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A Midsummer Night's Dream.

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

Written by William Shakespeare.

Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sold at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete. 1600.
Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apaise: 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 Stepdaime, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.

Fower daies will quickly steepe themselfes in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time;
And then the Moone, like to a siluer 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 soorth to funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

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

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke.
the. Thankes good Egeus, Whatsthe newes with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come! with complaint
A Midsummer night's dream.

Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius.

Mynoble Lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth Lisander.

And my gratious Duke,

This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my childe.

Thou, thou Lisander, thou hast giuen her rimes,

And interchang'd love tokens with my childe:

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

With faining voice, verses of faining love,

And stolne the impression of her phantasie:

With braceletts of thy hair, rings, gawdes, conceites,

Knackes, trifles, nolegaies, sweete meates (messengers

Of strong pruailement in vnhardened youth)

With cunning haft thou filcht my daughters heart,

Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)

To stubborne harshnesse. And, my gratious Duke,

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

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the auncient pruilledge 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 prouided, in that case.

The, What say you, Hermia? Be a dui'd, faire maid,

To you, your father shou'd 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 leave 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.
A Midsummer night's dream.

Her, I would my father look but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must, with his judgement, looke.
Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.
I know not by what power, I am made bold.
Nor how it may concerne my modesty,
In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may knowe
The worst that may befall mee in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
For ever, the society of men,
Therefore, faire Hermia, question your desires,
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeldde not to your fathers choyce)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady cloyster, mew'd
To liue a barraine sister all your life,
Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitlesse Moone.
Thrice blessed they, that master so there bloode,
To vndergoe such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlyer happy is the rofe 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,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp
Vnto his Lordshippe, whose vnwill'd yoake
My soule confents not to giue souerainty.

The. Take time to pawle, and by the next newe moone,
The sealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,
For everlasting bond of fellowchippe,
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austeritie and single life.
A Midsummer night's dream.

Demetrius, Relent, sweete Hermia, and, Lysander, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

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

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

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

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, Ile aunouch it to his heade,
Made loue to Nedars daughter, Helena,
and won her soule; and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuotly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The, I must confesse, that I haue heard so much;
and, with Demetrius, thought to have spoke thereof.

But, being over full of selfe affaires,
My minde did loose it, But Demetrius come,
And come Egues, you shall goe with mee:
I haue some private schooling for you both.

For you, faire Hermia, looke you armye 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 vow of single life.

Come my Hippolita: what cheare my loue?

Demetrius and Egues goe along.
I must employ you in some businesse,
against our nuptiall, and conferre with you.
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Of some thing, nerely that concerns your felues.
Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you, Exeunt.

Lyfand. How now my loute? Why is your cheeke so pale?

How chance the roses there doe fade so fast?
Her. Belike, for want of raine: which I could well
Beteeue them, from the tempest of my eyes.

Lyf. Eigh me: for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever here by tale or history,
The course of true loute never did runne smoothes:
But either it was different in bloud;
Her. O crosse, too high to be inthrall'd to loute.

Lyf. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;
Her. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young,

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

Lyf. O hell, to choose loute by another eyes!

Warre, death or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany, as a sound;
Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
Brieue, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) unfoldes both heauen and earth;
And e're a man hath power to say, beholde,
The iawes of darkenesse do devour e't;
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true louers haue bin euery crosse,
It stands as an edict, in destiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience:
Because it is a customary crosse,
As dewe to loute, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes, and teares, poore Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good perswasion: therefore heare mee, Hermia.
I have a widowe aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenue, and she hath no childe:
From Athens is her house remote, sevenen leagues:
And she respects mee, as her only sonne:
Thee.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee:
And to that place, the sharp 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 meete 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 Cupids strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the simplicitie of Venus douses,
By that which knitteth soules, and prosper soules,
And by that fire, which burnd the Carthage queene,
When the false \textit{Troian} under saile was scene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou haft appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue; looke, here comes \textit{Helena}.

Enter Helena.

her. God speedes\textit{ faire} Helena: whither away?
Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vn\textit{ say}.

Demetrius loues your faire: o happy faire!
Your eyes are load\textit{ starrs,} and your tongues sweete aire
More tunable then larke, to sheepheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauactorne 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, \textit{Demetrius} being bated,
The reftile guie to be to you translated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You fway the motion of \textit{Demetrius} heart.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

_Her._ I frowne upon him; yet hee loues mee still.
_Hel._ O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil.
_Her._ I giue him curses; yet he giues mee loue.
_Hel._ O that my prayers could luch affection mooue.
_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.
_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.
Other, what graces in my loue dooe dwell;
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

_Lys._ _Helen_, to you our mindes wee will unsould:
To morrow night, when _Phoeb_ doth beholde
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time, that louers flights doth still conceale)
Through _Athens_ gates, haue wee deu'd to steale?
_Her._ And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon saint Primrose beddes, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,
There my _Lysander_, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence, from _Athens_, turne away our eyes,
To secke new friends and strange companions.
Farewell, sweete playfellow: pray thou for vs:
And good lucke graunt thee thy _Demetrius_.
Keepe word _Lysander_: we must starrue 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_-
_Hel._ How happie some, ore othersome, can be!
Through _Athens_, I am thought as faire as shee.
But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so.
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on Hermias eyes:
So I admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can transposte to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is wingd Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any judgement taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedly haste.
And therefore is loue said to bee a child:
Because, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boyes, in game, themselues forswear:
So, the boy, Loue, is perjur'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 showts of othes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire Hermias flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Pursuer; and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expense:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his flight thither, and back againe.

Exit.

Enter Quince, the Carpenter, and Snugge, the Joyner, and
Bottom, the Weaver, and Flute, the Bellowes 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 all 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.
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

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

Bot. A very good piece of worke, I assure you, & a merry. Now good Peeter Quince, call forth your Actors by the scrowle, Masters, i'preeade your selues.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. Nick Bottom, the Weaver?

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 kils himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

Bot. That will alke some teares in the true performing ofit. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I will mooue storms: 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 roks: and shiuering shocks, shall breake the locks of prifon gates, and Phibbus care 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.

Flu. Nay faith: let not me play a woma: I haue a beard co-

Quin. Thats 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: Ile speake in a monstrous little voice; Thisne, Thisne, ah Py-

ramus, my louer deare, thy Thisby deare, & Lady deare.

Quin. No, no: you must play Pyramus & Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceede. Qui. Robin Starveling, the Tailer?

Sar. Here Peeter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisbys mothers
A Midsummer night's dream.

Tom Snomte; the Tinker.

Snomt, Here Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus father; myselfe, Thisbe's father; Snugge, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fittest.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, give it meet for I am flowe 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 shrike: and that were enoough 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 exaggerate my voice so, that I will roare you as gently, as any fucking 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 Som- mers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you must needs play Piramus:

Bot. Well: I will undertake 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 bearde, your perfitt yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no hair at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intert you, request you, and desire you
you, to con them by to morrow night: and meete me: in
the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-
light; there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete in the city,
we shall be dogd with company, and our deuises known.
In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as
our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bor. Wee will mee te, & there we may rehearse most ob-
scenely, and coragiou sily. Take paines, bee perfit: adieu.

Qnin. At the Dukes oke wee mee te.

Bor. Enough: holde, or cut bowstring.

Exeunt.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfell ow

at another.

Robin. How now spirit, whither wander you?

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire:
I do wander every where; swifter than the Moons sphere:
And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs ypon the
The cowflippes tall her Pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spottes you see:
Those be Rubies, Fairie favours;
In those freckles, liue their favours,
I must goe seeke some dew, droppes here,
And hang a pearle in euery couslipes care.
Farewell thou Lobbe of spirits; Ille be gon.
Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.

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

Take heede the Queene come not within his sight:
For Oberon is passinge fell and wrath:
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy stolen, from an Indian king:
She never had so sweete a changeling.
And jealous Oberon would hau e the childe,
Knight of his traite, to trace the forestis wilde.
But shee, perforce, withoulds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.

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And
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

And now, they never mete in grous, or greene.
By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,
But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,
Creepe into a cornes cups, and hide them there.

Fa, Either I mistake your shape, and making, quite,
Or els you are that threwe and knauish sprite,
Call'd Robin goodfellow. Are not you hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagerees,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlefie make the breathlefie huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Mistlead 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
I feast to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile;
Neyghing, in likenesse of a filly sole,
And sometime lurke I in a gofslipes 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 wiseft Aunt, telling the laddest tale,
Sometime, for three foote ftoole, mistaketh mee;
Then slippe I from her bumme, downe topples she,
And tailour cryes, and fallies into a coffe;
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and liffe,
And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and sweare
A merrier howe r was neuer wasted there.
But roome Faery; here comes Oberon.

Fa, and here, my mistress, Would that he were gon;
Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traines;
And the Queene, at another, with hers.
Ober. I'll met by mooneligt, proud Tytania.
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Qu. What, Jealous Oberon? Fairy skippe hence.
I haue forsworne his bedde, and company.
Ob. Tarry, rash wanton, am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haft roollen away from Fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin, sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,
To amorous Phillida, Why art thou here
Come from the farthest steppe of India?
But that, forsooth, the bousing Amazon,
Your bulkand mistresse, and your warriour loue;
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come,
To give their bedde, joy and prosperitie.
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 raunished?
And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith
With Ariadne, and Antiope?

Quee. These are the forgeries of jealousie:
And neuer, since the middle Sommers spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whistling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haft disturb’d our sport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue suckt vp, from the Sea,
Contagious foggges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting river made so proude,
That they haue ourborne their Continents,
The Ox hath therefore stretcht his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman lost his sweate, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attaine a beard:

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The
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrion flocke,  
The nine men's Morris is fild vp with mudde:  
And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greenes,  
For lacke of tread, are undistinguishable.  
The humane mortals want their winter heere.  
No night is now with hymcie or carroll blest:  
Therefore the Moone, the gouernesse of floods)  
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;  
That Rhumaticke diseases doe abound.  
And, thorough this dis TEMPERATURE, wee see  
The seasons alter, hoary headed frosts:  
Fall in the fresh lappe of the Crymson rose;  
And on old Hyemes chinne and icy crowne,  
An odorous Chaplet of sweete Sommer buddes  
Is, as in mockery, set. The Spring, the Sommer,  
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change  
Their wonded Luieres; and the mazed worlde,  
By their increase, now knowes not which is which,  
And this same progeny of evils,  
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 cross her Oberon?  
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,  
To be my Heichman.  
Queen.  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 Gosipt, by my fide,  
And fat, with me on Neptune's yellow sands  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;  
When we have caught to see the failes conceal'd  
And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde;  
Which
A Midsummer night's dream.

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

Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you stay?

Quee. Perchaunce, till after Theseus wedding day.
If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
And see our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs:
If not, shunne me, and I will spare your haunts.

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

Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdom. Fairies away.

We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay. Exeunt.

Ob. Well: goe thy way. Thou shalt not from this grous:
Till I torment thee, for this injury.

My gentle Pucke come hither: thou remembrest,
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Uttering such dulcet and hermonious breath,
That the rude sea grewe cuild at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musick.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time, I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying betwene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by west,
And looke'd his love-shaft smartly, from his bowe,
As it should pearce a hundred thousand hearts:
But, I might see young Cupids fiery shaft
Quencht in the shaft beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Vestall passed on.
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark't I, where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower;
Before, milke white; now-purp'le, with lous'wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
Fetch mee that flower: the herbe I shewed thee once.
The iewe of it, on sleeping cyclides laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote,
Upon the next liue creature that it sees.
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here again.
Ere the Leviathan can swimme a league.
Or Ile put a girdle, roud about the earth, in forty minutes.
Oberon. Haung once this iuice,
Ile watch Titania, when she is a sleepe,
And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyees:
The next thing then she, waking, lookes upon
(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 other sfight
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee.
But, who comes here? I am invisiblle,
And I will overheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love 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 alone unto 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 yet you draw not Iron. For my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
A Midsummer night's dream.

And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you saie?

Or rather Doe I not in plainest truthe,

Tell you I doe no, not I cannot love you?

Hel. And even, for that, doe I love 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 leave

(Vnworthie as I am) to follow you.

What worser place can I begge, in your loue

(And yet, a place of high respect with mee)

Then to be vled as you vse your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my spirit.

For I am sick, when I do looke on thee.

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

Dem. 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 priviledge: 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?

Dem. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,

And leave 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 chase:

The Dove pursues the Griffon: the milde Hinde

C 2

Make
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Makes speede to catch the Tigre. Bootel'fle speede,
When cowardife pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, Let me go;
Or if thou follow mee, do not beleue,
But I shall doe thee mischiefe, in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the field,
You doe me mischiefe. By 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 wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy upon 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.
Haft 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 overcanopi'd with lushtious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepees 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, Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantaisies.
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue:
A sweete Athenian Lady is in loue,
With a disdainefull 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 proove.
A Midsummer night's dream.

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

**Pu.** Fear not my Lord: your servant shall do so. *Exeunt.*

**Enter Tytania Queen 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 Remise, for their leathen wings,
To make my small Elues coates, and some kepe 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.

**Faries Sing.**

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

*Philomel, with melody,*

Sing in our sweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our lovely lady nigh.

So good night, with lullaby.

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

*Philomel 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,
Do it for thy true loue take:
Louve and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

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

Enter Lysander: and Hermia.

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

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

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

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

Lys. O take the sense, sweete, of my innocence.
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vn to yours it knit;
So that but one heart wee can make of it:
Two bosomes interchained with an oaths
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. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew me my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lyed.
But gentle friend, for loue and curtesie,
Ly further off, in humane modesty:
Such separation, as may well be said
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.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty.
Here is my bed; sleepe glue thee all his rest.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Her. With halfe that wishe, 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 here?
Weedes of Athenes he doth weare;
This is hee (my master saide)
Despised the Athenian maide:
And here the maiden, sleeping found,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty sowle, she durst not lye;
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtesse.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throwe
All the power this charme doth owes:
When thou wak'\(\text{th}\), let loue forbidde
Sleepe, his seat, on thy eye lidde.
So awake, when I am gon:
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay; though thou kill mee, sweete Demetrius.
De. I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus,
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leaue me? doe not so.
De. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will goe.
Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chase.

The more my prayer, the lester is my grace.
Happie is Hermis, wherefoere she lies:
For she hath blessed, and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares,
If so, my eyes are oftner waash then hers.
No, no: I am as vgly as a Beare:
For beasts that meete mee, runne away, for feares.
Therefore, no maruaile, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence, thus.

C4

What
A Midsummer night's dream.

What wicked and dissembling glasse, of mine,
Made me compare with Hermias sphery eyen!
But, who is here? Lysander, on the ground?
Dead, or a sleepe? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, 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 perish on my sword?
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander, say not so.
What though he loeue your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still louses 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 love.
Who will not change a Rauen for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason swaide:
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 storie, written in loues richest booke.
Hel. Wherefore was to this keene mockery borne?
When, at your hands, did I deserue this scorn?
If it not enough, ift not enough, young man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserue a sweete looke from Demetriuseye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good truth you doe mee wrong(good sooth you doe)
In such disdainfull manner, mee to wooe.
But, fare you well: perforce, I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenes.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

O, that a Ladie, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! Exit.

Lyf. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come Lyfander neere.
For, as a surfer of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing, to the stomake bringes:
Or, as the heresies, that men doe leue,
Are hated most of those they did deceiue:
So thou, my surfer, and my heresie,
Of all bee hated; but the most, of mee;
And all my powers address ye your loue and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. Exit.

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

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are wee all met?

Quin. Pat, pat: and heres a maruiles conuenient place,
for our rehearseall. 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. Peeter Quince?

Quin. What faieft 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 Midsummer night's dream.

How answered you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous fear.

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

Bott. Not a whit: I have a devise to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say; we will do no harme, with our swords, and that Pyramus is not kild indeede: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver; this will put them out of feare.

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

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

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

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bott. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves, to bring in (God shield ye) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearfull wild soule then your Lyon living: & we ought to looke toote.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a Lion.

Bott. Nay: you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seen 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 would intreat you, not to feare, not to trouble my life for yours. If you think 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?

Bott.
A Midsummer night's dream.

Bo. A Calendar, a Calendar: looke in the Almanack: finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Quin. Yes: it doth shine that night.

Ces. 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.

Quin. 1: or els one must come in, with a bush of thorns, & a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then, there is another thing; we must haue a wal in the great chambre: for Pyramus & Thisby (saieth the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall. Snc. You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him haue some plaster, or some stone, or some rough cast, about him, to signifie wall; or let him holde his fingers thus: and through that crany, shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

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

Enter Robin.

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we swaggtring here, So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene? What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor,

An Actor to perhappes, If I see cause.

Quin. Speake Pyramus: Thisby stand forth,

Pyra. Thisby the flowers of odious sauours sweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours sauors sweete.

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare,

But hark, a voice: say thou but heere a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare ...

Exit.

Quin. A stranger Pyramus, then ere played heere.

This. Must I speake now?
A Midsommer Nightes dreame.

Quin. I marry must you, For you must understand, 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 briskly luuenall, and eke most lovely lewe,
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee Pyramus, at Ninies toumbe.

Quin. Ninus toumbe, man. Why you must not speake
That yet. That you anfwered to Pyramus. You speake
At 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 ma-
fters: fly mafters: helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bugh, through brake, through
Sometime a horfe lye be, sometime a hound, (bryer:
A hogge, a headelesse Beare, sometime a fier,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horfe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at every turne. Exit.

Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of
them to make mee afearde. Enter Snowte.

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

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

Enter Quince. (Exit.

Quin. Bleffe thee Bottome, bleffe thee. Thou art traflated.

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

The
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren, with little quill.

_Tytania_. What Angel wakes me from my flowry bed?
_Bot_. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,
The plainlong Cuckow gray:
Whose note, full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answer, nay.
For indeede, who would let his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow, neuer so?

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

_Bott_. Mee thinks mistress, you should have little reason
for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep
little company together, now a daies. The more the pitty,
that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.
Nay I can gleeke, upon occasion.

_Tinta_. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

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

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

Enter foure Fairyes.
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

Fairies: Readie: 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, croppe their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to arise,
And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtseys.
1. Fai. Haile mortall, haile.
Bot. I cry your worships mercy, hartily: I beseech your worships name,
Cob. Cobwebbe.
Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good ma-\nster 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 Peafood, 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 de-
uourd 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 warry eye:
And when shee weepes, weepes every little flower.
Lamen.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Lamenting some enforced chastitie.

Ty vp my louers tongue, bring him silently. Exit.

Enter King of Fairies, and Robin goodfellow.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak't;

Then what it was, that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on, in extreamitie.

Here comes my messenger. How now, mad spirit?

What nightrule now about this hauntet groue?

Puck. My mistresse with a monster is in loue,

Neere to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull, and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

That worke for bread, upon Athenian stalles,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day:

The shallowest thicksk inne, of that barraine fort,

Who Pyramus presented, in their sport,

Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,

When I did him at this aduantage take:

An Asses nose 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 Fouler eye,

Or rustet pated choughes, many in sort.

(Rysing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)

Seuer themselves, 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 cryes, and helpe from Athens cals,

Their sence, 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 sence,

And left sweete Pyramus translated there.
A Midsummer night's dreame.

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

Ob. This fallses our better, then I could devise.

But hast thou yet lacht the Athenians eyes,
With the love juice, 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, off 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 see thee worse,
For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse.

If thou hast slaine Lyfander, in his sleepe;
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 beleuee, as soone;
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noontide, with th' Antipodes.

It cannot be, but thou hast murdered him.
So should a murtherer looke, so dead, so grimme.

Dem. So should the murthered looke, and so should I,
Pearst through the heart, with your sterne cruelty,
Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder Venus, in her glimmering sphaete.

Her. What's this to my Lyfander? Where is hee?

Ah good Demetria, wilt thou giue him mee?

Dem. I had rather giue his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out curre: thou diu'lt me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haft thou slaine him then?

Henceforth be euere numbred among men.
O, once tell true: tell true, even for my sake:
Durft thou have lookt vpon him, being awake?
And hast thou kild him, sleeping? O braue rutch!
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
Then thyne (thou serpente) neuer Adder flung.

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

Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.
De. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, neuer to see mee more:
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more;
Whether he be dead or no.

Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine:
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier growe.
For debt that bankrout slippe doth sorrow owe:
Which now in some slighthe measure it will pay;
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Lydoun.

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the loue juice on some true loues sight.
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turrid, and not a faile turnd true.

Robi. Then fate orerules, that one man holding trouth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.
All fancy sickes she is and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
Hee charme his eyes, against shee doe appeare.

Robin, I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
Swifter then arrow, from the Tartars bowe.

Ob, Flower of this purple dy,
A Midsummer night's dream.

Hit with Cupids archery,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espie,
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 lovers see.
Shall wee their fond pageant see?
Lord, what foole these mortals bee!

Ob, Stand aside. The noyfe, they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Pu. Then will two, at once, wooe one;
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please mee,
That befall posthousely.

Enter Lyfander, and Helena.

Lyf, Why should you think, that I should woee in scorne?
Scorne, and derision, never come in teares.
Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vows so borne,
In their natuure 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 diuellish holy fray!
These vowes are Hermias, Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two scales)
Will eu'en weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lyf, I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

Hel, Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Ly, Demetrius loves her: and he loves not you.
Deme. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect divine,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Christall is muddy. O, how ripe, in showe,
Thy lippes, those kissing cherries, tempting growe!
That pure concealeth white, high Tauris how,
And with the Eastern winde, turns to a crowe.
When thou holdest vp thy hand, O, let me kisse
This Princessse of pure white, this seal 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,
You would not doe mee thus much injury.
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne, in soules, to mock mee to?
If you were men, as men you are in showe,
You would not vis 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 love Hermia:
And now both Riualles, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprife,
To conjure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
With your derision None, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

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

Hel. Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.
Deme. Lyfander, keepe thy Hermia: I will none.
If ere I lou’d her, all that loue is gone.
A Midsummer night's dream.

My heart to her, but as guestwise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen, is it home return'd,
There to remaine.

\textit{Lys.} Helen, it is not so.
\textit{Dem.} Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know;
Least to thy peril, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare.

\textit{Enter Hermia.}

\textit{Her.} Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It payes the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, \textit{Lysander}, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy sound.
But why, vnkindly, didst thou leave mee so?

\textit{Lys.} Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go?
\textit{Her.} What loue could presse \textit{Lysander}, from my side?

\textit{Lys.} \textit{Lysander's} loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire \textit{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 leave thee so?

\textit{Her.} You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.

\textit{Hel.} Lo: she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue connioud all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee.
Injurious \textit{Hermia}, most vngratefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contribu'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 friendshipe, childhood innocence?

\textit{Vvec.} \textit{Hermia}, like two artificiall gods,
A Midsummer night's dream.

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;
as if our hands, our sides, voyces, and mindes
had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an union in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one stemme:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,
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 see the injury.

_Her._ I am amazed at your words:
I scorne you not. It seemes that you scorne mee,

_Hel._ Haue you not set _Lyfander_ as in scorne;
To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, _Demetrios_
(Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote)
To call mee goddesse, nymph, divin,e and rare,
Pretious celestiall? _V_ Wherefore speakes he this,
To her he hates? And wherfore doth _Lyfander_
Deny your loue (so rich within his soule)
And render mee (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
_What_ though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpou with loue, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to loue vnlovd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.

_Her._ I understand not, what you meane by this;

_Hel._ I doe. Perseuer, counterfait sad lookes:
Make mouthes upon mee, when I turne my back:
A Midsummer night's dream.

Winke each at other, hold the sweete ieast vp.
This sport well caried, shall bee chronicled.
If you have any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or absence soone shall remedy.

Lyf. 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.

Lyf. Thou canst compell no more, then she intreat.
Thy threats haue no more strengthe then her weake praine.

Hel. I loue thee, by my life I doe.
I sweare 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.

Lyf. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it too.

Dem. Quick come,

Hel. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

Lyf. Away, you Ephiop.

Dem. No, no: heele
Seeme to breake loose: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go.

Lyf. Hang of thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpente.

Hel. Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,
Sweeteloise?

Lyf. Thy loue? Our tawny Tartar, out:
Out loathed medcine: o hated potion hence.

Hel. Do you not ieast?

Hel. Yes sooth: and so doe you.

Lyf. Demeterus, I will kepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. He not trust your word.
A Midsummer night's dream.

Lys. What should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

Although I hate her, Be not harming her to.

her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?

Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newses, my loue?

Am not I hermio? Are 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 (o the gods forbid)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. 1, by my life:

And neuer did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubts.

Be certaine : nothing truer : tis no deceit,

That I do hate thee, and loue helena.

her. O mee, you juggler, you canker blossome,

You theese of loue: what, haue you come by night,

And stole my loues heart, from him?

hel. Fine, I faith.

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame;

No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you cease.

Impatient answers, from my gentle tongue?

Fy, fy, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

her. Puppet? Why so? 1, that way goes the game.

Now I perceiue, that she hath made compare,

Betweene our natures, she hath urg'd her height,

And with her personage, her tall personage,

her height (for loth) she hath preuailed with him.

And are you growne so high in his esteeme,

Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe?

how lowe am I, thou painted May-pole? Speaker.

how lowe am I? I am not yet so lowe,

But that my nailes can reach into thine eyes.

hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman.

Let her not hurt me, I was neuer cutt.

I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse.

F4
A Midsummer night's dream.

I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps, may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? Hathke againe.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with mee.
I evermore did loue you Hermia,
Did ever kepe your counsels, never wrongd you;
Saue that in loue, vnto Demetrius,
I oull 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 leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm 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 xevien, when she went to school: 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 dwarf:
You minions, of hindring knot graffe, made;
You bead, you acorne.

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

Take
A Midsummer night's dream.

Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

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

Dem. Follow? Nay: 'Ile go with thee, cheek by jowl,
her. You, mistresse, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay: goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your cursed company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
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.

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 farre blameleffe prooues my enterprise,
That I have nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so farre am I glad, itso did fort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest, these louers seeke a place to fight:
The flarry welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron;
And lead these teasty Riuels to a fray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to Lysander, sometime frame thy tongue:
Then stirre Demetrius vp, with bitter wrong:
And sometime saile thou like Demetrius:
And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
Till oer their browes, death-counterfainting, sleepe,
With leaden legs, and Batty wings doth creepe:

Then
A Midsommer 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 eybals roulle with wonted light.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse vision,
And backe to Athens shall the lowers wend,
With league, whose date, till death shall never end.

Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploie,
Ile to my Queene and beg her Indian boy:
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monsteres viewe, and all thinges shall be peace.

Fack. My Faier Lord, this must be done with haste.
For nights swift Dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora harbinger:
At whose approach, Ghosts, wandering here and there;
Troope home to Churchyards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse waies and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone:
For seare lest day should looke their shames upon:
They wilfully themselves exile from light, and cant.
And must for aye confort with black browed night.

Ober. But we are spirits of another sort,
I, with the mornings loue, have oft made sport.
And like a forrester, the groues may tread
Euen till the Easerne 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.

Fack. Vp & down, up & down, I will lead them vp & downes.
I am heard in field & town. Goblin, lead them vp & downes.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now?
Rob. Here villain, drawne & ready. Where art thou?
A Midsummer night's dreame.

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

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

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

De. Yea, art thou there?

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calleth, then he is gon.
The villaine is much lighter heeld then?;
I followed fast: but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in darke vaneuen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day,
For if but once, thou shewe me thy gray light,
He finde Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

Robin, and Demetrius.

Robi. Ho, ho, ho: Coward, why comft thou not?

Deme. Abide me, if thou darft. For well I wot,
Thou runst before mee, shifting every place,
And darft not stand, nor looke me in the face;
Where art thou now?

Rob. Come hither. I am here .

De. Nay then thou mockst me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light see.
Now, goe thy way. Faintnesse constraineth mee,
To measure, out my length, on this cold bed:
By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

Pz

Abate
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

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. *Sleep*.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more. Two of both kindes makes vp four, Heare shee comes, curst and sadde. *Cupid* is a knauffish ladde, Thus to make poore females madde. *Her.* Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe, Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers: I can no further crawle, no further goe: My legges can keepe no pase with my desires, Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day: Heauens shielde Lyfander, if they mean a fray.

Rob. On the ground, sleepe found: Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy. When thou wak'th, thou tak'lt True delight, in the light, of thy former ladies eye: And the country prouerbe knowne, That euery man shou'd take his owne, In your waking shall be showen, Jacke shall haue ill: nought shall goe ill: The man shall haue his mare again, & all shall be well.

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

Tit. Come sit thee downe upon this flowry bed, While thy amiable cheekes doe coy, And flick musk roses in thy flecke smooth head, And kiffe thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.


A Midsummer nightes dreame.

Clo. Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red Hymble Bee, on the toppe of a thistle: and good Mounfieur, bring mee the honie bagge. Doe not fret yourselfe too much, in the action, Mounfieur: and good Mounfieur have a care, the honiebagge breake not, I wold be loath to haue you overflowen with a honibag. signior. Where's Mounfieur Mustardseed?  

Must. Good Dame,  

Clo. Give me your neafe, Mounfieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leaue your curtfe, good Mounfieur.  

Must. What's your will?  

Clo. Nothing good Mounfieur, but to helpe Caualesy Cobwebbe, to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounfieur. For me thinkes I am maruailles hairy about the face, And I am such a tender Asse, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch.  

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

Clo. I haue a reasonable good care in musique. Let's haue the tongs, and the bones.  

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

Clo. Truely a pecke of prounceder I could mouch your good dry Oates, Methinkes, I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow, (hoord,)  

Ty. I haue a ventuous Fairy, that shall seeke the Squirils and fetch thee newe nuts.  

Clo. I had rather haue a handful, or two of dryed 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, Fairies be gon, and be alwaies away.  

So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle, Gently entwist the female Iay so,  

Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,
A Midsummer night's dream.

O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Oh, Welcome good Robin. Seest thou this sweete sight?

Her doresage now I doe beginne to pitte.

For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,

Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,

I did upbraid 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 Fairieland.

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 flarece 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.

Diane 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 enamourd of an Asse.

Ob. There lyes your loue.

Tita.
A Midsummer night's dream.

Titania. How came these things to passe?
O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. Robin, take off this head:

Titania, musicke call, and strike more dead

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

Rob. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes

Ob. Sound Musick: come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now, thou and I are new in amitie,

And will to morrow midnight, solemnly,

Daunce, in Duke Theseus house triumphantly,

And bleffe it to all faire prosperitie.

There shall the paires of faithfull lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollitie.

Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:

I do heare the morning Lark.

Ob. Then my Queene, in silence sad,

Trippe we after nights shade:

We, the Globe, can compasse soone,

Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

Enter Theseus and all his traine.

The. Goe one of you, finde out the forrester:

For now our observation is perform'd,

And since we haue the vaward of the day,

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, vp to the mountaines toppe,

And marke the musicall confusion

Of hounds and Echo in conjuncion.
A Midsummer night's dream.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the Bear,
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skyes, the fountaines, every region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So musicall a discord, such sweete thunder.

Theo. My hounds are bred out of the Spartane kinde:
So flew'd, so banded: and their heads are hung
Vvith eares, that sweepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like Thessalian Bulls:
Slow in pursuit; but matchtie in mouth like bells,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was never hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In Crete, in Sparta, not in Thessaly.

Judge when you heare. But soft, What nymphe are these?

Egen. 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, Egen, is not this the day,
That Hermia should giue answere of her choyce?

Egen. It is, my Lord.

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

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

Begin these wood birds but to couple, now?

Lys. Pardon, my Lord.

The. I pray you all, stand vp.

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

To
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

To sleepe by hate, and seare no enmitie,
Lyf: My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halse sleepe, halse waking, But, as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came here,
But as I think (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is;
I came with Hermia, hither. Our intent
Was to be gon from Athens: where we might
Without the peril 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,
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 Helena told me of their Health,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire Helena, in fancy following mee.
But my good Lord, I wote not by what power
(But by some power it is) my 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;
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obie& and the pleafure of mine eye,
Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I see Hermia:
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 evermore be true to it.

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

Egeus,
A Midsummer night's dream.

Egeus, I will overbear your will:
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worse,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs, to Athens. Three and three,
Weele holde a feast, in great solemnitie. Come Hypolita.

Dem. These things seeme small and undistinguishes,
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.

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

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

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

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hypolita.

Lyf. 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, Peter Quince?
Flute, the bellowes mender? Snout the tinker? Stanueling?
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee sleepe? I haue
had a most rare vision. I haue had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say; what dreame it was, Man is but an Asse, if
hee 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 fool, If hee will
offer to say, what mee thought I had. The eye of man
hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seene, mans
hand
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get Peter Quince to write a Ballet of this dreame: it shall be call'd Bottom's 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 gratious, I shall sing it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby and the rabble.

Quin. Haue you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home, yet?

Flut. Hee cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

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

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

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

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 blesse vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, the Joiner.

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

Thys. O sweete bully Bottome, thus hath hee lost six pence a day, during his life: hee could not haue scape dixe pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him six pence a day, for playing Pyramus, Ile be hanged.

He would haue deserued it. Six pence a day, in Pyramus,
A Midsummer night's dream.

Enter Bottom.

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

Quin. Bottom, most courteous day! O most happy hour!

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

Quin. Let us heare, sweete Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of mee, All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes, meete presently at the palace, every man looke after his part. For, the short and the long is, our play is preerd. In any case let Thisby have cleane linnen: and let not him, that plies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they shall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And most deare Actors, eat no Onions, nor garlick: for we are to vter sweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweete Comedy.

No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hyppolita, and Philostrate.

Hip. Tis strange, my Theseus, that these louers speake of the. More strange then true, I neuer may beleue

These antiques fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

Lowers, and mad men haue such seething braines,

Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more,

Then cool reacon euer comprehends. The lunatick,

The lover, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.

One sees more diuels, then vast hell can holde:

That is the mad man, The lover, all as frantick,

Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egypt.

The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance

From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as Imagination bodies forth the formes of things
A Midsummer night's dream.

Unknown: the Poets penne turns them to shapes,
And glues to ayery nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppo'd a Beare?

Hyp. But, all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd to together,
More witneseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy:
But howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter Lovers; Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia and Helena.

The, here come the louters, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh daies
Of love accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then tooys, waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde.

The, Come now: what maskes, what daunces shall wee To weare away this long age of three hours, betwene
Or after supper, & bed-time? Where is our visall manager Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguifh of a torturing howet? Call Philoftrate.

Philoftrate, Here mighty Theseus.

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?

Philoftr. There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe,
Make choyce, of which your Highnffe will see first.

The. The battell with the centaures to be sung,
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the harpe?
Weele none of that, That haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules,
The syot of the tipifie Bacchanals.
A Midsummer Night's Dream:

Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?
That is an olde devise: and it was plaid,
When I from Thebes came last a conquerer.
The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning late deceas'd in beggary?
That is some Satire keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus
And his loue Thisby; very tragicall mirth?
Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is not he,
And wondrous strange now. How shall we find the concord
Of this discord?

Philof, A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long;
Which is as briefe, as I have 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 fittted.
And tragically, my noble Lord, it is. For Pyramus,
Therein, doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehearsed, I must confess, made mine eyes water:
But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter
Never shed.

These, What are they, that doe play it?
Phil., Hard handed men, that worke in Athens here,
Which neverlabour'd in their minds till now:
And now have toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this same Play, against your nuptiall,
The. And wee will heare it.

Phil. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleffe you can finde sport in their entents,
Extreameely strecht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you service.

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

Goe
A Midsommer nightes dreame.

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

_Hip._ I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duery, in his seruice, perishing.
_the._ Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.
_Hip._ He layes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.
_the._ The kinder we, to give them thanks, for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit,
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue seene them shiner and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome. Trust me, sweete,
Out of this silence, yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicitie,
In leaft, speake most, to my capacity.
_Philof._ So pleafe your Grace, the Prologue is addrest,
_Duk._ Let him approach.

_Enter the Prologue._

_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.
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,
The Actors are at hand: and, by their shewe,
You shall know all, that you are like to knowe,

G4
This fellow doth not stand upon points.

His, He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Cotte: hee knows not the stoppe, A good moral my Lord, It is not enough to speake; but to speake true.

Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a sound; but not in gouvernement.

His speech was like a tanged 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 shew.

But, wonder on, till truth e make all things plaine.

This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe:

This beautious Lady Thisby is certaine.

This man, with lyme and rough caft, doth present

Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers Sunder:

And through wals chinke, poore soules, they are content

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

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

Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,

By moone-shine did these loyers thinke no scorne

To meete at Ninus tombe, there, there to wooe:

This grizly beast (which Lyon hight by name)

The trusty Thisby, comming first by night,

Did scare away, or rather did affright:

And as she fled, her mantle she did fall:

Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweete youth, and tall,

And finds his trusty Thisbys mantle staine:

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,

He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breakt.

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.
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

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

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

Exit Lyon, Thysby, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,

That one Flute (by name) present a wall:

And such a wall, as I would have you thinke

That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:

Through which the louers, Pyramus, and Thisby,

Did whisper often, very secretly.

This lome, this roughcall, and this stone doth showe,

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

And this the craneful, right and sinister,

Through which these fearefull louers are to whisper.

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

Demet. It is the wittiest partition, that euery I heard discourse, my Lord.

The. Pyramus drawes neare the wall: silence.

Py. O grim lookt night, o night, with hue so blacke,

O night, which euery art, when day is not:

O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,

I feare my Thisbies 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,

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

Thankes curteous wall. lowe shield thee well, for this.

But what see I? No Thisby doe I see.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,

Curst be thy ftones, for thus deceiving mee,

The. The wall mee thinkes, being senseful, should curse againe.

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

Thisbys cue: he is to enter now, and I am to spy

Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall

H  Pat
A Midsummer night's dream.

Pat as I told you: yonder she comes.

Enter Thisby.

O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee.
My cherry lips have often kisst thy liones;
Thy liones, with lime and hayre knit now againe.

Pyra. I see a voice; now will I to the chink.
To spy and I can heare my Thisbyes face, Thisby?
This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Py. Think 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 procurus, was so true.
This. As Shafalus to procurus, I to you.

Py. O kisse mee, through the hole of this vile wall:
This. I kisse the wall, the hole, not your lips at all.

Py. Wilt thou, at Niniettes tombe, meete me straight way?
This. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.

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

And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.

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

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

Dutch. This is the sillieest flurfe, 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 selves, 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 creeps on floore).
May neuer, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildest rage, doth roare.
Then know that I, as snug thejoyner am
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damme.
For, if I should, as Lyon, come in stride,
Into this place, twere pitty on my life.

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.

De. Not so my Lord, for his valour cannot carry his discretion: and the fox carries the goose,

Duk. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour.
For the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the Moone.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present,

Deme. He should have worn the horns, on his head.

Duk. He is no crescent, and his horns are inuisible, with in the circumference.

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

Duke. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorne, How is it else the man with Moone?

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

Dutch, I am aweary of this Moone, Would hee woulde

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.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man with 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.

Enter Thisby.

Th. This is oulde Ninies stumbe. Where is my loue? Lyon. Oh,
A Midsummer night's dream.

Dem. Well roard, Lyon.
Duke. Well runne, Thisby.
Duchesse. Well shone Moone. Truly, the Moone shines, with a good grace.
Duke. Well mouz'd, Lyon.
Dem. And then came Pyramus.
Lys. And so the Lyon vanisht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee, for thy sunny beams. I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright.

For by thy gratious, golden, glittering beames,
I trulst to take of truest Thisby light.

But stay: O sight: but marke, poore knight,
What dredfull dole is here?
Eyes do you see! How can it bee!

O dainty duck, o deare!
Thy mantle good, what, stand with blood?
Approch ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,
Quale, crush, conclude, and quell.

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

Dutch. Beshrew my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath here deflored my deare.
Which is, no, no: which was the fairest dame.
That liud, that loud, 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 Midsummer Night's Dream.

Lyse. Less he then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Duke. With the help of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet procure an affe.

Duke. How chance Moone-shine is gone before? Thisby comes backe, and finds her lover.

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

Duke. Methinks she should not vie a long one; for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be briefe.

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

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

Demet. And thus she meanes, videlicet;

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

O Pyramus, arise,


Must couer thy sweete eyes.

These lilly lippes, this cherry nose,

These yellow cowslippe cheekees

Are gon, are gon: louers make mone:

His eyes were greene, as leekes.

O fitters three, come, come, to mee,

With hands as pale as milke,

Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

With sheeres, his threeede of silke

Tongue, not a word: come trusty sword,

Come blade, my breast imbrew:

And farewell friends: thus Thisbye ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

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

Demet. I, and Wilt to.

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 company?
A Midsummer night's dream.

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 he that writ it, had played Pyramus, and hangd himselfe in Thiskies garter, it would haue bene a fine tragedy: and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come your Burgomaske: let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers to bed, tis almost Fairy time.
I feare we shall out sleepe the comming morne,
As much as wee this night haue overwatcht.
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.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares.
And the wolfe beholds the Moone;
 Whilst the heauie ploughman shores,
 All with weary taske fordoone,
 Now the wafted brands doe glowe,
 Whilst the sriech-owle, srieching lowd,
 Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,
 In remembrance of a shrowde.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graurs, all gaping wide,
 Every 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 frollick: not a mouse!
 Shall disturb this hallowed house.
 I am sent, with broome, before,
A Midsummer nightes dreame.

to sweepe the dust, behinde the dore.

    *Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with all their traine.*

    *Ob.* through the house giue glimmering light,

By the dead and drouse fier,

Every Elfe and Fairy spright,

hop as light as birde from brier,

And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly,

*Vita.* First rehearse your song: by rote,

to each word a warbling note.

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.

to the best bride bed will wee:

Which by vs shall blessed be:

And the issue, there create,

Euer shall be fortunate:

So shall all the couples three

Euer true in loving be:

And the blot of natures hand

Shall not in their issue stand.

Never mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,

Nor marke prodigious, such as are

Despiséd in natuiritie,

Shall upon their children be:

With this field deaw consecrate,

Every Fairy take his gate,

And each seuerall chamber blesse,

through this palace, with sweete peace,

Euer shall in safety rest,

And the owner of it blesse.

Trippe away: make no stay:

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

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,

thinke but this (and all is mended)
A Midsummer night's dream.

that you have but slumbred here,
While these visions did appear,
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck,
Now to escape the Serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else, the Puck a lyer call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends:
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.