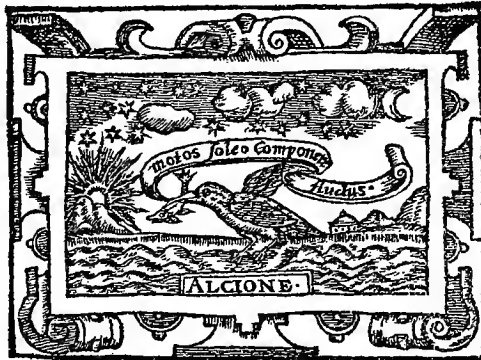




A Midfommer nights dreame.

As it hath beene fundry times pub-
lickely acted, by the Right honoura-
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his
servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.



Imprinted in London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to
be sold at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart,
in Fleetstreet. 1600.



A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Qo.
Sci.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

1



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Ow faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apase : fower happy daies bring in
An other Moone : but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moone waues! She lingers my desires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe,
Fower daies will quickly sleepe themselves in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a silver bowe,
Now bent in heauen, shall beholde the night
Of our solemnities.

the. Goe Philostrate,
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, and Lyfander
and Helena, and Demetrius.*

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned duke,
the. Thankes good *Egeus*, Whats the newes with thee
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

A2

A^o

— — — — — *HERMIA'S SPEECH.*

Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*,

Stand forth Demetrius.

My noble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her,

Stand forth Lisander.

And my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewicht the bosome of my childe.

Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,

And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:

Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,

With faining voice, verses of faining loue,

And stolne the impression of her phantasie;

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,

Knackes, trifles, nosegayes, sweete meates (messengers

Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth)

With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart,

Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)

To stubborne harshnesse. And, my gracious Duke,

Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*.

I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens*:

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be, either to this gentleman,

Or to her death: according to our lawe,

Immediatly provided, in that case,

The. What say you, *Hermia*? Be aduif'd, faire maid,

To you, your father should be as a God:

One that compos'd your beauties: yea and one,

to whome you are but as a forme in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power,

To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

her. So is *Lisander*.

The. In himselfe he is;

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,

The other must be held the worthier.

Her.

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

- 57 *Her*, I would my father lookt but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must, with his iudgement, looke,
Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.
 I know not by what power, I am made bould;
 61 Nor how it may concerne my modesty,
 In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts:
 But I beseech your Grace, that I may knowe
 The worst that may befall mee in this case,
 65 If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
 For euer, the society of men.
 Therefore, faire *Hermia*, question your desires,
 69 Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce)
 You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
 For aye to be in shady cloyster, mew'd
 73 To liue a barraine sister all your life,
 Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitelesse Moone.
 Thrife blessed they, that master so there bloode,
 To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimages:
 77 But earthlyer happy is the rose distild,
 Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
 Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.
Her, So will I growe, so liue, so die my Lord.
 81 Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp
 Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwithed yoake
 My soule consents not to giue souerainty.
The. Take time to pawse, and by the next newe moone,
 85 the sealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,
 For euerlasting bond of fellowshippe,
 Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
 For disobedience to your fathers will,
 89 Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he would,
 Or on *Dianes* altar to protest,
 For aye, austeritie and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweete *Hermia*, and, *Lyfander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*;
Let me haue *Hermias*: doe you marry him,

Egeus, Scornefull *Lyfander*, true, he hath my loue:
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lyfand. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well posselt: my loue is more than his;
My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
I am belou'd of beautilous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his heade,
Made loue to *Nedar's* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

He. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much;
and, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof;
But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,
My minde did loose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall goe with mee:
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.

For you, saite *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
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 vowe of single life,
Come my *Hyppolita*: what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus*, goe along:

I must employ you in some businesse,
against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

- 127 Of some thing, nerely that concerns your selues.
Ege. With duety and desire, we follow you, *Exeunt.*
Lyfand. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
 how chance the roses there doe fade so fast?
- 131 *Her.* Belike, for want of raine : which I could well
 Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.
Lif. Eigh me : for aught that I could euer reade,
 Could euer here by tale or history,
 135 The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothes;
 But either it was different in bloud;
- Her.* O crosse! too high to be intrald to loue.
Lif. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;
 139 *Her.* O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.
Lif. Or else, it stooode vpon the choyce of friends;
Her. O hell, to choose loue by anothers eyes!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
 143 Warre, death or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentany, as a sound,
 Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
 Brieft, as the lightning in the collied night,
 147 That (in a spleene) vnfolde both heauen and earth;
 And, ere a man hath power to say, behold,
 The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp:
 So quicke bright things come to confusion.
- 151 *Her.* If then true louers haue bin euer croft,
 It stands as an edict, in destiny:
 Then let vs teach our triall patience:
 Because it is a customary crosse,
 155 As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
 Wishtes, and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lyf. A good perswasion : therefore heare mee, *Hermia:*
 I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,
 159 Of great reueneu, and she hath no childe:
 From *Athenis* is her house remote, seauen leagues:
 And she respectes mee, as her only sonne:

A Midsummer nighes dreame.

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee:
 And to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law
 Can not pursue vs. If thou louest mee, then
 Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night:
 And in the wood, a league without the towne
 (Where I did meeete thee once with *Helena*
 To do obseruance to a morne of May)
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
 I sweare to thee, by *Cypids* strongest bowe,
 By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
 By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,
 By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loues,
 And by that fire which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
 When the false *Troian* vnder saile was seene,
 By all the voves that euer men haue broke,
 (In number more then euer women spoke)
 In that same place thou hast appointed mee,
 To morrow truely will I meeete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*: whither away?

Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vn say.

Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!
 Your eyes are load starres, and your tongues sweete aire
 More tunable then lark, to sheepe heards care,
 When wheat is greene, when hawthorne buddes appeare.
 Sicknesse is catching: O, were fauour so,
 Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,
 My eare 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 I giue to be to you translated.
 O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
 You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

196 *Her.* I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil.
Her. I giue him curles; yet he giues mee loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection mooue.
 200 *Her.* The more I hate, the more he followes mee.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.
Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were mine.
 204 *Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and my selfe will fly this place.
 Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
 Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradise to mee.
 208 O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
 That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!
Lys. *Helena*, to you our mindes wee will vnfold:
 To morrow night, when *Phoebe* doth beholde
 212 Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
 Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
 (A time, that louers flights doth still concale)
 Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuif'd to steale.
 216 *Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I,
 Vpon saint Primrose beddes, were wont to lye,
 Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,
 There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete,
 220 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*.
 224 Keepe word *Lysander*: we must starue our sight,
 From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.
Exit Hermia,
Lys. I will my *Hermia*, *Helena* adieut
 As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you, *Exit Lysander*.
 228 *Hele.* How happie some, ore other some, can be;
 Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as shee.

B

But

A Midfommer nightes dreame,

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not for
 He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
 And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes:
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,
 Loue can transpoe to forme and dignitie.
 Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minder:
 And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
 Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:
 Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.
 And therefore is loue said to bee a childer:
 Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boyes, in game, themselues forswear:
 So the boy, Loue, 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 dissolued, and shewrs of oathes did melt,
 I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
 Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
 Pursue her: and for this intelligence,
 If I haue thanks, it is a deare expence:
 But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
 To haue his sight thither, and back againe.

Exit.

*Enter Quince, the Carpenter, and Snugge, the Ioyner, and
 Bottom, the Weaver, and Flute, the Bellows mender, &
 Snout, the Tinker, and Starueling the Tayler.*

Quin. Is all our company heere?

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*, say what the Play treats on;
 then read the names of the Actors: & so grow to a point.

Quin.

230

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238

242

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250

I.ii.

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8

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Quin. Mary, our Play is the most lamentable comedy,
and most cruell 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, Masters, spreade your selues.

Quin. Answer, 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*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kills himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing
of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I wil
mooue stormes: I will condole, in some measure. To the
rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles*
rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the
raging rocks: and shiuering shoeks, shall breake the locks
of prison gates. and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre,
and make & marre the foolish Fates. This was lostie. Now,
name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants
vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute*, the Bellowes mender.

Flu. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. *Flute*, you must take *Thisby*, on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? A wandring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* must loue. (ming.)

Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a womā: I haue a beard cō-

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a Mask; and you
may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* to: He
speake in a monstrous little voice; *Thisne, Thisne*, ah *Py-*
ramus, my louer deare, thy *Thisby* deare, & Lady deare.

Qu. No, no you must play *Pyramus* & *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceede, *Qui.* *Robin Starveling*, the Tailor?
Star. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisby's* mother:

Tom Snowt, the Tinker?

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*,

Quin. You, *Piramus* father; my selfe, *Thisbys* father; *Snugge*, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fited.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee: for I am slowe of studie.

Quin. You may doe it, *extempore*: for it is nothing but roaring.

Bott. Let mee play the Lyon to. 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 shriek: and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery 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 sucking doue: I will roare you, and '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 see in a sommers day; a most lonely gentlemanlike man: therefore you must needes play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well: I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why? what you will.

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

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maisters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you

I.ii.

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

79

you, to con them by to morrow night : and meete mee in
the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-
light; there will wee rehearse : for if wee meete in the city,
wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises known.
83 In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as
our play wants. I pray you faile me not,

83

Bot Wee will meete, & there we may rehearse most ob-
scenely, and coragiously. Take paines, bee perfitt : adieu.

87

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete.

Bot. Enough; holde, or cut bowstrings.

Exeunt.

II.i.

*¶ Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow
at another.*

1

Robin. How now spirit, whither wander you?

4

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
The cowslippes tall her Pensioners bee, (greene.

8

In their gold coats, spotted you see:

Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours:

In those freckles, liue their fauours,

I must goe seeke some dew droppes here,

And hang a pearle in euery coulippes care.

12

Farewell thou Lobbe off spirits: Ile be gon.

Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.

16

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.

Take heede the Queene come not within his sight,

For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath:

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A louely boy stollen, from an Indian king:

She neuer had so sweete a changeling.

20

And iecalous *Oberon* would haue the childe,

Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.

But shee, perforce, withholds the loued boy,

Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.

B 3

And

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

And now, they neuer 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.

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

Rob. Thou speakest aright; I am that merry wanderer of
Ileyst to *Oberon*, and make him smile, (the night,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile;
Neyghing, in likenesse of a filly fole,
And sometime lurke I in a gossip's bole,
In very likenesse of a rosted crabbe,
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime, for three foore stoole, mistaketh mee;
Then slippe I from her bumme, downe topples she,
And tailor cries, and falles into a coffe;
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and losse,
And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and sweare
A merrier hower was neuer wasted there.
But roome Faery: here comes *Oberon*.

Fa. And here, my mistresse. Would that he were gon.
Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traine;
and the Queene, at another, with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*.

Qu.

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

57

Qu. What, Iealous *Oberon*? Fairy skippe hence.
I haue forsworne his bedde, and company.

60

Ob. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy Lord?

64

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou hast stollen away from Fairy land,
And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day,
Playing on pipes of come, and versing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*, Why art thou here
Come from the farthest steppes of *India*?

68

But that, forsooth, the bounsing *Amason*,
Your buskind mistresse, and your warriour loue,
To *Theseus* must be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, ioy and prosperitie.

72

Ob. How canst 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 rauished?
And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiope*?

76

80

Quee. These are the forgeries of iealousie:
And neuer, since the middle Sommers spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forrest, or meade,
By pained fountaine, or by russhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whistling winde,
But with thy brawles thou hast disturbd our sport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue suckt vp, from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting riuer made so proude,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoke in vaine,
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a bearde:

88

A winter nightes dreame.

The fold flands empty, in the drowned field,
 And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
 The nine mens Morris is fild vp with muddle:
 And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,
 For lacke of tread, are vndistinguisable.
 The humane mortals want their winter heere
 No night is now with hymne or carroll blest,
 Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
 Pale in her anger, walshes 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 budde
 Is, as in mockery, set The Spring, the Sommer,
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
 Their wonted Liueries; and the mazed worlde,
 By their increafe, now knowes not which is which;
 And this same progeny of euils,
 Comes from our debate, from our dissention;
 We are their Parents and originall.

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

Queene. Set your heart at rest.
 The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee,
 His mother was a Votresse of my order:
 And in the spiced *Indian* ayer, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip't by my side,
 And sat, with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands
 Marking th'embarked traders on the flood;
 When we haue laught to see the sailes conceaue,
 And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde;

Which

92

96

100

104

108

112

116

120

124

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

127 Which she, with prettie, and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and saile vpon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
131 As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dyc,
And, for her sake, doe I reate vp her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

135 *Ob.* How long, within this wood, intend you stay?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after *Thesens* wedding day.

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

Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.
We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay, *Exeunt.*

143 *Ob.* Well: goe thy way. Thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee, for this iniury.

My gentle *Pucke* come hither: thou remembrest,
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,

147 And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and hermonious breath,
That the rude sea grewe ciuill at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
151 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time, I saw (but thou could'st not)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,

155 *Cupid*, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke

At a faire Vestall, throned by west,

And loof'd his loue-shaft smartly, from his bowe,

As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts:

159 But, I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft

Quencht in the chaff beames of the watty Moone;

And the imperiall Votresse passed on,

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.
 Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell vpon a litle westerne flower;
 Before, milke white; now purple, with Ioues wound,
 And maidens call it, Loue in idleneffe.
 Fetch mee that flowre: the herbe I shewed thee once.
 Theiewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote,
 Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
 Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swimme a league.
Pu. Ile put a girdle, roud 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 soule of Loue.
 And ere I take this charme, from of her fight
 (As I can take it with another herbe)
 Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee,
 But, who comes here? I am inuisible,
 And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not: therefore pursue me not,
 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?
 The one Ile stay: the other stayeth me.
 Thou toldst me, they were stolne vnto this wood:
 And here am I, and wodde, within this wood:
 Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
 Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.

Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant:
 But yeryou draw not Iron. For my heart
 Is true as Steele. Leane you your power to draw,

And

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A Midfommer nightes dreame.

And I shall haue no power to follow you.

Deme. Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe nor, nor I cannot loue you?

Hele. And euen, for that, do I loue you, the more:
I am your Spaniell; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Vse me but as your Spaniell: spurne me, strike mee,
Neglect mee, loose me: onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthie as I am) to follow you,
What worfer place can I begge, in your loue
(And yet, a place of high respect with mee)
Then to be vsed as you vse your dogge.

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

Hele. And I am sick, when I looke not on you.

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

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

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

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.

Runne when you will: The story shall be chaung'd:

Apollo flies and *Daphne* holds the chafe:

The *Doue* pursues the *Griffon*: the milde *Hinde*

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

Makes speede to catch the Tigre. Bootelesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, Let me goe:
Or if thou followe mee, do not beleue,
But I shall doe thee mischief, in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the ficlde,
You doe me mischief. *Fy Demetrius.*

Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooc.
He follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue so well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, Ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it mee.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanopi'd with lushious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine:
There sleepest *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammeld skinne,
Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in,
and, with the iuyce of this, He streake 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 loue,
With a disdainfull 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 prooue

More

II.i.

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

More fond on her, then she vpon her loue:
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe.

Pa. Feare not my Lord: your seruant shall do so. *Exeunt,*

Enter Tytania Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song:

Then, for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds,
Some warre with Reremise, for their lethren wings,
To make my small Blues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our queint spirits: Sing me now a sleepe:
Then to your offices, and let mee rest.

Fairies sing.

You spotted Snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.

Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our sweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely lady nigh.
So good nighr, with lullaby.

1. *Fai.* Weauing Spiders come not heere:
Hence you long legd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere:
Worme nor snail doe no offence.

Philomele with melody, &c.

2. *Fai.* Hence away: now all is well:
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest, when thou doest wake,
Doe it for thy true loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,

C 3

Pard,

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare:
Wake, when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyfander: and Hermia.

Lyf. Faire loue, you fainte, with wandring in the wood:
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way.
Weele rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfor of the day.

Her. Bet it so *Lyfander*: finde you out a bedde:
For I, vpon this banke, will rest my head.

Lyf. One turfe shall serue, as pillow, for vs both,
One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay god *Lyfander*: for my sake, my deere
Ly further off, yet; doe not lye so neere.

Lyf. O take the sence, sweete, of my innocence.
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours it 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-roome me deny:
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lyfander* riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrewe my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lyfander* lyed.
But gentle friend, for loue and curtesie,
Ly further off, in humane modesty:
Such separation, as may well be said
Becomes a vertuous batcheler, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweete friend:
Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end.

Lyf. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty.
Heere is my bed: sleepe giue thee all his rest.

VVith

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A Midfommernightes dreame.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest,

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the forrest haue I gone.

But *Athenian* found I none,

On whose eyes I might approue

This flowers force in stirring loue.

Night and silence .Who is heere?

Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:

This is hee (my master saide)

Despised the *Athenian* maide:

And here the maiden, sleeping sound,

On the danke and dirty ground.

Pretty fowle, she durst not lye,

Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtisie.

Chutle , vpon thy eyes I throwe

All the power this charme doth owe:

When thou wak'st, let loue forbidde

Sleepe, his feat, on thy eye lidde.

So awake, when I am gon:

For I must now to *Oberon*.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena ruming.

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 me? doe not so,

De. Stay, on thy perill : I alone will goe.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chase,

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happie is *Hermia*, wherefoere she lies:

For she hath blessed, and attractiue eyes.

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

If so, my eyes are oftner walht then hers.

No, no : I am as vgly as a Bear:

For beastes that meete mee, runne away, for feare.

Therefore, no maruaile, though *Demetrius*

Doe, as a monster, fly my presence, thus.

A Midsummer nighes dreame.

What wicked and dissembling glasse, of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyen!
But, who is here? *Lyfander*, on the ground?
Dead, or a sleepe? I see no blood, no wound,
Lyfander, if you liue, good sir awake.

Lyf. And runne through fire, I will for thy sweete sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature shewes arte,
That through thy bosome, makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perishe on my sworde!

Hel. Do not say so, *Lyfander*, say not so.
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you: then be content.

Lyf. Content with *Hermia*? No: I doe repent
The tedious minutes, I with her haue spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I loue.

Who will not change a Rauen for a doue?
The will of man is by his reason swaï'd:
And reason saies 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 deserue this scorne?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth you doe mee wrong (good looth you doe)
In such disdainfull manner, mee to wooe,
But, fare you well: perforce, I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse,

O,

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II.

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

132 O, that a Ladie, of one man refus'd,
 Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! *Exit.*
Lys. She sees not *Hermia*. *Hermia*, sleepest thou there,
 And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* neere.
 136 For, as a surfer of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing, to the stomacke brings:
 Or, as the heresies, that men doe leaue,
 Are hated most of those they did deceiue:
 140 So thou, my surfer, and my heresie,
 Of all bee hated; but the most, of mee:
 And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
 To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. *Exit.*
 144 *Her.* Helpe mee *Lysander*, helpe mee: do thy best
 To pluck this crawling serpent, from my brest.
 Ayme, for pittie. What a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I doe quake with feare.
 148 Me thought, a serpent eate my heart away,
 And you sate smiling at his cruell pray.
Lysander what, remou'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
 What, out of hearing, gon? No sound, no word?
 152 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.*

Enter the Clownes.

III.

1

Bot. Are wee all met?

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Quin. Pat, pat: and heres a maruailes conuenient place,
 for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this
 hauthorne brake our tyring house, and wee will doe it in
 action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.

Bot. Peester *Quince*?

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Quin. What saiest thou, bully, *Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy, of *Pyramus* and
Thisby, that will neuer please. First, *Pyramus* must draw
 a sworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide,

D

How

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

How answere you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeeue, we must leaue the killing, out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit : I haue a deuise to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say; we will 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 shall be written in eight and six.

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

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selfe, to bring in (God shielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing : & we ought to looke toore.

Sno. Therefore, another Prologue must tel, he is not a Lion.

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

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

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

Bot.

A Mid sommer nightes dreame.

46 *Bo.* A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack: finde
our Moone-shine, finde our Moone-shine.

Quin. Yes: it doth shine that night.

50 *Cer.* Why then, may you leaue a casement of the great
chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone
may shine in at the casement.

54 *Quin.* I: or els, one must come in, with a bush of thorns,
& a lātern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the
person of Moone-shine. Then, there is another thing; we
must haue a wal in the great chāber: for *Pyramus* & *This-*
by (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sno. You can neuer bring in a wal. What say you *Bottom*?

58 *Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him
haue some plaster, or som lome, or some rough cast, about
him, to signifie wall; or let him holde his fingers thus: and
through that crany, shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whis-
per.

62 *Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe e-
uery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you
beginne: when you haue spoken your speech, enter into
66 that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue,

Enter Robin

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we swagging here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
What, a play roward? Ile be an Auditor,
70 An Actor to perhappes, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pyra. *Thisby* the flowers of odious fauours sweete,

74 *Quin.* Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours fauours sweete.

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare,
But harke, a voice: stay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.*

78 *Quin.* A stranger *Pyramus*, then ere played heere.

Thys. Must I speake now?

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

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

Thys. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most lillie white of hewe,
Of colour like the red rose, on triumphant bryer,
Most brisk Iuuenall, and eeke most louely Iewe,
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,
He meet thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* tombe.

Quin. *Ninus* tombe, man. Why? you must not speake
That yet, That you answered to *Pyramus*. You speake
Al your part at once, cues, and, all. *Pyramus*, enter: your cue
is past: It is; neuer tire.

Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre.
Py. If I were faire, *Thysby*, I were onely thine.

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray masters fly masters; helpe.

Rob. He follow you: He leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through
Sometime a horse he be, sometime a hound, (bryer:
A bogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bot. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of
them to make mee askeard. *Enter Snowte.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I see on thee?

Bot. What doe you see? You see an Assie head of your
owne. Do you?

Enter Quince.

(Exit.

Quin. Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee. Thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knauery. This is to make an asse of mee, to
fright me, if they could: but I wil not stirre from this place
do what they can, I will walke vp and downe heere, and
will sing that they shall heare I am not afraide.
The Woodsell cock, so blacke of hewe,
With Orange tawny bill,

The

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

113 The Throfile, with his note so true,
 The Wren, with little quill,
Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?
Bot. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,
 117 The plain song Cuckow gray:
 Whose note, full many a man doth marke,
 And dares not answere, nay,
 For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
 121 Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow,
 neuer so?

Tyt. I pray thee, gentle mortall, sing againe.
 Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:
 125 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,
 On the first viewe to say, to sweare, I loue thee.

Bot. Meethinks mistresse, you should haue little reason
 129 for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and loue keepe
 little company together, now a daies. The more the pittie,
 that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.
 Nay I can gleeke, vpon occasion.

133 *Tyt.* Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
 of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owe turne.

Tyt. Out of this wood, doe not desire to goe:
 137 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no,
 I am a spirit, of no common rate:
 The Sommer, still, doth tend vpon my state,
 And I doe loue thee: therefore goe with mee.
 141 Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:
 And they shall fetch thee Iewels, from the deepe,
 And sing, while thou, on pressed flowers, dost sleepe:
 And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
 That thou shalt, like an ayery spirit, goe.

145 *Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seede?*
Enter foure Fairies,

A Midlommer nightes dreame.

Fairies. Reader and I, and I, and I. Where shall we goe?

Tita. Bekinde and curteous to this gentleman,
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, croppes their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise,
And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartly : I beseech your worships 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?

Pea. *Pease-blossome.*

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master *Pease-blossome*, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Must. *Mustardseede.*

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

Tita. Come waite vpon him : leade him to my bower.
The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a wary eye:
And when shee weepes, weepes euery little flower.

Lamen-

III.i

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

Lamenting some enforced chaffitie,
Ty vp my louers tongue, bring him silently *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, and Robin goodfellow.

Ob, I wonder if *Titania* be awakt;

Then what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which she must dore on, in extremitie.

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

Puck, My mistresse with a monster is in loue,

Ncere to her clofe and consecrated bower.

While she was in her dull, and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* stalles,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:

The shallowest thickskinne, of that barraine sort,

Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport,

Forooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,

VVhen I did him at this aduantage take:

An Asses nole I fixed on his head.

Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,

And forth my Minnick comes, When they him spy;

As wilde geese, that the creeping Foulere eye,

Or russet pated choughes, many in sort

(Ryſing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)

Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the sky:

So, at his sight, away his fellowes fly,

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

He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals

Their ſenſe, thus weake, loſt with their feares, thus ſtrong

Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to doe them wrong

For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, ſnatch:

Some ſleeues, ſome hats; from yeelders, all things catch,

I led them on, in this diſtracted feare,

And left ſweete *Pyramus* translated there:

D 4

When

A MIDWINTER NIGHTS DREAME.

When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania wak't, and straight way loud an Asse.

Ob, This fall'es out better, then I could deuise,
 But hast thou yet latched the *Athenians* eyes,
 With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)
 And the *Athenian* woman, by his side;
 That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd,

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close: this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman; but not this the man.

Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you so?
 Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe,

Her. Now I but chide: but I should vse thee worse,
 For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse.
 If thou hast slaine *Lysander*, in his sleepe; (to,
 Being ore shoes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee
 The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
 As hee to mee, Would hee haue stollen away,
 Frow sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue, as soone,
 This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
 May through the Center creepe, and so displease
 Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
 It cannot be, but thou hast murdred him.

So should a murder' look; so dead, so grimme,

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
 Pearst through the heart, with your sterne cruelty,
 Yet you, the murder' look; as bright, as cleere,
 As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering spheare.

Her. Whats this to my *Lysander*? Where is hee?
 Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him mee?

Deme. I had rather giue his carcasse to my hounds.

Her. 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,

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

- 67 O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my sake:
 Durst thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake?
 And haist thou kill'd him, ^{sleeping?} O braue rutch:
 Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
 71 An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
 Then thyne (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.
Deme. You spende your passion, on a mispris'd mood:
 I am not guilty of *Lysanders* blood:
 75 Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.
De. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more:
 79 And from thy hated prefence 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.
 83 So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier growe.
 For debt that bankrout flippe doth sorrow owe:
 Which now in some slight measure it will pay;
 If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lydonee.*
 87 *Ob.* What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
 And laid the loue iuice on some true lous fight.
 Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
 91 Some true loue turnd, and not a false turnd true.
Robi. Then fate orerules, that one man holding troth,
 A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. about the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
 And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
 95 All fancy sicke she is and pale of cheere,
 With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare,
 By some illusion see thou bring her here:
 Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare,
 99 *Robin.* I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
 Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe.
Ob. Flower of this purple dy,

A Midsummer nighes dreame.

Hit with *Cupids* archery,
 Sinke in apple o' his eye,
 When his loue he doth espy,
 Let her shine as gloriously
 As the *Venus* of the sky.
 When thou wak'st, if she be by,
 Begge of her, for remedy.

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 see?
 Lord, what fooles these mortals bee!

Ob. Stand aside. The noyse, they make,
 Will cause *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 prepos'trously.

Enter Lysander, and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should wooe in scorne?
 Scorne, and derision, neuer come in teares.
 Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes so borne,
 In their natiuitie 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 killes truth, o diuelish holy fray!
 These vowes are *Hermitas*. Will you giue her ore?
 Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
 Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two scales)
 Will euen weigh: and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.
Lys.

III.ii.

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

135 *Lysf.* *Demetrius* loues her: and he loues not you.
Deme. O *Helen*, goddesse, nymph, perfect diuine,

To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne!
 Christall is muddy. O, how ripe, in shewe,
 139 *Thyllippes*, those kissing cherries, tempting growe!
 That pure coniealed white, high *Taurus* inow,
 Fand with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crowe,
 When thou holdst vp thy hand, O let me kisse
 143 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,
 147 You would not doe mee thus much iniury.
 Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
 But you must ioyne, in soules, to mocke mee to?
 If you were men, as men you are in shewe,
 151 You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
 To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
 When I am sure, you hate mee with your hearts,
 You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*:

155 And now both Riualles, to mock *Helena*.
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
 To coniure reares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
 With your derision None, of noble sort,
 159 Would so offend a virgine, and extort
 A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

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

167 *Hel.* Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.
Deme. *Lysander*, keepe thy *Hermia*: I will none.
 If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

My heart to her, but as guestwise, so iournd:
And now to *Helen*, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Deme. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know;
Least to thy perill, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare.

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, *Lysander*, found:
Mine eare, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go?

Her. What loue could presse *Lysander*, from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire Helena: who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.

Hel. Lo: she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee.
Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite mee, with this soule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence?
VVe, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

haue

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A Midfommer nightes dreame.

204 Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 208 As if our hands, our sides, voyces, and mindes
 had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 But yet an vnion in partition,
 Two louely berries moulded on one stemme:
 212 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first life coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one creast.
 And will you rent our auncient loue afunder,
 216 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 fele the iniury.

220 *Her.* I am amazed at your words:
 I scorne you not. It seemes that you scorne mee,
 Hel. haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne,
 To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?
 224 And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
 (Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote)
 To call mee goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,
 Pretious celestiall? VVherefore speakes he this,
 228 To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Deny your loue (so rich within his soule)
 And tender mee (forsooth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 232 VVhat, though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
 (But miserable most, to loue vnlo'd)
 This you should pittie, rather then despise.

236 *Her.* I vnderstand not, what you meane by this,
 Hel. I doe. Perfeuer, counterfait sad lookes:
 Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back:

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

Winke each at other, holde the sweete ieast vp,
This sport well carried, shall bee chronicled.

If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or absence soone shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*: heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.
hel. O excellent!

Herm. Sweete, doe not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell no more, then she intreat.
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praise.
helen. I loue thee, by my life I doe:

If weare by that which I will loose for thee;
To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

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

Lys. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it to.

Dem. Quick come,

her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiop*.

Dem. No, no: heele

Seeme to breake loose: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang of 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 loue?

Lys. Thy loue? Out tawny *Tartar*, out:
Out loathed medicine: ô hated potion hence.

her. Doe you not ieast?

hel. Yes sooth: and so doe you.

Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word, with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. Ile not trust your word.

Lys.

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A Midfommer nightes dreame.

- 274 *Lys.* What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
 Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so,
her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
 Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newes, my loue?
 278 Am not I *hermia*? Ate not you *Lysander*?
 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 (ò the gods forbid)
 282 In earnest, shall I say?
Lys I, by my life:
 And neuer did desire to see thee more.
 Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
 286 Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no ieast
 That I doe hate thee, and loue *helen*.
her. O mee, you iuggler, you canker blossome,
 You theefe of loue: what, haue you come by night,
 290 And stolne my loutes heart, from him?
hel. Fine, I faith.
 Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
 No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
 294 Impatient answers, 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,
 298 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 esteeme,
 302 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.
 306 *hel.* I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman,
 Let her not hurt me, I was neuer curst:
 I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse:

A RIGHT MAID'S RIGHTES COWARDIZE.

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 mee,
 I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
 Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you;
 Saue that in loue, vnto *Demetrius*,
 I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.
 He followed you: for loue, I followed him.
 But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
 To strike mee, spurne mee; nay to kill mee to,
 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.
 You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Herm. Why? get you gon. Who ist that hinders you?

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

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Hel. With *Demetrius*.

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.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
 Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gon, you dwarfe;
 You *minimus*, of hindring knot graspe, made;
 You bead, you acorne.

Deme. You are too officious,
 In her behalfe, that scornes your seruices.
 Let her alone: speake not of *Helena*,

Take

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III. ii.

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

344 Takenot her part . For if thou dost intend
 Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,
 Thou shalt aby it.
Lys, Now she holdes me not:
 348 Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
 Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*.
Deme. Follow? Nay: Ile go with thee, checke by iowle.
her. You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.
 352 Nay: goe not backe.
hel. I will not trust you, I,
 Nor longer stay in your curst company.
 Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
 356 My legges are longer though, to runne away.
her, I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. *Exeunt*.
Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
 Or else commitst thy knaueries wilfully.
 360 *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?
 And, so farr eblamelesse prooues my enterprise,
 364 That I haue noited an *Athenians* eyes:
 And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
 As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.
Ob. Thou see'st, these louers seeke a place to fight;
 368 Hy therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,
 The starry welkin couer thou anon,
 With drooping fogge as blaek as *Acheron*,
 And lead these teasty Riuals so astray,
 372 As one come not within anothers way.
 Liketo *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue:
 Then stirre *Demetrius* vp, with bitter wrong:
 And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*:
 376 And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
 Till ore their browes, death-counterfainting, sleepe,
 With leaden legs, and Barry wings doth creepe:

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Then

A Midsummer nightes dreame,

Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eye;
 Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
 To take from thence all errour, with his might,
 And make his eye balauncie with wonted sight,
 When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
 And backe to *Athens* shall the louers wend,
 With league, whose date, till death shall neuer end.
 Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploy,
 Ile to my Queene and beg her *Indian* boy:
 And then I will her charmed eye release
 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 *Auroras* harbinger:
 At whose approach, Ghosts, wandring here and there,
 Troope home to Churchyards: damned spirits all;
 That in crosse waies and floods haue buriall,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone:
 For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
 They wilfully themselues exile from light,
 And must for aye consort with black browed night,

Ober. But we are spirits of another sort,
 I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made sport,
 And like a forrester, the groues may tread
 Euen till the Easterne gate all fiery red,
 Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
 Turnes, into yellow golde, his salt greene streames,
 But notwithstanding, haste, make no delay:
 We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

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. *Enter Lysander.*

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now,
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lys,

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

414

Lys. I will be with thee straight.*Rob.* Follow me then to plainer ground.*Enter Demetrius.**Deme. Lysander,* speake againe.

418

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
 Speake in some bush. Where doest thou hide thy head?

422

Rob. Thou coward art thou bragging, to the starres,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for warres,
 And wilt not come? Come recreant, comethou childe,
 Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is defil'd,
 That drawes a sword on thee,

De. Yea, art thou there?

426

Ro. Follow my voice: weele try no manhood here. *Exit.**Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on:

When I come where he calles, then he is gon.

The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I;

I followed fast: but faster he did fly;

430

That fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
 And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day.
 For if but once, thou shewe me thy gray light,
 Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight.

Robin, and Demetrius.

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Robi. Ho, ho, ho: Coward, why com'st thou not?

Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
 Thou run'st before mee, shifting euery place,
 And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face,
 Where art thou now?

438

Rob. Come hither: I am here.

De. Nay then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
 If euer I thy face by day light see.

442

Now, goe thy way. Faintnesse constraineth mee,
 To measure, out my length, on this cold bed:
 By daies approach looke to be visited.

*Enter Helena.**Hele.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,

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Abate

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 sorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kinds makes vp fower.
Heare shee comes, curst and sadde.

Cupid is a knauish ladde,
Thus to make poore females madde.

Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no pace with my desires,
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground, sleepe sound:
He apply your eye, gentle loue, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight, in the sight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That euey man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be shoven,
Jacke shall haue *Jill*: nought shall goe ill:
The man shall haue his mare again, & all shall be well.

Enter *Queene of Faeries*, and *Clowne*, and *Faeries*: and
the king behind them.

Tita. Come sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sick musk roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clown. Where's *Pease-blossome*?

Pea. Ready,

Clow. Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's *Moun-*
sieur Cobweb? *Cob.* Ready,

Clow.

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IV.i.

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A MIDWINTER NIGHTS DREAM

9 *Clo.* Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſieur, get you your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hippe Humble Bee,
on the toppe of a thistle : and good Mounſieur, bring mee
13 the hony bagge. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much, in the
action, Mounſieur : and good Mounſieur haue a care, the
hony bagge breake not, I wold be loath to haue you ouer-
flown with a honibag ſignior. Where's Mounſieur *Maſ-*
tardſeede?

17 *Muſt.* Readie.

Clo. Giue me your neaſe, Mounſieur *Muſtardſeede*. Pray
you, leaue your curſie, good Mounſieur,

Muſt. what's your will?

21 *Clo.* Nothing good Mounſieur, but to helpe Cauallery
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 Aſſe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I
25 muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare ſome muſique, my ſweete
loue?

29 *Clo.* I haue areaſonable good eare in muſique. Lets
haue the rongs, and the bones.

Tyta. Or, ſay ſweete loue, what thou deſireſt to eate.

Clo. Truly a pecke of prouander. I could mounch your
good dry Oates, Me thinkes, I haue a great deſire to a bot-
33 tle of hay, Good hay, ſweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that ſhall ſeek the Squirils
And ſerch thee newe nuts.

37 *Clo.* I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dried peaſe.
But, I pray you: let none of your people ſtirre me: I haue an
expoſition of ſleepe come vpon mee.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Faeries be gon, and be alwaies away.

41 So doth the woodbine, the ſweete Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt: the female Iuy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,

Now I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*. Seest thou this sweete sight
Her dorage now I doe beginne to pittie.

For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraide her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet offresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same 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 aske of her, her changeling childe:
Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent
To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.

And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalpe,
From of the head of this *Athenian* swaine;

That hee, awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the feare vexation of a dreame,
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be, as thou wast wont to bee:

See, as thou wast wont to see.

Diana's budde, or *Cupids* flower,

Hath such force, and blessed power.

Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweete Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene!

Me thought I was enamour'd of an Ass,

Ob. There lyes your loue.

Tita.

44

48

52

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60

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68

72

76

IV.i

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

78

Tit. 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

82

Then common sleepe: of all these, fine the sense.

ti. Musick, howe musick: such as charmeth sleepe. (peepe,*Rob.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fools eyes*Ob.* Sound Musick: come, my queen, take hands with me,

86

and rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now, thou and I are new in amitie,

And will to morrow midnight, solemnely

Daunce, in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,

90

and blesse 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:

94

I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene, in silence sad,

Trippe we after nights shade:

We, the Globe, can compasse soone,

98

Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tit. Come my Lord, and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

102

With these mortals on the ground.

*Exeunt.**Enter Theseus and all his traine.**Winde borne,**The.* Goe one of you, finde out the forrester:

For now our obseruation is performde.

And since we haue the vaward of the day,

106

My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.

Vncouple, in the westerne vallie, let them goe:

Dispatch I say, and finde the forrester,

Wee will, faire Queene, vpto the mountaines toppe,

110

And marke the musickall confusion

Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

F4

Hippoli.

A Mid sommer nightes dreame.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of *Sparta* : neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musically a discord, such sweete thunder.

These. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartane* kinde:
So flew'd, so fanded : and their heads are hung
Vith eares, that sweepe away the morning dewe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapr, like *Thessalian* Bulls:
Slowe in pursuit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*.

Iudge when you heare, But soft, What nymphes are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this my daughter heere a sleepe,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*.

I wonder of their being here together.

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

But speake, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choyce?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

These. Goe, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
Shoutte within : they all start vp, Winde hornes.

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is past.
Begin these woodbirds but to couple, now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

The. I pray you all, stand vp.

I know, you two are Riual enemies,
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is so farre from iealousie,

To

112

116

120

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144

IV.i.

A Midsummer nighes dreame.

146 To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie,
Lyf. My Lord, I shal reply amazedly,
 Halfe sleepe, halfe waking, But, as yet. I sweare,
 I cannot truely say how I came here.
 150 But as I thinke (for truely would I speake)
 And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is;
 I came with *Hermia*, hither, Our intent
 Was to be gon from *Athens*: where we might
 154 Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,
Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough.
 I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:
 They would haue stolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,
 158 Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
 You of your wife, and mee, of my consent:
 Of my consent, that she should be your wife.
Deme. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,
 162 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 wore not by what power
 166 (But by some power it is) my loue,
 To *Hermia* (melted as the snowe)
 Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
 Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
 170 And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
 The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
 Was I betrothed, ere I sec *Hermia*:
 174 But, like a sicknesse, did I loath this foode.
 But, as in health, come to my naturall taste,
 Now I doe wish it, loue it, long for it,
 And will for euer more be true to it.
 178 *The.* Faire louers, you are fortunately met,
 Of this discourse, we more will here anon.

G

Egeus,

Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will:

For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,

These couples shall eternally be knit.

And, for the morning now is something worne,

Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

Away, with vs, to *Athens*. Three and three,

Weele holde a feast, in great solemnitie. Come *Hippolita*.

Deme, These things seeme small and vndistinguishable,

Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.

Her, Me thinks I see these things, with parted eye,

When euery thing seemes double.

Hel. So mee thinkes:

And I haue fonnd *Demetrius*, like a iewell,

Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. Are you sure

That we are awake? It seemes to me,

That yet we sleepe, we dreame Do not you thinke,

The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by the way lets recount our dreames.

Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will answer.

My next is, most faire *Pyramus*, Hey ho. *Peeter Quince*?

Flute, the bellowes menders *Snout* the tinker? *Starveling*?

Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a sleeper? I haue

had a most rare vision. I haue had a dreame, past the wit

of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Affe, if

hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was,

there is no man can tell what, Me thought I was, and me

thought I had, But man is but patcht a foole, If hee will

offer to say, what mee thought I had. Theeye of man

hath not heard, the eare of man hath not. scene, mans

hand

180

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IV.i.

A Midlommer nightes dreame.

214 hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his
 heart to report, what my dreame was, I will get *Peter Quince*
 218 to write a Ballet of this dreame : it shall be
 call'd *Bottoms Dreame*; because it hath no bottome : and
 I will sing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke,
 Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing
 it at her death,

IV.ii.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby and the rabble.

1 *Quin.* Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come
 home, yet?

4 *Flut.* Hee cannot be heard of, Out of doubt he is trans-
 ported.

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

8 *Quin.* It is not possible. You haue not a man, in all *A-*
thens, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Thys. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-
 craft man, in *Athens*.

12 *Quin.* Yea, and the best person to, and hee is a very
 Paramour, for a sweete voice.

Thys. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God
 bleste vs) a thing of nought,

Enter Snug, the Ioyner.

16 *Snug.* Masters, the Duke is comming from the Tem-
 ple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more
 married. If our sport had gon forward, wee had all
 beene made men,

20 *Thys.* O sweete bully *Bottom*, thus hath hee lost six
 pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue scaped
 sixe pence a day. And the Duke had not given him six
 pence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hanged.
 He would haue deserued it, Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*,

or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

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

Quin. *Bottom*, ô most couragious day! O most happy houre:

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but aske me not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian*. I will tell you euery thing right as it fell out.

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 pumpe, meete presently at the palace, euery man looke ore his part. For, the short and the long is, our play is preferd. In any case let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they shall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no O-mions, nor garlicke: for we are to vtter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweete Comedy. No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hyppolita, and Philostrate.

Hy. Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of.

The. More straunge then true, I neuer may belceue These antiquesables, nor these Fairy toyes, Louers, and mad men haue such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more, Then coole reason euer comprehends. The lunaticke, The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact. One sees more diuels, then vast hell can holde: That is the mad man, The louer, all as frantick, Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*. The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, tolling, doth glance From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as Imagination bodies forth the formes of things

Vn-

24

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V.i.

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12

A Midsummer nights dream.

14 Vnknowne: the Poets penne turns them to shapes,
 And giues to avery nothing, a locall habitation,
 And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination,
 18 That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

22 *Hyp.* But, all the story of the night told ouer,
 And all their mindstransfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancies images,
 And growes to something of great constancy:
 But howsoeuer, strange and admirable,

*Enter Louers; Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia and
 Helena.*

26 *the.* Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth.
 Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh daies
 Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your
 boorde, your bedde. (haue,

30 *the.* Come now: what maskes, what daunces shall wee
 To weare away this long age of three hours, betweene
 Or after supper, & bed-time? Where is our vsuall manager
 34 Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
 To ease the anguish of a torturing howers? Call *Philstrate*.

Philstrate. Here mighty *Theseus*.

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

Philost. There is a brieft, how many sports are ripe.
 Make choyce, of which your highnesse will see first.

42 *the.* The battell with the *centaures* to be sung,
 By an *Athenian* Eunuche, to the harpe?
 Weele none of that, That haue I tolde my loue,
 In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*,
 46 The ryot of the tipsie *Bachanals*,

Tearing the *Thracian* finger, in their rage?
 That is an olde deuise: and it was plaid,
 When I from *Thebes* came last a conquerer.
 The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death
 Of learning, late deceast, in beggery?
 That is some *Satire* keene and criticall,
 Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
 A tedious brieft Scene of young *Pyramus*
 And his loue *Thisby*, very tragicall mirth?
 Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and brieft? That is hot *Ise*,
 And wodrous strange snow. How shall we find the cōcord
 Of this discord?

Philost. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long;
 Which is as brieft, as I haue knowne a play:
 But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:
 Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
 And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For *Pyramus*,
 Therein, doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
 Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water;
 But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter
 Neuer shed.

These. What are they, that doe play it?

Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,
 Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
 And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
 With this same Play, against your nuptiall,

The. And wee will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
 It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
 Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,
 Extreame ly stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
 To do you seruice.

The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
 Can be amisse, when simplenesse and ducty tender it.

Goe

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

82

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duety, in his seruice, perishing.

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

86

Hip. He sayes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

The. The kinder we, to giue them thanks, for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake,

And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect

90

Takes it in might, not merit,

Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed

To greete me, with premeditated welcomes;

Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,

94

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,

98

Out of this silence, yee, I pickt a welcome:

And in the modesty of fearefull duty,

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

102

Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity,

In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Philost. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest,

Duk. Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

106

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.

110

Consider 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 should here repent you,

114

the actors are at hand: and, by their shewe,

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

The. This fellow doth not stand vpon points.

116

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 sound; but not in gouernement.

120

The. His speach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, *and* Wall, *and* Moone-shine, *and* Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show
But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine,
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would knowe:
This beautilous Lady *Thisby* is certaine.

124

This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder:
And through wals chinke, poore soules, they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.

128

This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne
To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, there to wooe:

132

This grizly beast (which Lyon hight by name)
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:

136

And as she fled, her mantle she did fall:

Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.

140

Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweete youth, and tall,
And findes his trusty *Thisbyes* mantle slaine:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breast.

144

And *Thisby*, tarying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,

Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine,

148

The.

A Midsummer nightes dreame.

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

Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when
many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thysby, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,

153 That I, one *Flute* (by name) present a wall:

And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke

That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:

Through which the louers, *Pyramus*, and *Thisby*,

157 Did whisper often, very secretly.

This lome, this roughcast, and this stone doth shoue,

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

And this the cranie is, right and sinister,

161 Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper.

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

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard dis-
course, my Lord.

165 *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,

169 I feare my *Thisbyes* promise is forgot.

And thou o wall, o sweete, o louely wall,

That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine,

Thou wall, o wall, O sweete and louely wall,

173 Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne,

Thankes courteous wall. *lone* shield thee well, for this.

But what see I? No *Thisby* doe I see.

O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse,

177 Cutt be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee,

The. The wall mee thinkes, being sensible, should curse
againc.

Py. No, in truth Sir, he should not. *Deceiuing mee* is

181 *Thisbyes* cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy

Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall

H

Pat

A MIDWINTER NIGHTS DREAM.

Pat as I told you : yonder she comes, *Enter Thisby,*

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and mee.

My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;

Thy stones, with lime and hayire knit now againe.

Pyra. I see a voice : now will I to the chinke,

To spy and I can heare my *Thisbyes* face. *Thyby?*

This. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.

Py. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace:
And, like *Limander*, am I trusty still,

This. And I, like *Helen*, till the fates me kill,

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

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyra. O kisse mee, through the hole of this wilde wall.

This. I kisse the walles hole; not your lips at all,

Pyra. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies* tombe, meete me straight way?

Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.

Wal. Thus haue I, *Wall*, my part discharged so;

And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.

Duk. Now is the Moon vsed between the two neighbors.

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

Dutch. This is the silliest stuffe, that euer I heard.

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

Dutch. It must be your imagination, then; & not theirs.

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

Enter Lyon, and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare
The smallest 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, as *Snug* the loyner am

A

V.i.

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

217

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.

221

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

Deme. The very best 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.

225

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 : leaue it to his discretion, and let vs listn to the Moone.

229

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present.

Deme. He should haue worne the hornes, on nis head.

Duk. He is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible, within the circumference.

233

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present, My selfe, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be.

Duke. This is the greatestt errour of all the rest ; the man should be put into the lanthorne, How is it else the man ith Moone?

237

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

Dutch. I am awearie of this Moone. Would hee would

241

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

Lysan. Proceede, Moone.

245

Moone. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge.

Deme. Why? All these should be in the lanthorne : for all these are in the Moone. But silence : here comes *Thisby*.

249

Enter Thisby.

Th. This isould *Ninies* tumb. Where is my loue? *Lyon.* Oh,

H 2

Demetrius

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

Dem. Well roard, *Lyon*.

Duke. Well runne, *Thisby*.

Dutchesse. Well shone *Moone*. Truly, the *Moone* shines,
with a good grace.

Duk. Well mouz'd, *Lyon*,

Dem. And then came *Pyramus*.

Lys. And so the *Lyon* vanish.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr Sweete *Moone*, I thanke thee, for thy sunny beams.

I thanke thee, *Moone*, for shining now so bright.

For by thy gracious golden, glittering beames,

I trust to take of truest *Thisby* light.

But stay : ô spight! 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, staid with blood?

Approach ye *Furies* fell,

O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell,

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

Dutch. Beshrewe my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, *Nature*, didst thou *Lyons* frame?
Since *Lyon* vilde 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, out sword, and wound

The pappe of *Pyramus*:

I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe.

Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky.

Tongue loose thy light, *Moone* take thy flight,

Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.

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

Lys.

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

285 *Lys.* Lesse then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prooue an Asse.

289 *Dut.* How chance Moone-shine is gone before? *thisby* comes backe, and findes her loue,

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

293 *Dut.* Methinkes, she should not vse a long one, for such a *Pyramus*: I hope, she will be brieft.

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

297 *Lys.* She hath spied him already, with those sweete eyes.

Deme. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*;

this. A sleepe my loue? What, dead my doue?

O Pyramus, arise,

301 Speake, speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tumber
Must couer thy sweete eyes.

These lilly lippes, this cherry nose,

These yellow cowslippe cheekes

305 Are gon, are gon: louers make mone:

his eyes were greene, as leekes,

O sisters three, come, come, to mee,

With hands as pale as milke,

309 Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

With sheeres, his threede of silke,

tongue, not a word: come trusty sword,

Come blade, my breast imbrow:

313 and farewell friends: thus *thisby* ends:

adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. *Moone-shine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the dead,

Deme. I, and *Wall* to.

317 *Lyon.* 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 cōpany?

H 3

Duke

A Midfommer nights dreame.

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you. For your Play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse: For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. *Mary,* if hee that writ it, had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himselfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come your Burgomaskes: let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.

Louers to bed, tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall outleepe the comming morne,

As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.

This palpable grosse Play hath well beguil'd

The heauie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed.

A fortnight holde we this solemnitie,

In nightly Reuels, and new iollity.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares.

And the wolfe beholds the Moone;

Whilst the heauie ploughman snores,

All with weary taske foredoone,

Now the wasted brands doe glowe,

Whilst the screech-owle, screeching lowd,

puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,

In remembrance of a throwde.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graues, all gaping wide,

Euery one lets forth his spright,

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

A Midfommer nightes dreame.

to sweepe the dust, behinde the dore.

354

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

Ob. through the house giue glimmering light,

By the dead and drowisie fier,

Euery Elfe and Fairy spright,

358

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.

362

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,

Will we sing and blesse this place.

Ob. Now, vntill the breake of day,

through this house, each Fairy stray.

366

to the best bride bed will wee:

Which by vs shall blessed be:

And the issue, there create,

Euery shall be fortunare:

370

So shall all the couples three

Euery true in louing be:

And the blots of natures hand

Shall not in their issue stand.

374

Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,

Nor marke prodigious, such as are

Despised in natiuitie,

Shall vpon their children be.

378

With this field deaw consecrate,

Euery Fairy take his gate,

And each seuerall chamber blesse,

through this palace, with swete peace,

382

Euery shall in safery rest,

And the owner of it blest.

trippe away: make no stay:

Meete me all, by breake of day. *Exeunt.*

386

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
thinke but this (and all is mended)

A Midlommer nighes dreame.

that you haue but slumbred here,
 While these visions did appeare,
 And this weake and idle theame,
 No more yielding but a dreame,
 Gentles, doe not reprehend.
 If you pardon, wee will mend,
 And, as I am an honest *Puck*,
 If we haue vnearned luck,
 Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
 We will make amends, ere long:
 Else, the *Puck* a lyer call.
 So, good night vnto you all.
 Giue me your hands, if we be friends:
 And *Robin* shall restore amends,

388

392

396

400

FINIS.

