A
M I D S O M M E R
Nights Dreame.

Actus Primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.
N Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon:but oh,me thinks,how slow
This old Moon wanes ? She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans revennew.
Hip. Foure daies will quickly steep the[n]selves in nights,
Four nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow.
Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Go *Philostrate,*
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.
Ege. Happy be *Theseus,* our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus :* what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.
Stand forth Lysander.
And my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
Thou,thou *Lysander,* thou hast given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining love,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings,gawdes, conceits,
Knackes,trifles,Nose-gaies,sweet meats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardned youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stuborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with *Demetrius,*
I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case.
The. What say you Hermia?be advis'd faire Maide.
To your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties;yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted : and within his power,
To leave the figure,or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Her. So is *Lysander.*
The. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eies must with his judgement looke.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie,
In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius.*
The. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the livery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
Tolive a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes,lives, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I grow,so live,so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordship, to whose unwished yoake,
My soule consents not to give soveraignty.
The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship:
Upon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to you fathers will,
Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to protest
For aie,austerity, and single life.
Dem. Relent sweet *Hermea,* and *Lysander,* yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lys. You have her fathers love, *Demetrius:*
Let me have *Hermiaes:*do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander,* true, he hath my Love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate unto *Demetrius.*
Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possest: my love is more then his:
My fortunes every way as fairely ranck'd
(if not with vantage) as *Demetrius:*
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermea.*
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile avouch it to his head,
Made love to *Neders* daughter, *Helena,*
And won her soule:and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof:
But being over-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus,* you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia,* looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you up
(which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my *Hippolita,* what cheare my love?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I must imploy you in some businesse
Against our nuptialls, and conferre with you
Of something, neerely that concernes your selves.
Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lys. For ought that ever I could reade,
Could ever heare by tale or historie,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.
Her. O crosse! too high to be enthral'd to love.
Lys. Or else misgrafted, in respect of yeares.
Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choise of merit.
Her. O hell! to choose love by anothers eye.
Lys. Or if there were a simpathie in choise,
Warre,death,or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene)unfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The jawes of darknesse do devoure it up:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true Lovers have beene ever crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let us teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,
As due to love, as thought,and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares, poore Fancies followers.
Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia,*
I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great revennew, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle *Hermia,* may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, 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 observance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good *Lysander,*
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth soules and prospers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan under saile was seene,
By all the vowes that ever men have broke,
(In number more then ever women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
Lys. Keepe promise love: looke here comes *Helena.*

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede fair *Helena,* wither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire ?that faire againe unsay,
Demetrius loves you faire : O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were favour so,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest Ile give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.
Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
such skil.
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moove.
Her. The more I hate the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine
Her. Take comfort:he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell?
Lys. Helen, to you our mindes we will unfold:
To morrow night, when *Phoebe* doth behold
Her silver visage,in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Lovers flights doth full conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, have we devis'd to steale.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primrose beds, 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 seeke new friends and strange companions;
Farewell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius.*
Keepe word *Lysander* we must starve our sight,
From lovers foode,till morrow deepe midnight.
Exit Hermia.
Lys. I will my *Hermia. Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*
Hele. How happy some, ore othersome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to forme and dignity,
Love lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loves minde of any judgement taste:
Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a childe,
Because in choise he often is beguil'd,
As waggish boyes in game themselves forsweare;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showres of oathes did melt.
I will go tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he,to morrow night,
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I have thankes, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To have his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?
Bot. You were best to call them generally , man by man, according to the scrip.
Qui. Here is the scrowle of every mans name , which is thought fit through all *Athens,* to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches , on his wedding day at night.
Bot. First, good *Peter Quince,* say what the play treats on: then reade the names of the Actors : ans so grow on to a point.
Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie.*
Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a

merry. Now good *Peter Quince,* call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selves.

Quince. Answere as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.

Bottome. Ready ; name what part I am for , and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are set downe for *Pyramus.*

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

Quin. A Lover that kills himselfe most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will moove stormes ; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet,my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in to make all split the raging Rocks; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine : a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You must take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie,* a wandering Knight?

Quin, It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce ;*Thisne,Thisne,* ah *Pyramus* my lover deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you must play *Pyramus,* and *Flute,* you *Thisby.*

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. Robin Starveling the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince.*

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my self *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the joyner, you the Lyons part : and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am slow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie.* for it is nothing but roaring.

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

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mthers sonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would have no more discretion but to hang us : but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Dove ; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus,* for *Pira-*

mus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day ; a most lovely Gentleman-like man,therfore 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 will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse : for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our devises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

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

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Over hil, over dale, through bush, through briar,
Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander everie where, swifter then y[e] Moons sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the (green.
The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spots you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairie favors,
In those freckles, live their savors,
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in every cowslips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of spirits,Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elves come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Revels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She never had so sweet a changeling,
And jealous *Oberon* would have the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she (perforce) with-holds the loved boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elves for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish spirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the [Villagree,]
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And smoetimes make the drinke to beare no barme,

Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke.
Are you not he?
Rob. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night :
I jest to *Oberon,* and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a filly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole
In very likenesse of a roasted crab:
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dew lop poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre was never wasted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon.*
Fair. And heere my Mistris:
Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,
and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Titania.*
Qu. What, jealous *Oberon?* Fairy skip hence.
I have forsworne his bed and companie.
Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of *Corin,* sate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing love
To amorous *Phillida.* Why art thou heere
Come from the farthest steepe of *India?*
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior love,
To *Theseus* must be Wedded ; and you come,
To give their bed joy and prosperitie.
Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania,*
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita?*
Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus?*
Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia,* whom he ravished?
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne,* and *Atiopa?*
Que. These are the forgeries of jealousie,
And never since the middle Summers spring
Met vve on hil, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,
But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to us in vaine,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogges : Which falling in the Land,
Hath everie petty River made so proud,
That they have over-borne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and th greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

The

The nine mens Morris is fild up with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene ,
For lacke of tread are undistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the governesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter ; hoard headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of evills,
Comes from our debate, from our dissention,
We are their parents and originall.
Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.
Qu. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath she gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptune*s yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to see the sailes conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and saile upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe reare up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light revels, goe with us;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.
Ob. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee,
Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downeright,if I longer stay, *Exeunt.*
Ob. Wel,go thy way:thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither ; thou remembrest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civill at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.
Puc. I remember.
Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupid*s fiery shaft

Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone ;
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bold of *Cupid* fell.
It fell upon a little westerne flower ;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it, Love in idlenesse.
Fetch me that flower ; the hearb I shew'd the once,
The juyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees,
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.
Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.
Ober. Having once this juyce ,
Ile watch *Titania,* when she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing when she waking lookes upon,
(Be it on Lyon,Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of love.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am invisible,
And I will over-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is *Lysander,* and faire *Heermia?*
The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my *Hermia.*
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steele, Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel And even for that doe I love thee the more;
I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius,*
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Use me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; onely give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be used as you doe your dogge.
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.
Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.
Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
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 [nll] the world
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me ?
Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The Dove pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.
Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeve,
But I shall doe thee mischiefe in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischiefe. Fye *Demetrius,*
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
We cannot fight for love, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph,ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy love.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee give it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite over-cannoped with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepes *Tytania,* sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the juyce of this Ile streake her eyes ,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a disdainefull youth : annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care,that he may prove
More fond on her, then she upon her love;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.
Pu. Feare not my Lord, your servant shall do so. *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell,and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske-rose buds,
Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elves coates, and some keepe backe
The clamoruous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint spirits : Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

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

Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla,lulla.lullaby,lulla,lulla,lullaby ,
Never harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our lovely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.
2. Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere ;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.
1.Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Centinell. *Shee sleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Doe it for thy true Love take:
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lisander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire love, you faint with wandring in y[e] woods,
And to speake troth I have forgot our way :
Wee'll rest us *Hermia,* if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so *Lysander ;* finde you out a bed,
For I upon this banke will rest my head.
Lys, One turfe shal serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.
Her. Nay good *Lysander,* for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.
Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
I meane that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia,* I doe not lye.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for love and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend ;
Thy love ner alter, till thy sweet life end.
Lys. Amen, amen to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed,sleepe give the all his rest.
Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.
Enter Pucke. *They sleepe.*
Puck. Through the Forrest have I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approve
This flowers force in stirring love.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,

On

On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lye
Neere this lacke-love, this kill-curtesie.
Churle, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st let love forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon.* *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius.*
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy peril, I alone will goe.
Exit Demetrius.
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia,* wheresoere 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 washt then hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare ;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no marvaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground ;
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you live, good sir awake.
Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena,* nature her shewes art,
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 love your *Hermia?* Lord,what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loves you ; then be content.
Lys, Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not *Hermia,* but *Helena* now I love ;
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd :
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe untill their season;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loves stories, written in Loves richest booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorne?
Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserve a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my infufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong(good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh,that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*
Lys. She sees not *Hermia : Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And never maist thou come *Lysander* neere;

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings :
Or as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those that did deceive :
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me ;
And all my powers addresse your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*

Her. Helpe me *Lysander,* helpe me ; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Ay me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke,how I do quake with feare ;
Me-thought a serpant eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.
Lysander, what remoov'd? *Lysander,* Lord,
What, out of hearing,gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare :
Speake of all loves ; I sound almost with feare.
No, then I well perceive you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter quince.

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottome?*

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby,* that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw a sword to kill himselfe ; which the Ladies cannot abide. How answere you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

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

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeede : and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Piramus,* but *Bottome* the Weaver; this wil put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and sixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves, to bring in (God shield us) a Lyon among the Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke to it.

Snout. therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons 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

request you, or I would entreat you , not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no such thing,I am a man as other men are ; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the joyner.

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 *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light.

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

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack. finde out Moone-shine,finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

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

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a well in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome?*

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

[*Enter Robin.*]

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Piramus : Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweete.

Quin. Odours. odours.

Pir. Odours savors sweete,
So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce; stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit Pir.*

Puck. A stranger *Piramus,* then ere plaid here.

This. Must I speake now?

Pet. 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 *Piramus,*most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Juvenall, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre,
Ile meet thee *Piramus,* at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. Ninus toombe man: why, you must not speake tht yet ; that you answere to *Piramus :* you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is never tyre.

Thys. O,as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.
Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.
The Clownes all Exit.
Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through (bryer,
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound:
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound,hog,beare,fire, at every turne. *Exit.*
Enter Piramus with the Asse head.
Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*
Sn. O *Bottom,* thou art chang'd ; What doe I see on thee?
Bot. What do you see? You see an Asse-head of your owne, do you?
Enter Peter Quince.
Pet. Blesse thee *Bottome,* blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.*
Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke up and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.
The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.
Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?
Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answer, nay.
For indeed, whou would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, never so?
Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note ;
On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.
Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse , you should have little reason for that : and yet to say the truth, reason and love keepe little company together , now-adayes. The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke upon occasion.
Tyta. Thou art as wise,as thou art beautifull.
Bot. Not so neither : but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owne turne.
Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I doe love thee ; therefore goe with me,
Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

Enter Pease-blossome,Cobweb,Moth,Mustard-seede, and foure Fairies.
Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?
Tita. Be

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elves, and doe him curtesies.

1,Fai. Haile mortall,haile.

2.Fai. Haile.

3.Fai. Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech your worships name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb :* if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name honest Gentleman?

Peas. Pease blossome.

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

Mus. Mustard-seede.

Peaf. Pease-blossome.

Bot. Good master *Mustard seede,* I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath devoured 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 *Mustard-seede.*

Tita. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when she weepes, weepe everie little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastitie.
Tye up my lovers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

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

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger : how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in love,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude [Mcehanicals,]
That worke for bread upon *Athenian* stals,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Asses nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,
And forth my Mimmick comes : when they him spie,
As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruffed-pated choughes, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)
Sever themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:

So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted feare,
And left sweete *Piramus* translated there :
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lov'd an Asse.
Ob. This fals out better then I could devise:
But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the love juyce, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian.*
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,
Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia?* Ile beleeve as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May though the Center creepe, and so displeaase
Her brothers noonetide, with th'*Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
So should a murtherer looke, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty :
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.
Her. What's this to my *Lysander?* where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius,* wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'de rather give his carkasse to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave tutch :
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood :
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I:see me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here fherefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heavinesse doth heavier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lie downe.*
Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love juyce on some true loves sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of love that costs the fresh bloud deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.
Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke 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,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!
Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Wil cause *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe best please me ,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think [yt] I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision never comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe ; and vowes so borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.
Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & nore,
When truth kils truth, O divelish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you give her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you. *Awa.*
Dem. O *Helen,*goddesse, nimph,perfect, divine,
To what my love, shall I compare thine eyne [!]
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.
Hell. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment :
If you were civill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must joyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle Lady so;
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia;*
And now both Rivals to mocke *Helena.*
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure teares up in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision ; none of a noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.
Lysa. You are unkind *Demetrius;* be not so.
For you love *Hermia;* this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* love I yeeld you up my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
*Hel.*Never did mockers wast more idle breth.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy *Hermia,*I will none:
If ere I lov'd her,all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lys. It is not so.
De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Love comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seing sense,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? (to go?
Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Love doth presse
Her. What love could presse *Lysander* from my side?
Lys. Lysanders love (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena* ; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?
Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurious Hermia, most ungratefull maid ,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two have shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we have spent,
When wee have chid the hasty footed time,
For parting us; O, is all forgot?
All schooledaies friedship, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition.

Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
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 ancient love asunder,
To joyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it.
Though I alone doe feel[e] the injurie.
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I scorne you not ; It seemes that you scorne me.
Hel. Have you not set *Lysander,* as in scorne
To follow me, and praise my eies and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me goddesse, nimph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
Denie your love)so rich within his soule)
And tender me (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to love unlov'd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.
Her. I understand not what you meane by this.
Hel. I, doe, persever, counterfeit sad lookes,
Make mouthes upon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete jest up :
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument :
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedie.
Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
My love, my life, my soule, faire *Helena.*
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lys. Thou canst compell,no more then she entreate.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.
Helen, I love thee,by my life I doe ;
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that saies I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can do.
Lys If thou say so, with-draw and prove it too.
*Dem.*Quick, come.
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys, Away, you *Ethiope,*
Dem. No, no,Sir, seeme to breake loose;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur;vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you growne so rude?
What change is this sweete Love?
Lys. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar,* out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.
Her. Do you not jest
Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius: I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond : for I perceive
A weake bond holds you : Ile not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?
Am not I *Hermia?* Are not you *Lysander?*
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. I, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer : 'tis no jest,
That I doe hate thee, and love *Helena.*
Her. O me, you jugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of love; What, have you come by night,
And stolne my loves heart from him?
Hel. Fine yfaith:
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie,fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Betweene our statures, she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst:
I have no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me : you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lowar then my selfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia,* do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia,*
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that in love unto *Demetrius,*
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you, for love I followed him,
But he hath chid me hance, and threatned me
to strike me,spurne me, nay to kill me too ;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Iet me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone ; who ist that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde.
Her. What, with *Lysander?*
Hel. With *Demetrius.*
Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena.*
Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your services.

Let her alone, speake not of *Helena,*
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Never so little shew of love to her,
Thou shalt abide 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 goe with thee cheeke by
jowle. *Exit Lysander and Demetrius.*
Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. this is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Beleeve me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proves my enterprize,
That I have nointed an Athenians eies,
And so farre am I glad,it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteeme a sport.
Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin,* overcast the night,
The starrie Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron,*
And lead these testie Rivals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander,* sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius;*
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;
Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals role with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie release
From mosters view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger ;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-waies and flouds have buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves [dxile] from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.
Ob. But we are spirits of another sort :
I, with the mornings love have oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,
Even till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune,* with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay :
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.
Puck. Up and downe, up and downe, I will
leade them up and downe : I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them up and downe : here comes one.
Enter Lysander.
Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?*
Speake thou now.
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie.Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.
Enter Demetrius.
Dem. Lysander, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here.*Exit.*
Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I :
I followed fast, but faster he did flye; *shifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke uneven way,
And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius,* and revenge this spight.
Enter Robin and Demetrius.
Rob. Ho, ho, ho ; coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,
If ever I thy face by day-light see.
Now goe thy way : faintnesse constraineth me,
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,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Atherns* by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts up sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes up foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Enter Hermia.
Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Never so wearie, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day.
Heavens shield *Lysander,* if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,
Ile apply your eie gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,
And

And the Country Proverb knowne,
That every man should take his owne.
In you waking shall be showne.
Jacke shall have *Jill,* nought shall goe ill,
The man shall have his Mare againe , and all shall bee well.

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

Clow. Where's *Pease blossome?*

Peas. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome.* Wher's Mounsieur *Cobweb.*

Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounsieur *Cobweb,* Good Mounsier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thistle : and good Mounsieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur have a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have [yon] overflowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur *Mustardseed?*

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Give me your neafe, Mounsieur *Mustardseed,* Pray you leave your courtesie good Mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Cavalery *Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for me-thinkes I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke,my sweet love.

Clow. I have a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let us have the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Love, what thou desirest to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Provender ; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clown. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I have an exposition of sleepe come upon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist ; the female [Iuy] so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

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

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin:*
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hatefull foole,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which somtime on the buds,
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 termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Pucke,* take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine ;
That he awaking when the other doe ,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou wast won to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.
Tita. My *Oberon,* what visions have I seene!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.
Ob. there lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!
Ob. Silence a while, *Robin* take off his head:
Titania musick call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe ; of all these, fine the sense.
Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.
Musick still.
Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies peepe.
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 amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,
And blesse it to all faire posterity.
There shall the paires of faithfull Lovers be
Wedded, with *Theseus,* all in jollity.
Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.
Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here heere was found,
Sleepers Lye still.

With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes.

Enter TheseusEgeus,Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you,finde out the Forrester ,
For now our observation is perform'd ;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Uncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe ;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, up to the Mountaines top[.]
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta;* never did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountaines, every region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
Slow in pursuit,but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete,*in *Sparta,*nor in *Thessaly;*
Judge when you heare. But soft, what nimphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this *Lysander,* this *Demetrius is,*
This *Helena,* olde *Nedars Helena,*
I wonder of this being heere together.

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

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Thes. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start up.

Thes. Good morrow friends : Saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin thise wood birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand up.
I know you two are Rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is [is] so farre from jealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens,* where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;
I beg the Law,the Law, upon his head :
They would have stolne away, they would *Demetrius,*
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of you wife, and me of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my love
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena.* To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia,*
But like a sickenesse did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now doe I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
Thes. Faire Lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will over-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us to *Athens* ; three and three,
Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.
Come *Hippolita.* *Exit Duke and Lords.*
Dem. These things seeme small & undistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.
Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every things seemes double.
Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I have found *Demetrius,* like a jewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.
Dem. It seemes to mee,
that yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea, and my Father.
Hel. And *Hippolita.*
Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.
Dem. Why then we are awake ; lets follow him, and
by the way let us recount our dreames.
Bottome wakes. *Exit Lovers.*
Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho, *Peter Quince?*
Fluet the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker ? *Starve-*
ling? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe : I
have had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse,
if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I
wad, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was,
and me-thought I had, But man is but a patch'd foole,
if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans
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 called
Bottoms Dreame, because it hath no bottome; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per-
adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it
at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come
home yet?
Starv. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is
transported.

This. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible : you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

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

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is(God bless us) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

This. O sweet bully *Bottome :* thus hath he lost sixepence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus,* Ile be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus,*or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottome, [o] most couragious day! O most happie houre!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian.* I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us heare, sweet *Bottome.*

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you,is,that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together,good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete presently at the Palace ,every man looke ore his part : for the short and the long is,our play is preferred: In any case let *Thisby* have cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke ; for wee are to utter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words : away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus,Hippolita,Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus,* [yt] these lovers speake of.

The. More strange then true. I never may beleeve
These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,
Lovers and mad men have such seething braines,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more
Then coole reason ever comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more divels then vaste hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Lover, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,doth glance
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Unknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes,
And gives to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?
Hip. But all the storie of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancie;
But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter lovers ,Lysander ,Demetrius,Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the lovers, full of joy and mirth :
Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh dayes
Of love accompany your hearts.
Lys. More then to us, waite in your royall walkes,
your boord, your bed.
The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall
we have,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Between our after supper, and bed time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus.*
Ege. Heere mighty *Theseus.*
The. Say, what abridgements have you for this eve-
ning?
What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with some delight?
Ege. There is a breefe how many sports are rife:
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.
Lis. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian Eunich, to the Harpe.
The. Wee'l none of that. That have I told my Love
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
Lis. The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?
The. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.
Lis. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
of learning, late deceast in beggerie.
The. That is some Satire keene and criticall,
Not sorting with a muptiall cerremonie.
Lis. A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus,*
And his love *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.
The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That
is,hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee
fince the concord of this discord?
Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,
Which is as breefe, 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 fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is :for *Piramus*
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water :
But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter
Never shed.
Thes. What are they that do play it?
Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which never labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now have toyled their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptiall.
The. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unlesse you can finde sport in their intents,
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you service.
Thes. I will heare that play. For never any thing
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
Hip. I love not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duty in his service perishing.
Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.
Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great Clearkes have purposed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seene them shiver and looke pale ,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me 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 ratling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.
Egeus. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.
Duke. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. *Quince.*

Pro. If we 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 tru beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.
Thes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt : he knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to speake, but to speake true.
Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue , like a childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in government.
Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?
Tawyer with a trumpet before them

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

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers sunder :
And through walls chink(poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Lovers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe,there,there to wooe:

This grizy beast (which Lyon hight by name)
The trusty *Thisby,* comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Piramus,* sweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle slaine ;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely broacht his boiling bloudy breast,
And *Thisby,* tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall,* and Lovers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Thes. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord : one Lion may, when many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon,Thisbie, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Lovers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so,
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearefull Lovers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Thes. Pyramus drawes neere the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue so blacke,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.
And thou ô wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, ô sweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.
Thankes courteous wall. *Jove* shield thee well for this.
But what see I ? No *Thisbie* doe I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for this deceiving mee.

Thes. The wall me-thinkes being sensible, should curse againe.

Per. No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*
Is *Thisbies* cue ; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you ; yonder she comes.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus,* and me.
My cherry lips have often kist thy stones ;
Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit up in thee.

Pyra. I see a voyce ; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie ?*

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

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace,
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

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

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

Pir. O

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.
This. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.
Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meet me straight way ?
This, Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wal. Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so ;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*
Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors.
Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wilfull, to heare without warning.
Dut. This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.
Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Dut. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.
Duk. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joyner am
A Lion fell. nor else no Lions dam :
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.
Du. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Dem. The very best at a beast, my Lord, [yt] ere I saw.
Lis. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.
Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.
Dem. Not so my Lord : for his valor cannot carrie his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.
Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor : for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well ; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the Moone.
Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.
De. He should have worne the hornes on his head.
Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are invisible, within the circumference.
Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present : My selfe, the man i'th Moon doth seeme to be.
Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest ; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone ?
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you see, it is already in snuffe.
Dut. I am wearie of this Moone ; would he would change.
Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that he is in the wane : but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.
Lys. Proceed Moone.
Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone ; I, the man in the Moon ; this thorne bush,my thorne bush ; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne : for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my love ?
Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby.*
Dut. Well shone Moone.
Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.
Du. Well mouz'd Lion.
Dem. And then came *Piramus.*
Lys. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* sight.
But stay : O spight ! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you see ! How can it be !
O dainty Ducke : O Deere!
Thy mantle good ; what staind with blood!
Approch you Furies fell :
O Fates! come, come : Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.
Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad.
Dut. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.
Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?
Since Lion wilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:
Which is : no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus:*
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop ;
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,
Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye,dye,dye,dye,dye.
Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.
Lis. Less then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.
Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Asse.
Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Lover.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.
Dut. Me thinkes shee should not use a long one for such a *Piramus* : I hope she will be breefe.
Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thisby* is the better. (eyes.
Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweete
Dem. And thus she meanes, *videlicit.*
This. Asleepe my Love? What, dead my Dove?
O *Piramus* arise:
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,
These yellow Cowslip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Lovers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O sisters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, since you have shore
With sheeres, his thred of silke.
Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:
Come blade, my brest imbrue:

 And

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse ; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus,* and hung himselfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would have beene 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 we this night have over-watcht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Revels; and new jollitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilest the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame ,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darknesse like a dreame,
Now are frollicke ; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light ,

By the dead and drowsie fier,
Every Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.
Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

Now until the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Never mole,harelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativitie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate.
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each severall chamber blesse.
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but slumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weak and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest *Pucke,*
If we have unearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call. T
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

F I N I S.