61. Fairy]Q1, 2, F: theonechief
or attendant Fairy of line 58; the
‘traine’ who enter, fall back; but
all are included in the ‘Fairies’ of

1. 144. 69. steppe] stepe Q2, F.
79. Aegle] Rowe. Eagles Q1, 2, F.
13 [II. i. 60-92.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Ox hath therefore fretted his yoke in vain,
The Ploughman loth his sweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fattened with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fill'd vp with mudde,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lack of tread, are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter here:
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 distemperature, wee see
The seasons 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 budges,
Is, as in mockery, fet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childling Autumn, angry Winter, change
Their wonted Liveryes; and the maz'd worlde,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils, comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their Parents and originall.

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

Queen. Set your heart at rest!
The Faery Land buies not the child of mee!
His mother was a Votresse of my order;
And in the spiced Indian ayer, by night,
Full often hath the goffipt by my side,
And fat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
Marking th'emark'd traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to see the failes conceaue,
A Midsummer Night's 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 upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her sake, doe I rear vp her boy;
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. 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!

Ob. Give mee that boy, and I will goe with thee!
Que. Not for thy Fairy kingdom! ¶ Fairies, away!

We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay!

Exeunt Titania and her Traine.

Ob. Well: goe thy way! Thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this injury!
¶ My gentle Pucke, come hither! Thou remembrest,

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vittering 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!

Ob. That very time, I saw, (but thou could'st not,)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by the † west,
And loof'd his lone-shaft smartrly from his bowe,
As it should Pearce a hundred thousand hearts;
But, I might see young Cupids fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaff beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votresse paffed on,
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free!
Yet mark I, where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before, milk-white; now purple, with Lous' wound,
And maidens call it, 'Loue-in-idlenesse.'
Fetch mee that flowre! the herbe I shewed thee once.
The iewece of it, on sleeping eyelidde laide,
Will make, or man or woman, madely dote
Vpon the next line creature that it sees.
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here again
Ere the Leuiathan can swimme a league!
Pu. Ile put a girdle, round about the earth,
In forty minutes!

Oberon. Hauing once this iuice,
Ile watch Titania, when she is a-sleepe,
And droppe the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then, she, waking, lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monky, or on busie Ape,) She shall pursue it, with the foule of Loun. And ere I take this charm from off* her fight, (As I can take it with another herbe,) He make her render vp her Page to mee. But who comes here? I am inuible;
And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

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

Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant! But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart

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*183. from off] from of [== off] Q1, 2, F. Q; off from Q2, F.
190. stay . . stayeth] Theobald (Thirlby conj.).
192. wodde = mad. †194. that] Q2, F. the Q.
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Is true as feele. Leaue you your power to draw,  
And I shall hane no power to follow you!

Deme. Doe I entifie you? Doe I speake you faire?  
Or rather, doe I not, in plaineft truthe,
Tell you, 'I doe not, nor* I cannot loue you'?

Hele. And even for that, do I loue you the more;
I am your Spaniell! and, Demetrius,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Vie me but as your Spaniell! spurne me, strike mee,
Neglect mee, loose me! onely give me leaue,
(Vnworthie as I am,) to follow you!

What worser place can I begge in your loue,
(And yet, a place of high respect with mee,)
Then to be vfed as you vie your dogge?

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

Hele. And I am fick 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 priviledge. For that
It is not night when I doe fee 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 wildeft hath not fuch 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 fpeede to catch the Tigre. Bootelesse speede,
When cowardife pursues, and valour flies!

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*201. nor] F. not Q1, 2.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions! Let me goe! Or, if thou followe mee, do not beleue But I shall doe thee mischiefe in the wood. Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fiede, You doe me mischiefe! By, Demetrius! Your wrongs doe set a scandal on my sex! We cannot fight for loute, as men may doe; We shou'd be woo'd, and were not made to wooe! [Exit Demetrius.

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

Ob. Fare thee well, Nymph! Ere he do leaue this groue, Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loute! [Exeunt.

Re-enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is! [holds it out.] I know a banke, where the wilde time blowes, Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes, Quête overcanop'd, with lustious woodbine, With sweete muske roges, and with Eglantine: There sleepe Tytania, sometime of the night, Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight; And there the snake, throwes her enamled skinne, Weed, wide enough, to wrappe a Fairy in. And, with the iuyce of this, Ile treake her eyes, And make her full of hatefull phantasies. Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue! A sweete Athenian Lady, is in lune With a didaiefull youth: annoint his eyes; But doe it, when the next thing he espies, May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man By the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may proue More fond on her, then she vpon her loute: And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe! Pu. Feare not, my Lord! your servant shall do fo. [Exeunt.

238. the fiede]Q. and fiede Q2, F. 251. ? An Alexandrine, or Quite *244. Exit Helena.] Exit. Q2, F. ouer | canopi'd | 2 measures or feet.
II. i. 235-268.] 18
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Woode.

Enter Titania, Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

_que_. 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 Remorse, 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 seen!
Newts and blinde-wormes, do no wrong!
Come not neere our Fairy Queen!
Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our sweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby! lulla, lulla, lullaby!

Neuer harme,
Nor spell, nor charme,
Come our lovely lady nigh!
So, good night, with lullaby!

1. Fai. Weaung Spiders, come not heere!
Hence, you long legd Spinners, hence!
Beetles blacke, approach not neere!
Worme nor snaile, doe no offence!

All. Philomele, with melody, &c. [Titania sleepe.†
2. Fai. Hence, away! now all is well:
One aloofe, stand Centinell! [Exeunt Fairies.

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*7. a-sleepe] Q2, F. a sleepe Q. sleepe. F (after line 26).
20. 1. Fai.] 2 Fairy Q. 25. 2. Fai.] Q. 1 Fairy F.
†24. Titania sleepe.] Shee
Enter Oberon.  He squeezes juuce from the Pansy on
TITANIAS clos'd eyelids.

Ob.  What thou feest when thou doest wake,
Doe it for thy true loue take!
Loue and languish for his sake!
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appeare
When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare!
Wake, when some vile thing is neere!  [Exit.

Enter Lysander, and Hermia.

Lys.  Faire loue!  you fainte with wandring in the wood;
And to speake troth, I haue forgot our way!
Weele reft vs, Hermia, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort* of the day.
Her.  Be it so, Lysander! finde you out a bedde!
For I, vpon this banke will reft my head.  [Lyes downe.

Lys.  One turfe shall serve as pillow for vs both;
One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth!
Her.  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!
Loue 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 bosomes' interchained with an oath;
So then, 'two bosomes,' and a single 'troth.'
Then, by your side, no bed-room me deny;
For, 'lying' fo, Hermia, I doe not 'lye'!

Her.  Lysander riddles very prettily!
Now, much bevhrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander 'lyed'!
But, gentle friend, for loue 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.  is] Q2, F.  it Q.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Becomes a vertuous batcheler and a maide: [points away. 59
So farre, be diftant! 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 gieue thee all his ref!

[Lyes downe apart.

Her. With halfe that with, the wishers eyes be preft! 65

[They sleepe.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the forreft 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 here?
Weedes of Athens he doth weare!
This is hee (my master faide)
Desipifed the Athenian maide!

[Sees Hermia. 73
And here the maiden, sleepping found,
On the danke and dirty ground!
Pretty fowle! the durt not lye
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtese!
† Churle! vpon thy eyes I throwe

[Sees Lysander. 69
All the power this charme doth owne!
When thou wak'ft, let loue forbidde
Sleepe, his seat 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) leaue mee? doe not fo!
De. Stay, on thy perill! I alone will goe! [Exit.† 87
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chafe!
The more my prayer, the lesse is my grace!
Happie is Hermia, wherefore she lies;

*65. They sleepe.] F.  †87. Exit.] Exit Demetrius, F.
21  [II. ii. 59-90.
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

For she hath blest and attracting eyes!

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares!

If so, my eyes are oftner wafted then hers.

No, no! I am as vgly as a Beare;

For beasts that meete mee, runne away for feare!

Therefore, no maruaile though Demetrious

Doe, as a monster, fly my presence thus!

What wicked and dissimbling glasse of mine,

Made me compare with Hermias sphery eyen? [seeS Lys. 99

But who is here? Lysander? on the ground?

Dead? or a-sleepe? I see no blood, no wound! 101

Lys. [Waking] And runne through fire I will, for thy sweete sake!

Transparent Helena! Nature shews Arte,

That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart!

Where is Demetrious? Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name, to perish on my sword?

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander! say not so!

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content!

Lys. 'Content' with 'Hermia'? No! I doe repent

The tedious minutes I with her have spent!

Not 'Hermia,' but Helena, I love!

Who will not change a Rauen for a doe?

The will of man, is by his reason swa'd;

And 'reason' faies 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

Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke!

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorne?

Ift not enough, ift not enough, young man,

That I did newer, no, nor newer can,

Deserve a sweete looke from Demetrious eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you doe mee wrong, (good troth, you doe!)

IL. ii. 91-129.] 22
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

In such disdainfull manner mee to wooe!
But fare you well! perforce, I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
O, that a Ladie, of one man refu’d,
Should of another, therefore be abus’d! [Exit.]

Lyf. She sees not Hermia! ¶ Hermia, sleepe thou there;
And never maist thou come Lyfander neere!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,
The deepest loathing, to the stomach brings:
Or, as the heresies that men doe leaua,
Are hated most of those they did deceiue,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresie,
Of all bee hated! but the most, of mee!
And, all my powers, address ye your loue and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.]

Her. [Waking] Helpe mee, Lyfander! helpe mee! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my brest!
Ay mee, for pittie! What a dreame was here!
Lyfander! looke how I doe quake with feare!
Me thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel pray!
Lyfander! what! remou’d? Lyfander! Lord!
What! out of hearing gon? No found? no word?
Alacke! where are you? Speake, and if you heare!
Speake, of all loues! I swoune almost with feare!
No? then I well perceiue you are not ny:
Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately! [Exit.

[II. ii. 130-156.]

23
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.


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

Bott. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat! and here's a maruailes convenient place, for our rehearfall! This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauhorne-brake our tyring house [points to them]; and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke! 5

Bott. Peeter Quince?

Quin. What faieft thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy, of Pyramus and Thifby, that will never please. 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 muft leave 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 feeme to fay, 'we wil do no harme with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kild indeede': and for the more better assurance, tel them that 'I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weauer'! this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well! wee will haue such a Prologue; and it fhall 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 promise you!

Bot. Mafters, you ought to confider with your felues,† to bring in (God shielde 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. | Cp. 'maruailes hairy,' IV. i. 24,
2. maruailes] Q: its way of spelling the marualous 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!' 31

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

Quin. Well: it fhall be fo! 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 fhine* that night we play our Play?

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

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

Bo. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may shine in at the casement. 51

Quin. I! or els, one muft come in with a biffh of thorns & a lantern, and fay 'he comes to disfigure, or to present, the perfon of Moone fhine.' Then, there is another thing: we muft haue a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus & Thisby (faies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall. 56

Snout. You can never bring in a wal'! Whatfay you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other muft preſent 'wal,' and let him haue fome platter, or fome lome, or fome rough-caft, about him; to signifie 'wal'; and let him holde his fingers thus [↓]; and through that crany, fhall Pyramus and Thisby whifper. 61

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe every mothers fonne, and rehefe your parts! [They sit downe.] ¶ Pyramus, you beginne! when you haue fpoken your speeche, enter into that Brake1! and fo euer yone 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. 49. Bot.] Q2, F. Cet. Q. 60. and] Delius (Collier). or Q1, 2, F. 1 See line 4, abov, p. 24. 25

[III. i. 30-65.]
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Enter Robin (Pucke), behind.

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

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

[They advance.

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

Odours savours sweete:

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thyby deare!

But harke! a voice! stay thou but here 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.

Thyf. [Flute.] Must I speake now? Quin. I, marry, must you! For you must understand, he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyf. Most radiant Pyramus! most little white of hewel! (Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer;)

Most briskly luxenall, and eke most lovely lewe! As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre, Ile meete thee, Pyramus, at Ninnies toumbe!

Quin. 'Ninus toumbe,' man! Why! you must not speake that yet! That, you answer to Pyramus! You speake at your part at once, cues and all! ¶ Pyramus, enter! your cue is past: It is; 'neuer tire.'

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

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

Py. If I were faire, Thyby, I were onely thine! . . . Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted! Pray, masters, fly!|| masters, helpe! [The Clowmes all exeunt, save Bottom.

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*69. too] Q2, F. to Q. || 89. Enter . . . Asse head.] F †72. odours] F. odorous Q1, 2. ||after l. 98. ‡76. Puck] F. Quin. Q1, 2. ||92. fly] sly Q. III. i. 66-92.] 26
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Rob. Ile follow you! Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bushe, through brake, through bryer!
Sometime a horfe Ile be, sometime a hound,
A hogge, a headless Beare, sometime a tier,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horfe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne! [Exit.

Bott. Why do they runne away? This is a knauery
of them, to make mee afeard.

Re-enter Snowte.

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chaung'd! What do I fee on thee?
Bot. What do you fee? 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.

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

[Sings] The Wooffell cock, so blake of hewe,
With Orange tawny hill,
The Throjile, with his note so true,
The Wren, with little quill, ...
(Tytania. [wakes] What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?)

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

Forindeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a birde? Who would give a bird the ly, though hee cry 'Cuckow,' neuer fo?

Tita. [rises] I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe!

Myne care is much enamoured of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moove mee,
On the first viewe, to say, to sware, 'I loue thee!'

Bott. Meethinks, mitresse, you should have little reason
for that! And yet, to say the truth, reaon and loue keepe
little company together, now a daies! The more the pitty,
that some honest neighbours will not make them friends!
Nay, I can gleeke, 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 ferue 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 Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my flate;)
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 sing, while thou on presiied flowers doft sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grosseneffe so,
That thou shalt, like an avery spirit, goe.
"Pease-blosome! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seede!

Enter these foure Fairyes.

1. Fairie. Readie!

2. Fairie. And I!

3. Fairie. And I!

4. Fairie. And I!

All 4. Where shal we goe?

Tita. 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 arife;
And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes!
Nod to him, Elues, and doe him curtesies! [They do so. 155

1. Fai. Haile, mortall!

*132. owne] Q2, F. owe Q.
144. 1. Fairie ... All] Capell.
'Fairies. Readie: and I, and I, and I.' Q, F.
146-155: the only instance of 10 consecutive identical rymes in Shak-
spere. See 8 in y, below, p. 32; and 8 in -e, p. 46; and 7 in -ing, Lucrece, 428-434.
156-159. 1. Fairie ... 4. Fairie.

III. 1. 128-156.] 28
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.


4. Fairie. Haile! Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily! I beseech your worshippes name!

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

† Your name, honest gentleman?


† Your name, I beseech you, sir!

Must. Mustardseede! Bot. Good master Mustardseede, I know your patience well. That fame cowardly gantlike 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 Mustardseede.

Tita. Come, waite vpon him! leade him to my bower! The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye;

And when shee weepes, weepes euery little flower, Lamenting some enforced chaftitie!

Ty vp my louers tongue! bring him silently!

[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 extreamitie!

A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger! How now, mad spirit?

Puck. What night-rule now, about this haunted grove?

Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, upon Athenian stalles,
Were met together, to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day.

The shallowest thickskinne of that barraine fort,
(Who Pyramus presented in their sport,)
Forfooke his Scene, and entred in a brake.
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Asses nole I fix'd on his head.
Anon his Thiebie must be answer'd;
And forth my Minnick comes! When they him spy,—
As wilde geefe, that the creeping Fouler eye,
Or ruflet-pated choughes, many in fort
(Ryfing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)
Seuer themselfes, and madly sweepe the sky,
So, at his fight,—away his fellowes fly!
And, at our flampe, here, ore and ore, one falles;
He 'murther' cryes, and 'helpe' from Athens cals.
Their fenfe thus weake, loft with their feares thus strong,
Made fenfeleffe things begin to doe them wrong;
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell snatch:
Some, fleenes; some, hats; from yeelders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted feare,
And left sweete Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to passe,) Tytania wak't, and ftraight-way lou'd an Affe!

Ob. This falles out better then I could deuife!
But haft thou yet latcht the Athenians eyes,
With the lone juice, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleepeing, (that is finisht too!*)
And the Athenian woman by his fide;
That, when he wak't, of force she muft be ey'd.

*38. too] to Qq, F.

III. ii. 4-40.]  

30
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

O. Stand close! this is the same Athenian.
Rob. This is the woman; but not this the man!
Demet. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Hermia. Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe!
Demet. Now I but chide: but I should see thee worse,
For thou (I fear,) hast given me cause to curse!
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being more sordid in blood, plunge in the deep,
& kill mee too!* 

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As hee to mee! Would hee haue stolen away
From* sleeping Hermia? Ile beleue as soone,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displeafe
Her brothers noonetide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou haft murdred him!
So, shoulde a murtherer looke! so dead, so grimme!

Dem. 'So should' the murthered 'looke,' and 'so should,' I,
Pearst through the heart with your sferne cruelty!
Yet you, the 'murtherer,' looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder Venus, in her glimmering sphere. [points to V.

Hermia. What's this to my Lysander? Where is hee?
Ah, good Demetrius! wilt thou give him mee?

Demet. I had rather giae his carcasse to my hounds!

Hermia. Out, dog! out, curre! thou driu'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience! Hast thou slaine him, then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men!

O, once tell true! tell true, euen for my sake!
Durft thou haue looke vp on 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 thynce, (thou serpent!) neuer Adder stung!

Demet. You spende your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's bloode;
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.

Hermia. I pray thee, tell mee, then, that he is well.

*49. too] F. to Q1, 2. +52. from] Q2, F. Frow Q.

[III. ii. 41-77.]
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

De. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priuileidge, neuer to see mee more:
And from thy hated presonce 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 forrowes heauineffe doth heauier growe,
For debt, that bankrout sleepe doth forrow owte:
Which now (in some flight meausre) it will pay;
If (for his tender) here I make some stay.

[Lydes doune & sleepe.

Ob. [to Rob.] What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laied the loue-iuice on some true loues fight!
Of thy mitrision, must perforce enlue
Some true loue turnd, and not a falfe turnd true!
Robi. Then fate oerrules, that, one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath!
Ob. About the wood, goe twifter then the winde!
And Helena of Athens, looke thou finde!
All fancy-ficke she is, and pale of cheere,
With fighes of loue, that cofts the fresh blood deare.
By some illusion, fee thou bring her here!
He charme his eyes, against he doe appeare.
Robin. I goe, I goe! looke how I goe!
Swifter then arrow, from the Tartars bowe! [Exit. 101
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,
Helena is heere at hande;
And the youth, mistooke by mee,
Pleading for a louers fee.
Shall wee their fond pageant fee?
Lord! what fooles these mortals bee!
Ob. Stand aside! The noyse they make,
Will caufe Demetrius to awake.
Pu. Then will two, at once wooe one!
That must needes be sport alone;
And those things do best please mee,
That befall prepositoufly.

Enter Lysander, and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should wooe in scorne?
Scorne and derision, never come in teares.
Looke, when I vow, I weep; and vowes so borne,
In their natuittie all truth appeares.
How can these things in mee, seeme scorne to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prooue them true?
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more and more.
When trueth kills truth, o diueltish-holy fray!
These vowes are Hermias. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her and mee, (put in two fcales,)
Will euon weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.
Lys. Demetrius loues her; and he loues not you.
Deme. [Waking] Oh Helen! goddeffe, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne?
Christall is muddy! O, how ripe in shewe,
Thy lippes, those kissing cherries, tempting growe!
That pure coniealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fand with the Easterne winde, turns to a crowe,
When thou holdst vp thy hand! O! let me kiffe

[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 Nightes Dreame.

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

Lyfand. You are vnkinde, Demetrius! be not so!
For you loue Hermia; this, you know, I know;
And heare,1 with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermias loue I yeeld 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 waste more idle breath!

Deme. Lyfander, keepe thy Hermia! I will none!
If ere I lou’d her, all that loue is gone!
My heart to her, but as guestwife foround;
And now to Helen, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.

Lyf. 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 impaire the seeing sense,
It payes the hearing, double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, Lyfander, found:
Mine eare, (I thanke it,) brought me to thy found!

1 heare = here.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?

_Leave_. Why shoulde he stay, whom loue doth presse to go?
_Her_. What loue’ could preffe _Lysander_ from my side?
_Leave_. _Lysanders_ loue,’ (that would not let him bide,) 186

Faire Helena! who more engilds the night
Then all your fiery oes and eyes of light. [points to stars.

Why seekst thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so?

_Her_. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee!

_Hel_. Lo! she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive, they have conjoyned all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spite of mee.
¶ Inuirous Hermia! most vngratefull maide!
Haue you conspir’d, haue you with these contriu’d,
To baite mee with this fonle derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar’d,
(The firstes vowes, the howers that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie-footed time
For parting vs;) O, is all forgot?

All schooldaies friendship, childhood innocence?
VVee, 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 fides, voyces and mindes,
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition:

Two loueely 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 crowned with one creast.
And will you rent our auncient loue afunder,
To ioyne with men in scorning 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 feele the injury!

_Her_. I am amaz’d at your words!

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213. *like* Theobald (Folkes conj.). life Qr, 2, F.

III. ii. 183-220.
I sorne you not! It seemes that you sorne mee!

Hel. Haue you not set Lyfander, as in sorne,
To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other lone, Demetrius,
(Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote,)
To call mee ‘godesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Pretious, celestiall’? Wherefore spake he this
To her he hates? And wherfore doth Lyfander
Deny your lone, (so rich within his soule,)
And tender mee (forfoth!) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with lone, so fortunate,
(But miserable moft, to lone vnlon’d)?
This you should pittie, rather then despise!

Her. I understand not what you meane by this!

Hel. I! doe! Perfuer! counterfeit sad lookses!
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back!
Winke each at other! holde the sweete ieast vp!
This sport, well carried, shall bee chronicled!
If you have any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.
But fare ye well! tis partly my owne fault;
Which death, or absence foone shall remedy! [Walks away.

Lyf. Stay, gentle Helena! heare my excuse,
My lone! my life! my soule! faire Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Herm. Sweete! doe not sorne her so!

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.

Lyf. Thou canst ‘compell’ no more, then she ‘intreat.’

Thy threats have no more strength then her weake praiers.

I! Helen! I lone thee! by my life I doe!
I fware by that which I will loofe for thee,
To proue him false, that faies I lone thee not!

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

Lyf. If thou say so, withdrawe, and proue it too!*

Dem. Quick, come!

250. praiers] Theobald. praise Q1, 2, F.
*255. too] F. to Q1, 2.
A Midsommer Nightes 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.] Seeme to breake 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 lone?

Lyf. Thy 'loue'! Out, tawny Tartar, out! 263

Out, loathed medicine! 6 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.] Ie not truft
your word!

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

Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
'Hate' mee wherefore? 0 me! what newes, my loue?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lyfander?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night, you lou'd mee; yet 'since night,' you left mee;
Why then, 'you left mee' (6, the gods forbid!)
In earneft, shall I say?

Lyf. I, by my life!

And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Therefore* be out of hope, of queffion, of doubt;
Be certaine! nothing truer! tis no ieast,

That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena!

Her. 0 mee! [[To Hel.] You juggler! you canker blosome!

You theefe of loue! what? haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine, I faith! 284

257. Dem. would have said to Hermia, 'No, no : heele not fight!

He loves his own skin too well!' or something of the kind.—Sped-

ing (who is followd above). F reads

*259. Therefore] Q2, F. Thefore Q.

[III. ii. 256-284.]
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What? will you teare
Impatient anweres 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
Betweene our statures; she hath vrg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her 'height,' (forsooth!) she hath preuaild with him.
And are you growne so 'high' in his esteeem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe?
How 'lowe' am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake!
How 'lowe' am I? I am not yet so '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 shrewisheffe;
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 counfels, neuer wrongd you;
Saue that, in loue vnto Demetrius,
I tould him of your slealth vnto this wood.
He followed you; for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd 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. 316
You see how simple, and how fond, I am! [Comes back.
Herm. Why! get you gon! Who lift that hindres you?

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

Her. What, with Lyfander?

Hel. With Demetrius! Wilhelm Shakespeare.
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Lys. 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:

And though she be but little, she is fierce!

Hel. *Little* againe! Nothing but *low' and 'little'!

† Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?

Let me come to her! [tries to come]

Lys. [pushing her off] Get you gon, you dwarfe!

You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graffe made!

You bead! you acorne!

Deme. You are too officious,

In her behalfe, that scornes your services.

Let her alone! speake not of Helena!

Take not her part! For, if thou dost intend

Neuer so little shewe of lone to her,

Thou shalt aby it!

Lys. Now she holdes me not!

Now follow, (if thou dar'ft,) to try whose right,

Of thine or mine, is most in Helena!

Deme. 'Follow'? Nay! Ile go with thee, cheeke by lowle.

[Exeunt Lysander & Demetrius.*

Her. You, mistrefse! all this coyle is long of you!

[Hel. draws back] Nay! goe not backe!

I will not trust you, I,

Nor longer stay in your curt company!

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.

Advance, Oberon and Pucke.†

Ob. This is thy negligence! still thou mistak'ft,

Or else commit thy knauries willfully!

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 proues my enterprife,

That I hauie pointed an Athenians eyes:

†344-5. Advance...] Enter...F. ¹II. i. 263-4, p. 18.
And so farre am I glad it so did fort,
As this their iangling, I esteele a sport!
Ob. Thou feest, these louers seeke a place to fight:
Hy therefore, Robin! ouercaft the night!
The starry welkin, couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
And lead these teaty Riuals so affray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to Lysander, sometime frame thy tongue;
Then stirre 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 leaden legs, and Batty wings, doth creepe:
Then crush this hearbe into Lysanders eye; [gives the hearbe.
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eyebals roule with wonted fight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall feeme a dreame, and fruitelesse vision;
And backe to Athens shall the louers wend,
With league, whose date, till death shall never end.
Whiles I, in this affaire, do thee imploy,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian boy:
And then I will her charmèd eye releafe
From monsters viewe; and all things shall be peace!
Puck. My Faery 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: damnèd spirits all,
(That in croffe-waies and floods haue buriall,)
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For feare leaft day shoule looke their shames vpon:
They wilfully themselues exile from light,
And must for aye comfort with black-browed night!
Ober. But we are spirits of another fort!
I, with the Mornings Lone, haue oft made sport,
And, like a forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Easterne gate, all fiery red.
III. ii. 352-391.]
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Opening on Neptune with faire blest'd beames,
Turnes into yellow golde, his falt greene freames. 393
But notwithstanding,* haste! make no delay!
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.  [Exit. 395
Pu. 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.)

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now!
Rob. Here, villain! drawne & ready! Where art thou?
Lyf. 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 starrs,
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 defil'd,
That drawes a sword on thee!

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

Re-enter Lysander.

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

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

†418. Lyseth down.] lye down. F.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

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

Robin. Ho, ho, ho! Coward! why comfi thou not?

Demetrius. Abide me, if thou dar'ft! For well I wot

Thou runft before mee, shifting every place,
And dar'ft not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou now?

Robin. Come hither! I am here!

Demetrius. Nay then, thou mock'ft me! Thou shalt buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light fee!

Now, goe thy way! (Faintnecse constraineth mee
To meaoure my length on this cold bed:)
By daies approach, looke to be visited! [Lies down & sleeps.

Re-enter Helena.

Helena. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres! shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to Athens, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest!
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp forrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie!

[Lies down & sleeps.

Robin. Yet but three? Come one more!

Two of both kindes makes vp fower.

Hearre thee comes, curst and sadde!

Cupid is a knauifh ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde!

Re-enter Hermia.†

Hermia. Neuer so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe!

My legges can keepe no pafe 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.

[Re-enter . . .] Robin, and Demetrius. Qq. Enter Robin and Demetrius. F.

† F has "shifting places" opp. 'fly,' l. 416.

*426. shalF] Q2, F. shat Q.

†441. Re-enter . . . ] Enter Hermia. Q2, F (after line 440).

III. ii. 421-447.]
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Rob. On the ground,
Sleepe found!
Ile apply
To your eye,
[Squeezes oile on Lys.'s eyelids.]
Gentle louer, remedy!
When thou wak'ft,
Thou tak'ft
True delight,
In the fight
Of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That 'euer man shoulde take his owne,'
In your waking shall be shownen:
'Jacke shal haue full.'
Nought shal goe ill:
'The man shal haue his mare again,' & 'all shal be well!' 463
[They sleepe all the next Act, to I. 143.]

Actus Quartus.† Scena 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, Mustardseeede, & the rest): and the King (Oberon) behinde them, vnseene.

Tita. Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
[She pulls him down.

While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And flick musk-roses in thy flecke smooth head,
And kisst thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy! [kisses em.

Clown. Where's Pease-blaßome?
Pea. Ready!

Clow. Scratch my heade, Pease-blaßome! ¶ Wher's Mounfieur Cobweb?
Clo. Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee
A *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

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

*Must.* Readie!

*Clo.* Give me your neafe, Mounsieur! *Mustardseed! [Shakes his hand.] Pray you, leaue your curtfe, good Mounsieur!

*Must.* What's your will? *Clo.* Nothing, good Mounsieur, but to helpe Canaley Cobwebbe to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounsieur; for me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face; And I am such a tender Affe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch!

*Tit.* What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete loue? *Clo.* I haue a reasonable good eare in 'musique.' Lets haue the tongs and the bones!

[Musick of Tongs & Bones, Rurall Musick.]

*Tit.* Or say, sweete loue, what thou desir'f to eate. *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 seeke The Squirils hoord, and fetch thee thence newe nuts.

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

*Tyt.* Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes! ¶ Fairies, be gon, and be alwaies away! *[Exeunt Fairies.]*

Gently entwift: the female Iny, so

Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

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*16. Mustardseed*] Mastardseed

Q. Mustardseed, Q2, F.

†19. Mounsieur] Q2, F. Mounsieur Q.

24. maruailes] Q. maruailes

Q2. maruailes F. See note on

[IV. i. 12-43.]

III. i. 2, p. 240.

‡30. desir'f] desirest Q1, 2, F.

But the line is Tytania's, and verse.

35. thee thence] Hanmer. thee Q1, 2, F.

44
A Midsummer 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 fight?  
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 pretty flouriets eyes,  
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.  
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,  
And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling childe:  
Which straignt she gave mee, and her Fairy sent,  
To beare him to my bower in Fairie land.  
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe  
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.  
And, gentle Puck, take this transforméd scalpe [points to Bot.  
From off* the heade 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 fearce vexation of a Dreame.  
But first I will releafe the Fairy Queene.  

[Squeezes iuice on her Eyes.  

Be, as thou waft wont to bee!  
See, as thou waft wont to fee!  
Dians budde, ore Cupids flower,  
Hath fuch force, and bleffed power.  
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweete Queene! [She wakes.  
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seene!  
Me thought I was enamourd of an Asfe.  
Ob. There lies your loue! [points to Bottom.  

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*64. off] Q2, F. of Q.  
72. ore = over] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). or Q1, 2, F.  

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

Tita. How came these things to passe?

O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence a while! "Robin, take off this head!

Titania, musicke call! and strike more dead

Then common sleepe, of all these fiue, the sense!

Ti. Musicke, howe! musicke! such as charmeth sleepe.

[Music, still.*

Rob. Now, when thou wak'ft, with thine own fools eyes
peepe!

[takes the Asses head off Bottom. 83

Ob. Sound, Musicke! 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, solemnly

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 silencie sad,

Trippe we after nights shade:

We, the Globe, can compasse soone,

Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. 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 obseruation is performde:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My lone shall heare the musicke of my hounds!
Vncouple! in the westerne vallie let them goe!
Dispatch, I say, and finde the forrester!

[Exit one of the Traine.

¶ Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
And marke the musickall confusio[n

_Exit one of the Traine.

Hipp. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the Beare
With hounds of Sparta: never did I heare
Such gallant chiding! For, besides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seem'd all one mutuall cry: I never heard
So musickall a discord, such sweete thunder!

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the 'Spartane' kinde,
So flew'd, so fanned; and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning deawe;
Crooke-kneed, and deawlapt, like Thessalian Buls;
Slow in purfuit, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A 'cry' more tunable
Was never hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In 'Creete,' in 'Sparta,' nor in Thessaly!

Judge when you heare! [Sees the Sleepers.] But soft! What
nymphes are these?

Egeus. My Lord! this is* my daughter heere a-sleepe!

[points to each in turn.

And this, Lysander! this, Demetrius is!
This, Helena! old Nedars Helena!
I wonder of their being heere together!

The. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue
The right1 of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnitie . . .

¶ But speake, Egeus! is not this the day,
That Hermia shold give answver of her choyce?

Egeus. It is, my Lord!

These. Goe bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes!

116. Seemd] F2. Seeme Q1, 2, F.  *127. this is] Q2, F.  this Q.
1 right = rite.
A Midsummer Night’s Dream.

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

The. Good morrow, friends! Saint Valentine is past! 138

† Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyf. Pardon, my Lord! [all kneel.

The. I pray you all, stand vp. [they rise.

I know you two are rival enemies:

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so far from enmity?

Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,

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

I cannot truly say how I came here;

But as I think, (for truly would I speake)—

And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is,—

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

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

Without the peril of the Athenian lawe,

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord! you have enough.

I beg he law, the law, vpon his head!

They would have stolen away! They would, Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and mee of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife!

Dem. My Lord! faire Helena 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 love to Hermia

(Melted as the snowe,) seemes to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gande,

Which in my childehood 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 Hermia:

Winde ... ] Shoute within: they all start vp. Winde hornes. Q.

IV. i. 138-171.] 48
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

But, like in sickneffe, did I loath this foode; But, as in health, come to my naturall taste, Now I doe wish it, lone it, long for it, And will for euermore be true to it! The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met! Of this discouerse, we more will here anon. ¶ Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will; For in the Temple, by and by, with vs, Thesfe couples shall eternally be knit. And, (for the morning now is somthing worn,) Our purpof'd hunting shall be set aside. ¶ Away, with vs, to Athens! Three and three, Weiie holde a feast in great solemnnitie. ¶ Come, Hyppolita! ¶[Exeunt Theseus & all his traine, with Hyppolita & Egeus.

Deme. These things seeme small and undistinguisheable, Like farre off montaines turnèd into clouds! Her. Me thinks I see these things with parted eye, When every thing seemes double! Hel. So mee thinkes: And I haue found* Demetrias, 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 Hyppolita! 

Lyf. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple! Dem. Why, then, we are awake! lets follow him, And, by the way, let vs† recount our dreames! ¶[Exeunt Louers.

¶[Botumne wakes.] Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will answere. My next is, 'most faire Pyramus.'

Hey ho! [yawns] Peeter Quince! Flute, the bellowes-mender!* Snout the tinker! Starueling! Gods my life! Stolne [202 hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue had a moft rare vifion! I haue had a dreame, paft the wit of man, to fay what dreame it was! Man is but an Asie, if hee goe 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 patch'd foole, if hee will offer to fay what mee thought I had! The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not feene, mans hand is not able to taffe, his tongue to conceiue, 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, becaufe it hath no 'bottome': and I will fing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gratious, I shall fing it at her death. [Exit. 216

**Actus Quartus.** § Scena Secunda. Athens. QUINCES HOUSE. May 1.

*Enter Quince, Flute (call'd Thisby), Snout and Starueling.*

Quin. Haue you fent to Bottoms house? Is he come home yet?

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

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

Quin. It is not poftible! You haue not a man, in all Athens, able to difcharge Pyramus, but he!

Thyf. No, hee hath limply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

---

A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweete voice! 12
Thyf. You must say, 'Paragon.' A 'Paramour' is (God bleffe vs!) a thing of nought.

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

Snug. Mafter, the Duke is comming 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
Thyf. O sweete bully Bottom! Thus hath hee loft fixe pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue scaped fixe pence a day! And the Duke had not giuen him fixe 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 thefe lads? Where are thefe harts?
[they gather round him.
Quin. Bottom! O moft couragious day! O moft happy houre!
Bott. Mafter! I am to discourse wonders: but aske 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 apparrell together; good strings to your bearded, new ribands to your pumpees; meete prefently at the palace; every man looke ore his part! For, the short and the long is, our play is preferd! In any case let Thyfby [33 haue cleane linnen; and let not him that plaiies the Lyon, pare his nailes; for they shal hang out for the Lyons clawes. And, moft deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlice! for we are to vtter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them fay, 'it is a sweete Comedy!' No more wordes! Away! go! away!

[Exeunt.] 39

†39. Exeunt.] F.

51  [IV. ii. 11-39.
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Quintus.* Scena Prima.

Athens. The palace of Theseus. May 1.

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

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

The. More 'strange' then true! I neuer may beleue These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,
Such shaping phantafies, that apprehend
More then coole reafon ever comprehends.
The lunatick, the lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compaft:
One, sees more diuels then vast hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The lover, all as frantick,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And, as imagination bodies forth
The formes of things vnknowne, the Poets penne
Turnes them to shapes, and gies 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 bushe suppos'd a Beare!

Dutch. Hyp. But all the story of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd fo together,
More witnessth 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!

Enter, the married Louers; Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

ioy, gentle friends! ioy, and fresh daies of love.

A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

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-lupper, & bed-time?
Where is our vsuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eafe the anguifli of a torturing hower?

¶ Call Philostrate!

Philostrate. Here, mighty Theseus! 38

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske? what muficke? How shall we beguile
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight?

Philostrate. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.

[Gives THESEUS a list of Sports.

Make choyce, of which your Highnesse will see first!

The: [reads] 'The battell with the Centaures, to be fung 44
By an Athenian Eunuche, to the Harpe?'
(Weele none of that! That, haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinfman Hercules.)

'The ryt of the tipjie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?'
(That is an olde deuife; and it was plaid,
When I from Thebes came laft a conquerer.)

'The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceaft in beggery?'
(That is some Satire keene and critickall,
Not fortting with a nuptiall ceremony.)

'A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus
And his loue Thityby: very tragicall mirth?'
¶ Merry, and 'tragical'? 'Tedious,' and 'briefe'
That is, hot Ife, and wondrous* strange now.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostrate. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long:
(Which is as 'briefe' 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 Midsummer Night's Dream.

Which makes it 'tedious'; For, in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And 'tragicall', my noble Lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himselfe.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears,
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

These. What are they, that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that worke in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till nowe,
And now have toyled their unbreathed memories
With this same Play, against your nuptiall.

The. And we will hear it!

Phil. No, my noble Lord!

It is not for you! I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their entents,
Extremely fretted, and cond with cruel paine,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play!

For never any thing can be amisse,
When simpienesse and duety tender it.
Goe bring them in! And take your places, Ladies!

[Exit Philostrate.

Hip. I love not to see wretchednesse recharged;
And duety, in his service, perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can doe 'nothing' in this kinde.

The. The 'kinder' we, to give 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 have come, great Clerkes have purposed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes:
Where I have seene them shiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And, in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome: Trust me, sweete,
Out of this silence, yet I pickt a welcome:

V. i. 64-100.] 54
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Lone, 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!  [Florish 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 despight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
Wee are not here. That you shoud here repent you,
The Actors are at hand, and, by their shoue,
You shal know all, that you are like to knowe.

This fellow doth not stand vpon points!
Lys. 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 gouernement.

The. His speach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing im-
paired, but all disordered. 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 (Starueling the Tailor), and Lyon
(Snug the Ioiner).

Prologue. Gentles! perchance you wonder at this shoue; 126
But wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.
This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe;

[Points to each in turn.

This man, with lyme and roughcafl, doth present

Wall, that vile wall which did these louers funder;
And through wals chinke, poore foules, they are content

To whisper. (At the which, let no man wonder.)

This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,

Prefenteth 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 grizly beast, (which Lyon hight by name,)
The trufly Thyfby, (comming first by night,)

Did scare 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 findes his trufly Thysbys mantle slaine:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,

He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breaf;

And Thysby, tarying in Mulberry shade,

His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,

Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine,

At large discourse, white here they doe remaine.

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

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

[Exit. Lyon, PYRAMUS, Thysby, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this fame enterlude 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 cranied hole or chinke,

Through which the louers, Pyramus and Thysby,

Did whisper often, very secretly.

This lome, this roughcafl, and this stone, doth shewe

That I am that fame wall: the truth is so.

And this the cranie is, right and finifter.

[Holds up his fingers thus <

†155. Snowt] F. Flute Q1, 2.
V. i. 128-162.] 56
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Through which the fearfull lovers are to whisper.  
The. Would you desire lime and hair to speake better?  
Deme. It is the wittieft partition, that euer I heard discource, my Lord!

Re-enter Bottom as Pyramus.*

The. Pyramus drawes neare the wall: silence!  
Py. O grim-lookt night! o night, with hue so blacke!  
O night, which euer art, when day is not!  
O night, O night! alacke, alacke, alacke!  
I feare my Thifbyes promife is forgot!

But what see I?  No Thilby doe I see!  
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliffe!  
Curft be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee!  
The. The wall, mee thinkes, being fenfible, shoule 'curfe' againe!

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he shoule not! 'Deceiuing mee' is Thifbyes 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 haft thou heard my mones,  
For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee!  
My cherry lips have often kifft thy stones;  
Thy stones, with lime and hayre knit vp in thee.†  
Pyra. I see a voice! now will I to the chinke,  
To spy and I can heare my Thifbyes face.

Thifby!

Thif. My love! thou art my love, 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!

*Re-enter... ] Enter Pyramus.  †Up in that] F. now againe

57

[In. L. 163-195.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Pyra. Not Shafalus, to Procrus was so true!
Thif. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you!
Pyr. O, kisse mee through the hole of this wilde wall!
Thif. I kisse the walle's hole; not your lips at all!
Pyr. Wilt thou, at Ninnies tombe, meete 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 downet between the two neighbors!

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

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

Duke. The best 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 (Starueling), with his Lanthorne, Thorne-bush & Dogge.

Lyon. You, Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do fear
The smalllest monstrous 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 Snug the joyner) am
A Lyon-fell, nor else no Lyons damme;
For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pitty, 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 goose for his discretion!

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*203. Exit Clow. F.
†204. Murall downe] Pope(ed. 2). morall downe F. Moon vse Q 1, 2.
214. Cp. 'in Pyramus.' IV. ii.
22.—W. A. Wright.
220. Lyon-fell = lion's skin, hide.
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 hornèd moone present.

(Deme. He should have worn the horns on his* head!

Duk. He is no crescent; and his horns are inuifible, within the circumference!

Moone. This lanthorne doth the hornèd moone present.

Myselfe, 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 curtefie, in all reason, wee must stay the time!

Lysan. 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 bufh my thorne bufh, 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 oulde Ninies tumbe. Where is my loue? 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.

*233. his] Q2, F. nis Q.
†255. The Lion roares. * Thisby runs off.] F (after ‘Oh,’ 255).
[V. I. 227-259.]
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Duk. Well mouz'd, Lyon!
Dem. And then came Pyramus!...
Lyf. And so the Lyon vanisht! 261

Re-enter Pyramus, girt with a Sword.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee for thy sunny beams! 262 I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright! For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames, I trust to take, of trues! Thisby, sight! 265 But fly: O spight! [Sees Thisby's mantle.

But marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it bee?
O dainty duck! o deare!
Thy mantle good,...
What! stand with blood?
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come!
Cut thread and thrumme!
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell! 277

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

Dut. (Hyp.) Befrew me my heart, but I pitty the man!
Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame? 281 Since Lyon wilde hath here deflour'd my deare,
Which is, (no, no!) which was, the fairest dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere!
Come teares, confound!

[Draws his Sword.

Out, sword! and wound
The pappe of Pyramus!
I, that left pappe,
Where heart doth hoppe.
Thus dy I! thus, thus, thus! [Stabs himself.
Now am I dead!
Now am I fled!
My foule is in the sky!
Tongue, loose thy light!
Moone, take thy flight!
Now dy, dy! dy, dy, dy! [Dies. 296

v. l. 260-296.]
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

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

Lyf. Let him be an 'ace', man; For he is dead, he is 'nothing'.

Duke. With the help of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an 'Ace'.

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

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 yse 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 warrant vs! she, for a woman, God bleffe vs!

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

Deme. And thus she meanes, videlicet:—


What? dead! my dounge? 314

O Pyramus, arise! 317

Speake, speake! Quite dumbe?

Dead! dead? A tumbe

Must couer thy sweete eyes.

These lilly lippes,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowlippes cheekes,

Are gon! are gon!

[Louers, make mone! 320

His eyes were greene as leakes.

[O Sistres three!

Come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as milke!

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shone

With sjeeres, his threede of fille! 329

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

F. 308. warrant] Q1, 2. warrant, mod. edd. he ... blesse vs] F om.

V. i. 297-329.
A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

"Tongue, not a word!"
"Come, trusty sword!"

[Pulls P.'s sword from his left paper.]

Come, blade, my breast imbrew! [Stabs herself.]

"And farewell, friends!"

Thus Thythily ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu!

[Dies. 335]

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 Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske 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 hungd himselfe in Thisbies garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy! and so it is, truely, and very notably discharg'd! But come, your 'Burgomaske'! let your 'Epilogue' alone! [A Bergomaske Daunce. May 2. 348]

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.

Lauers, to bed! tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall outfleepe the comming morn.

As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.

This palpable-grofle 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;

Whilst the heauie ploughman snores,

All with weary taske foredoone.

Now the wasted brands doe glowe,

Whilst the srieche-owle, srieching lowd,

---

*337. too] Q2, F. to Q. 2, F.
†338. Bot.] Bot. F. Lyon Q1, 2. 358. behowls] Theobald (Warburton). beholds Q1, 2, F.
[V. i. 330-362.] 62
A Midsommer Nightes Dreame.

Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a throude.
Now it is the time of night,
That the granites, all gaping wide,
Every 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 disturbe this hallowed house!
I am sent with broome, before,
To swepe the dust behind the dore.

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

Ob. Through the house giv'e glist'ring light,
By the dead and drowsie fier!
Every Elf and Fairy spight,
Hop as light as birde from brier;
And this dittie, 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 bleffe this place.

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

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

387-408 in italics, in F, as if they were the song.

[V. i. 363-396.]
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, (such as are despif'd in natu'itie,) 398
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field-deaw confecrate,
 Euery Fairy take his gate, 400
And each feueral chamber bleffe,
 Through this palace with sweete peace!
And the owner of it bleft, 402
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each feueral chamber bleffe,
Through this palace with sweete peace!
And the owner of it bleft, 404
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each feueral chamber bleffe,
Through this palace with sweete peace!
And the owner of it bleft, 406
Trippe away! make no stay!
Meete me all, by breake of day! 408

[Exeunt all but Pucke.

Epilogue.

Robin. If we shadowes haeve offended,
Thinke but this, (and all is mended,) 410
That you haue but flumbred here,
While these visions did appeare. 412
And this weake and idle theame,
(No more yielding, but a DREAME,) 414
Gentles, doe not reprehend!
If you pardon, wee will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck, 416
If we haue vnearnéd luck,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends, ere long: 420
Else the Puck, a 'lyer' call.
So, good night vnto you all! 422
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. i. 397-424.] 64
NOTES.

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

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 egoist breaks out again.—B. Nicholson.

p. 15, 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—ii, ms—bld.

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

'Sall shalbe well, Jache shall haue Gill:
Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.'

Jache and Gill. 12. Heywood's Three hundred Epi-
grammes, upon three hundred proverbs. 1562.

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


p. 44, IV. i. 22-3. to helpe Caualary Cobwebbe to scratch. Grey notes that Cobwebbe has 'been despatched upon a perilous ad-
venture': see I. 12—16. He would read Pease-blossom. ? A slip of Shakspere'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 corrector of other folk. But we know that Quince 'doth not stand upon points' (V. i. 118), that 'His speach was like a tangled 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 home-
spunnes' (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 Qi, 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. 538. (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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