**A Midsummer Night's Dream (Folio 1, 1623)**

**Cutting by Kevin Long**

**First Folio Punctuation with Regularized Spellings**

**Act I, Scene 1**

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita.*

1. *The.* Now faire Hippolita, our nuptial hour
2. Draws on apace: four happy days bring in
3. Another Moon: but O, methinks, how slow
4. This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires.
5. *Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights
6. Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
7. And then the Moon, like to a silver bow,
8. New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
9. Of our solemnities.
10. *The.* Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
11. And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
12. But I will wed thee in another key,
13. With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

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

1. *Ege.* Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.
2. *The.* Thanks good *Egeus:* what's the news with thee?
3. *Ege.* Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
4. Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
5. Stand forth *Demetrius*. My Noble Lord,
6. This man hath my consent to marry her.
7. Stand forth *Lysander*. And my gracious Duke,
8. This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
9. Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her rhymes,
10. And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
11. Thou hast by Moonlight at her window sung,
12. With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
13. And stol’n the impression of her fantasy,
14. With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
15. With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter’s heart,
16. Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
17. To stubborn harshness. And my gracious Duke,
18. Be it so she will not here before your Grace,
19. Consent to marry with *Demetrius*,
20. I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
21. As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
22. Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
23. Or to her death, according to our Law,
24. Immediately provided in that case.
25. *The.* What say you Hermia?
26. *Demetrius*is a worthy Gentleman.
27. *Her.* So is *Lysander*.
28. *The.*  In himself he is.
29. But in this kind, wanting your father’s voice,
30. The other must be held the worthier.
31. *Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
32. *The.* Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
33. *Her.* I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
34. I know not by what power I am made bold,
35. But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
36. The worst that may befall me in this case,
37. If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.
38. *The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure
39. Forever the society of men.
40. Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,
41. Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
42. Whether (if you yield not to your father’s choice)
43. You can endure the livery of a Nun.
44. *Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
45. Ere I will yield my virgin Patent up
46. Unto his Lordship, whose unwished yoke,
47. My soul consents not to give sovereignity.
48. *The.* Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
49. (The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
50. For everlasting bond of fellowship)
51. Upon that day either prepare to die,
52. For disobedience to your father’s will,
53. Or else to wed *Demetrius*as he would,
54. Or on *Diana’s* Altar to protest
55. For aye, austerity, and single life.
56. *Dem.* Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yield
57. Thy crazed title to my certain right.
58. *Lys.* You have her father’s love, *Demetrius:*
59. Let me have *Hermia’s:* do you marry him.
60. *Ege.* Scornful *Lysander*, true, he hath my Love;
61. And what is mine, my love shall render him.
62. And she is mine, and all my right of her,
63. I do estate unto *Demetrius*.
64. *Lys.* I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
65. As well possessed: my love is more than his:
66. And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
67. I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
68. Why should not I then prosecute my right?
69. *Demetrius*, I’ll avouch it to his head,
70. Made love to *Nedar’s* daughter, *Helena*,
71. And won her soul: and she (sweet Lady) dotes,
72. Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
73. Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
74. *The.* I must confess, that I have heard so much,
75. And with *Demetrius*thought to have spoke thereof:
76. For you fair *Hermia*, look you arm yourself,
77. To fit your fancies to your Father’s will;
78. Or else the Law of Athens yields you up
79. To death, or to a vow of single life.
80. Come my *Hippolita*, what cheer my love?
81. *Demetrius*and *Egeus*go along:
82. I must employ you in some business
83. Against our nuptial.
84. *Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*

*except Lysander and Hermia*.

1. *Lys.* How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
2. How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?
3. *Her.* Belike for want of rain, which I could well
4. Beteem them, from the tempest of mine eyes.
5. *Lys.* Ay me! For ought that ever I could read,
6. Could ever hear by tale or history,
7. The course of true love never did run smooth,
8. But either it was different in blood—
9. *Her.* O cross! too high to be enthral'd to low.
10. *Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.
11. *Her.* O hell! to choose love by another’s eyes.
12. *Lys.* Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
13. War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it.
14. *Her.* Then let us teach our trial patience,
15. Because it is a customary cross,
16. As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
17. Wishes and tears; poor Fancy’s followers.
18. *Lys.* A good persuasion; therefore hear me *Hermia*,
19. I have a Widow Aunt, a dowager,
20. Of great revenue, and she hath no child,
21. From Athens is her house remov'd se’en leagues,
22. There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
23. And to that place, the sharp Athenian Law
24. Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
25. Steal forth thy father’s house tomorrow night:
26. And in the wood, a league without the town,
27. (Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
28. To do observance for a morn of May)
29. There will I stay for thee.
30. *Her.*  My good *Lysander*,
31. I swear to thee, by Cupid’s strongest bow,
32. In that same place thou hast appointed me,
33. Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.
34. *Lys.* Keep promise love: look here comes *Helena*.

*Enter Helena*.

1. *Her.* God speed fair *Helena*, whither away?
2. *Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay,
3. *Demetrius*loves you fair: O happy fair!
4. Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue’s sweet air
5. More tuneable than Lark to shepherd’s ear.
6. O teach me how you look, and with what art
7. You sway the motion of *Demetrius’*heart.
8. *Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
9. *Hel.* O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill.
10. *Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
11. *Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection move.
12. *Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.
13. *Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.
14. *Her.* His folly Helena is none of mine.
15. *Hel.* None but your beauty, would that fault were mine.
16. *Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
17. *Lysander* and myself will fly this place.
18. *Lys.* *Helen*, to you our minds we will unfold,
19. Tomorrow night, when *Phoebe* doth behold
20. Her silver visage, in the watery glass,
21. Decking with liquid pearl, the bladed grass
22. (A time that Lovers’ flights doth still conceal)
23. Through *Athens’* gates, have we devis'd to steal.
24. Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
25. And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
26. Keep word *Lysander* we must starve our sight,
27. From lover’s food, till morrow deep midnight.
28. *Lys.* I will my *Hermia*.  *Exit Hermia.*

*Helena* adieu,

1. As you on him, *Demetrius*dotes on you. *Exit Lysander*.
2. *Hel.* How happy some, o’re other some can be?
3. Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as she.
4. But what of that? *Demetrius*thinks not so:
5. He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
6. And as he errs, doting on *Hermia’s* eyes;
7. So I, admiring of his qualities.
8. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
9. And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
10. For ere *Demetrius*looked on *Hermia’s* eye,
11. He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine.
12. And when this Hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,
13. So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
14. I will go tell him of fair *Hermia’s* flight:
15. Then to the wood will he, tomorrow night
16. Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
17. If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
18. But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
19. To have his sight thither, and back again. *Exit*.

**Act I, Scene 2**

*Enter Quince (the Carpenter), Snug (the Joiner), Bottom (the* *Weaver), Flute (the Bellows-mender), Snout (the Tinker), and* *Starveling (the Tailor)*.

1. *Quin.* Is all our company here?
2. *Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by
3. man according to the scrip.
4. *Qui.* Here is the scroll of every man’s name, which
5. is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Interlude
6. before the Duke and the Duchess, on his wedding
7. day at night.
8. *Bot.* First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats
9. on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on
10. to a point.
11. *Quin.* Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus*and *Thisbe*.
12. *Bot.* A very good piece of work I assure you, and a
13. merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors
14. by the scroll. Masters spread yourselves.
15. *Quince.* Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.
16. *Bot.* Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.
17. *Quince.* You *Nick Bottom* are set down for *Pyramus*.
18. *Bot.* What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?
19. *Quin.* A Lover that kills himself most gallantly for love.
20. *Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it:
21. if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes:
22. I will move storms; I will condole in some measure.
23. To the rest.  Yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could
24. play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cat in.
25. The raging Rocks;
26. And shivering shocks
27. Shall break the locks
28. Of prison gate.
29. And *Phibbus’*car
30. Shall shine from far,
31. And make and mar
32. The foolish Fates.
33. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players.
34. *Quin.* *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.
35. *Flu.* Here *Peter Quince*.
36. *Quin.* You must take *Thisbe* on you.
37. *Flut.* What is *Thisbe*, a wandering Knight?
38. *Quin.* It is the Lady that *Pyramus*must love.
39. *Flut.* Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I have a
40. beard coming.
41. *Qui.* That's all one, you shall play it in a Mask, and
42. you may speak as small as you will.
43. *Bot.* And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too:
44. I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice; “*Thisne*, *Thisne*!” “Ah
45. *Pyramus*my lover dear, thy *Thisbe* dear, and Lady
46. dear.”
47. *Quin.* No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisbe*.
48. *Bot.* Well, proceed.
49. *Quin.* *Robin Starveling* the Tailor.
50. *Star.* Here *Peter Quince*.
51. *Quin.* *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbe’s* mother.
52. *Tom Snout*, the Tinker.
53. *Snout.* Here *Peter Quince*.
54. *Quin.* You, *Pyramus’*father; myself, *Thisbie’s* father;
55. *Snug* the Joiner, you the Lion’s part: and I hope there
56. is a play fitted.
57. *Snug.* Have you the Lion’s part written? pray you if
58. be, give it me, for I am slow of study.
59. *Quin.* You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.
60. *Bot.* Let me play the Lion too, I will roar that I
61. will do any man’s heart good to hear me. I will roar,
62. that I will make the Duke say, “Let him roar again, let
63. him roar again.”
64. *Quin.* If you should do it too terribly, you would
65. fright the Duchess and the Ladies, that they would
66. shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.
67. *Bot.* But I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as
68. any sucking Dove; I will roar and 'twere any Nightingale.
69. *Quin.* You can play no part but *Piramus*; for *Piramus*
70. is a sweet-faced man, a proper man as one shall see in
71. a summer’s day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you
72. must needs play P*yramus*.
73. *Bot.* Well, I will undertake it.
74. *Quin.* Masters here are your parts. *[Handing out scripts]*
75. And I am to entreat you, request you, and
76. desire you, to con them by tomorrow night: and meet
77. me in the palace wood, a mile without the Town, by
78. Moonlight, there we will rehearse: I pray you fail me not.
79. *Bot.* We will meet, and there we may rehearse
80. more obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.
81. *Quin.* At the Duke’s oak we meet.

*Exeunt*

**Act II, Scene 1**

*Enter a Peaseblossom at one door, and Puck at another*.

1. *Puc.* How now spirit, whither wander you?
2. *Pea.* I do wander everywhere, swifter then the Moon’s sphere;
3. And I serve the Fairy Queen, to dew her orbs upon the green.
4. And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.
5. Farewell thou Lob of spirits, I’ll be gone,
6. Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.
7. *Puc.* The King doth keep his Revels here tonight,
8. Take heed the Queen come not within his sight,
9. For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
10. Because that she, as her attendant, hath
11. A lovely boy stolen from an Indian King,
12. She never had so sweet a changeling,
13. And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
14. Knight of his train, to trace the Forests wild.
15. But she (perforce) withholds the loved boy,
16. Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
17. *Pea.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
18. Or else you are that shrewd and knavish spirit
19. Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
20. That frights the maidens of the Vilag’ry?
21. *Puc.* Thou speak'st aright;
22. I am that merry wanderer of the night:
23. But room Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.
24. *Pea.* And here my Mistress: Would that he were gone.

*Enter the King of Fairies at one door*

*with his train*, *and the Queen at*

*another with hers*.

1. *Ob.* Ill met by Moonlight. Proud *Tytania*.
2. *Qu.* What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
3. I have forsworn his bed and company.
4. *Ob.* Tarry rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?
5. *Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady: Why art thou here
6. Come from the farthest step of *India*?
7. But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
8. Your buskin'd Mistress, and your Warrior love,
9. To *Theseus*must be Wedded; and you come,
10. To give their bed joy and prosperity.
11. *Ob.* How canst thou thus for shame *Titania*,
12. Glance at my credit, with *Hippolita*?
13. Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*?
14. *Qu.* These are the forgeries of jealousy,
15. And never since the middle Summer’s spring
16. Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
17. To dance our ringlets to the whistling Wind,
18. But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
19. Therefore the Winds, piping to us in vain,
20. As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
21. Contagious fogs: Which falling in the Land,
22. Hath every petty River made so proud,
23. That they have overborne their Continents.
24. Therefore the Moon (the governess of floods)
25. Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
26. That Rheumatic diseases do abound.
27. And through this distemperature, we see
28. The seasons alter; the Spring, the Summer,
29. The childing Autumn, angry Winter change
30. Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
31. By their increase, now knows not which is which;
32. And this same progeny of evils, comes
33. From our debate, from our dissention.
34. We are their parents and original.
35. *Ob.* Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
36. Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
37. I do but beg a little changeling boy,
38. To be my Henchman.
39. *Qu.*  Set your heart at rest,
40. The Fairy land buys not the child of me,
41. His mother was a Votress of my Order,
42. And in the spiced *Indian* air, by night
43. Full often hath she gossiped by my side.
44. But she being mortal, of that boy did die,
45. And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
46. And for her sake I will not part with him.
47. *Ob.* How long within this wood intend you stay?
48. *Qu.* Perchance till after *Theseus*wedding day.
49. If you will patiently dance in our Round,
50. And see our Moonlight revels, go with us;
51. If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.
52. *Ob.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
53. *Qu.* Not for thy Fairy Kingdome.

*Exit*.

1. *Ob.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
2. Till I torment thee for this injury.
3. My gentle *Puck* come hither;
4. Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once,
5. The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
6. Will make or man or woman madly dote
7. Upon the next live creature that it sees.
8. Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
9. Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league.
10. *Puc.* I’ll put a girdle about the earth
11. In forty minutes.

*Exit*

1. *Ober.*  Having once this juice,
2. Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleep,
3. And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
4. The next thing when she waking looks upon,
5. (Be it on Lion, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull)
6. She shall pursue it, with the soul of love.
7. And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
8. (As I can take it with another herb)
9. I’ll make her render up her Page to me.
10. But who comes here? I am invisible,
11. And I will overhear their conference.

*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him*.

1. *Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
2. Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?
3. The one I’ll slay, the other slayeth me.
4. Thou told’st me they were stolen into this wood;
5. And here am I, and wood within this wood,
6. Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
7. Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
8. *Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
9. But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
10. Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
11. And I shall have no power to follow you.
12. *Dem.* Do I entice you? do I speak you faire?
13. Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
14. Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?
15. *Hel.* And even for that do I love thee the more;
16. I am your spaniel, and *Demetrius*,
17. The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
18. Use me but as your spaniel; spurn me, strike me,
19. Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave
20. (Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
21. *Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
22. For I am sick when I do look on thee.
23. *Hel.* And I am sick when I look not on you.
24. *Dem.* I’ll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
25. And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
26. *Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
27. *Dem.* Let me go;
28. Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
29. But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
30. *Hel.* Ay, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
31. You do me mischief. Fie *Demetrius*,
32. Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
33. We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
34. We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.

*Demetrius exits.*

1. I’ll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
2. To die upon the hand I love so well.

*Exit*.

1. *Ob.* Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
2. Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

*Enter Puck.*

1. Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.
2. *Puc.* Ay, there it is.
3. *Ob.*  I pray thee give it me.
4. I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
5. Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows,
6. There sleeps *Titania*, sometime of the night,
7. Lull'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
8. And with the juice of this I’ll streak her eyes,
9. And make her full of hateful fantasies.

*[Giving Puck some of the flower]*

1. Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
2. A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
3. With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes,
4. But do it when the next thing he espies,
5. May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
6. By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
7. Effect it with some care, that he may prove
8. More fond on her, then she upon her love;
9. And look thou meet me ere the first Cock crow.
10. *Puc.* Fear not my Lord, your servant shall do so.

*Exit*.

**Act II, Scene 2**

*Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train*.

1. *Qu.* Come, now a Fairy song; Sing me now asleep.

*Fairies Sing*.

*She sleeps.*

1. *Cob. Hence away, now all is well.*

*Fairies Exit.*

*Enter Oberon*.

*Ober. [Squeezing the juice of the flower in Titania’s eyes.]*

1. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
2. Do it for thy true-Love take:
3. Love and languish for his sake.
4. Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
5. In thy eye that shall appear,
6. When thou wak'st, it is thy dear,
7. Wake when some vile thing is near.

*He exits.*

*Enter Lysander and Hermia*.

1. *Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wand’ring in the woods,
2. And to speak troth I have forgot our way:
3. We'll rest us *Hermia*, if you think it good,
4. And tarry for the comfort of the day.
5. *Her.* Be it so *Lysander*; find you out a bed,
6. For I upon this bank will rest my head.
7. *Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,
8. One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
9. *Her.* Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my dear
10. Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
11. *Lys.* O take the sense sweet, of my innocence,
12. Love takes the meaning, in love’s conference,
13. I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
14. So that but one heart can you make of it.
15. Two bosoms interchanged with an oath,
16. So then two bosoms, and a single troth.
17. Then by your side, no bed-room me deny,
18. For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.
19. *Her.* *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
20. Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
21. If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
22. But gentle friend, for love and courtesy
23. Lie further off, in humane modesty,
24. Such separation, as may well be said,
25. Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maid,
26. So far be distant, and good night sweet friend;
27. Thy love ne’re alter, till thy sweet life end.
28. *Lys.* Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
29. And then end life, when I end loyalty:
30. Here is my bed, sleep give thee all his rest.
31. *Her.* With half that wish, the wisher’s eyes be pressed.

*Enter Puck*.*They sleep*.

1. *Puc.* Through the Forest have I gone,
2. But *Athenian* find I none: who is here?
3. Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear:
4. This is he (my master said)
5. Despised the *Athenian* maid:
6. And here the maiden sleeping sound,
7. On the dank and dirty ground.

*[Squeezing the juice of the flower on Lysander’s eyes]*

1. Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
2. All the power this charm doth owe:
3. When thou wak'st, let love forbid
4. Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
5. So awake when I am gone:
6. For I must now to *Oberon*. *Exit*.

*Enter Demetrius and Helena running*.

1. *Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet *Demetrius*.
2. *Dem.* I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
3. *Hel.* O wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.
4. *Dem.* Stay on thy peril, I alone will go.

*Exit Demetrius*.

1. *Hel.* O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
2. The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
3. Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoe’re she lies;
4. For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
5. How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears.
6. If so, my eyes are oftner wash’d then hers.
7. No, no, I am as ugly as a Bear;
8. For beasts that meet me, run away for fear.
9. But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
10. Dead or asleep? I see no blood, no wound,
11. *Lysander*, if you live, good sir awake.

*[Waking]*

1. *Lys.* And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
2. Transparent *Helena*, nature her shows art,
3. That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
4. Where is *Demetrius*? O how fit a word
5. Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!
6. *Hel.* Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
7. What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
8. Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.
9. *Lys.* Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
10. The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
11. Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love;
12. Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
13. The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
14. And reason says you are the worthier Maid.
15. *Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
16. When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
17. Is’t not enough, is’t not enough, young man,
18. That I did never, no nor never can,
19. Deserve a sweet look from *Demetrius’*eye,
20. But you must flout my insufficiency?
21. Good troth you do me wrong (good sooth you do)
22. In such disdainful manner, me to woo.
23. But fare you well; perforce I must confess,
24. I thought you Lord of more true gentleness.

*Exit*.

1. *Lys.* She sees not *Hermia:* *Hermia* sleep thou there,
2. And never mayst thou come *Lysander* near;
3. And all my powers address your love and might,
4. To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight.

*Exit*.

1. *Her.* *[waking]* Help me *Lysander*, help me; do thy best
2. To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
3. Aye me, for pity; what a dream was here?
4. *Lysander* look, how I do quake with fear:
5. Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
6. And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
7. *Lysander*! What, removed? *Lysander*, Lord!
8. What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?
9. Alack where are you? Speak and if you hear:
10. Speake of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.
11. No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh,
12. Either death or you I’ll find immediately.

*Exit*.

**Act III, Scene 1**

*Enter the Clowns*.

1. *Bot.* Are we all met?
2. *Quin.* Pat, pat, and here's a marvelous convenient
3. place for our rehearsal.
4. *Bot.* *Peter Quince*?
5. *Quin.* What sayest thou, bully *Bottom*?
6. *Bot.* There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus*and
7. *Thisbe*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus*must draw a
8. sword to kill himself; which the Ladies cannot abide.
9. How answer you that?
10. *Snout.* By’r lakin, a parlous fear.
11. *Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out, when
12. all is done.
13. *Bot.* Not a whit, I have a device to make all well.
14. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say,
15. we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus*
16. is not killed indeed: and for the more better assurance,
17. tell them, that I *Pyramus*am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the
18. Weaver; this will put them out of fear.
19. *Quin.* Well we will have such a prologue. But there is two hard
20. things: that is, to bring the Moonlight into a chamber: for you
21. know *Pyramus*and *Thisbe* meet by Moonlight.
22. *Sn.* Doth the Moon shine that night we play our play?
23. *Bot.* A Calendar, a Calendar, look in the Almanac,
24. find out Moonshine, find out Moonshine.

*Enter Puck*.

1. *Quin.* *[Looking at a book]* Yes, it doth shine that night.
2. *Bot.* Why then may you leave a casement of the great
3. chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moon
4. may shine in at the casement.
5. *Quin.* Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns
6. and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to pre-
7. sent the person of Moonshine. Then there is another
8. thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Pyramus*
9. and *Thisbe* (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.
10. *Sn.* You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottom*?
11. *Bot.* Some man or other must present wall, and let him
12. hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny shall *Pyramus*and
13. *Thisbe* whisper.
14. *Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down
15. and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when
16. you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and
17. so everyone according to his cue.

*Enter Puck, unseen by the others*.

1. *Puc.[Aside]* What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here,
2. So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen?
3. What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
4. An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.
5. *Quin.* Speake *Pyramus:* *Thisbe* stand forth.
6. *Pir.* *Thisbe*, the flowers of odious savors sweet.
7. *Quin.* Odours, odours.
8. *Pir.* Odours savors sweet,
9. So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisbe* dear.
10. But hark, a voice: stay thou but here a while,
11. And by and by I will to thee appear.

*Exit Pyramus*

1. *Puc.* A stranger *Pyramus*, then ere plaid here.

*Exit Puck*

1. *Thys.* Must I speak now?
2. *Quin.* Ay marry must you. For you must understand he
3. goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.
4. *Thys.* Most radiant *Pyramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
5. Of colour like the red rose on triumphant briar,
6. As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
7. I’ll meet thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninny’s* tomb.
8. *Quin.* *Ninus’*tomb man: why, you must not speak
9. that yet; that you answer to *Pyramus:* you speak all
10. your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*enter, your cue is
11. past; it is “never tire.”
12. *Thys.* O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

*Enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass’s head*

1. *Pir.* If I were faire, *Thisbe* I were only thine.
2. *Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted; pray
3. masters, fly masters! Help!

*The Clowns all Exit*.

1. *Bot.* Why do they run away? This is a knavery of
2. them to make me afeard.

*Re-enter Snout and Quince.*

1. *Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd! What do I see on thee?
2. *Bot.* What do you see? You see an Asshead of your own, do you?
3. *Quin.* Bless thee *Bottom*, bless thee; thou art translated.

*Exit*.

1. *Bot.* I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me,
2. to fright me if they could; but I will not stir from
3. this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down
4. here, and I will sing that they shall hear I am not afraid.

*[Bottom Sings]*

1. *Tyta.* *[Awaking]* What Angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
2. I pray thee gentle mortal, sing again,
3. Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
4. So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.
5. And thy fair virtues force (perforce) doth move me,
6. On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.
7. I am a spirit of no common rate:
8. The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
9. And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
10. I’ll give thee Fairies to attend on thee.
11. Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed!

*Enter these four Fairies.*

1. *Peas.* Ready!
2. *Cob.* And I.
3. *Moth.* And I.
4. *Must.* Where shall we go?
5. *Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,
6. Feed him with Apricots, and Dewberries,
7. With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
8. And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies,
9. To fan the Moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
10. Nod to him Elves, and do him courtesies.
11. *Peas.* Hail mortal, hail.
12. *Cob.*  Hail.
13. *Moth.*  Hail.
14. *Must*. Hail.
15. *Bot.* I cry your worships mercy heartily; I beseech
16. your worships name.
17. *Cob.* *Cobweb*.
18. *Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
19. Master *Cobweb:* Your name honest Gentleman?
20. *Peas.* *Peaseblossom*.
21. *Bot.* I pray you commend me to mistresse *Squash*,
22. your mother. Your name I beseech you sir?
23. *Mus.* *Mustardseed*.
24. *Bot.* I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustardseed*.
25. *Tita.* Come wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
26. The Moon methinks, looks with a watery eye,
27. And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
28. Lamenting some enforced chastity.

*[Bottom makes a loud braying noise]*

1. Tie up my lovers tongue, bring him silently.

*She Exits, the Fairies bring Bottom after*

*her.*

**Act III, Scene 2**

*Enter Oberon*.

1. *Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak'd.

*Enter Puck*.

1. Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
2. What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
3. *Puc.* My Mistress with a monster is in love.
4. Near to her close and consecrated bower,
5. While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
6. A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
7. That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
8. Were met together to rehearse a Play,
9. Intended for great *Theseus’*nuptial day:
10. The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
11. Who *Pyramus*presented, in their sport,
12. Forsook his Scene, and enter’d in a brake,
13. When I did him at this advantage take,
14. An Ass’s nole I fixed on his head.
15. When in that moment (so it came to pass)
16. *Titania* waked, and straightway lov'd an Ass.
17. *Ob.* This falls out better than I could devise:
18. But hast thou yet latch’d the *Athenian’s* eyes,
19. With the love juice, as I bid thee do?
20. *Puc.* I took him sleeping (that is finish’d too)
21. And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
22. That when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

*[Enter Demetrius and Hermia]*.

1. *Ob.* Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.
2. *Puc.* This is the woman, but not this the man.

*[They stand aside].*

1. *Dem.* O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
2. Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
3. *Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
4. For thou (I fear) hast given me cause to curse,
5. If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
6. Being o’re shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
7. And kill me too.
8. It cannot be but thou hast murdered him,
9. So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
10. *Dem.* So should the murderer look, and so should I,
11. Pierced through the heart with your stearn cruelty.
12. *Her.* What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
13. Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?
14. *Dem.* I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
15. *Her.* Out dog! Out cur! Thou driv'st me past the bounds
16. Of maidens patience. Hast thou slain him then?
17. Henceforth be never number’d among men.
18. *Dem.* You spend your passion on a misprised mood,
19. I am not guilty of *Lysander’s* blood:
20. Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.
21. *Her.* I pray thee tell me then that he is well.
22. *Dem.* And if I could, what should I get therefore?
23. *Her.* A privilege, never to see me more;
24. And from thy hated presence part I so:
25. See me no more whether he be dead or no.

*[She Exits]*.

1. *Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein,
2. Here therefore for a while I will remain.

*[He lies down and sleeps]*.

1. *Ob.* What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
2. And laid the love juice on some true love’s sight.
3. About the wood, go swifter than the wind,
4. And *Helena* of *Athens* look thou find.
5. By some illusion see thou bring her here,
6. I’ll charm his eyes against she doth appear.
7. *Puc.* I go, I go, look how I go,
8. Swifter then arrow from the *Tartar’s* bow.

*[Exit]*.

1. *Ob.* Flower of this purple dye,
2. Hit with *Cupid’s* archery,
3. Sink in apple of his eye,
4. When his love he doth espy,
5. Let her shine as gloriously
6. As the *Venus*of the sky.
7. When thou wak'st if she be by,
8. Beg of her for remedy.

*[Enter Puck]*.

1. *Puc.* Captain of our Fairy band,
2. *Helena* is here at hand,
3. And the youth, mistook by me,
4. Pleading for a Lovers fee.
5. Shall we their fond Pageant see?
6. Lord, what fools these mortals be!
7. *Ob.* Stand aside: the noise they make,
8. Will cause *Demetrius*to awake.

*[Enter Lysander and Helena]*.

1. *Lys.* Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
2. *Hel.* You do advance your cunning more & more,
3. When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
4. These vows are *Hermia’s*. Will you give her ore?
5. Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
6. *Lys.* I had no judgement, when to her I swore.
7. *Hel.* Nor none in my mind, now you give her o’re.
8. *Lys.* *Demetrius*loves her, and he loves not you.

*[Demetrius wakes up].*

1. *Dem.* O *Helen*, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine,
2. To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne!
3. Christal is muddy, O how ripe in show,
4. Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
5. When thou hold’st up thy hand, O let me kiss
6. This Princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.
7. *Hel.* O spite! O hell! I see you are all bent
8. To set against me, for your merriment:
9. If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
10. You would not do me thus much injury.
11. Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
12. But you must join in souls to mock me too?
13. If you are men, as men you are in show,
14. You would not use a gentle Lady so;
15. To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
16. When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
17. You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*;
18. And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.
19. *Lys.* You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not so,
20. For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;
21. And here with all good will, with all my heart,
22. In *Hermia’s* love I yield you up my part;
23. And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
24. Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
25. *Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
26. *Dem.* *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
27. If ere I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
28. My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
29. And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
30. There to remain.
31. *Lys.*  *Helena*, it is not so.

*[Enter Hermia]*.

1. *Her.* Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
2. Mine ear (I thank it) brought me to that sound.
3. But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
4. *Lys.* Why should he stay whom Love doth press to go?
5. *Her.* What love could press *Lysander* from my side?
6. *Lys.* *Lysander’s* love (that would not let him bide)
7. Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
8. Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
9. Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
10. The hate I bear thee, made me leave thee so?
11. *Her.* You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
12. *Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy.
13. Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three,
14. To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
15. Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
16. Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
17. To bait me, with this foul derision?
18. Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
19. The sisters’ vows, the hours that we have spent,
20. When we have chid the hasty footed time,
21. For parting us; O, is all forgot?
22. All school days’ friendship, child-hood innocence?
23. And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
24. To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
25. It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
26. *Her.* I am amazed at your passionate words,
27. I scorn you not; It seems that you scorn me.
28. *Hel.* Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorn
29. To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
30. And made your other love, *Demetrius*
31. (Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
32. To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
33. Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
34. To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
35. Deny your love (so rich within his soul)
36. But by your setting on, by your consent?
37. *Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.
38. *Hel.* Ay, do persevere! Counterfeit sad looks,
39. Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
40. Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up:
41. If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
42. You would not make me such an argument:
43. But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
44. Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
45. *Lys.* Stay gentle *Helena*, hear my excuse,
46. My love, my life, my soul, faire *Helena*.
47. *Hel.* O excellent!
48. *Her.*  Sweet, do not scorn her so.
49. *Lys.* *Helen*, I love thee, by my life I do;
50. I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
51. To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
52. *Dem.* I say, I love thee more then he can do.
53. *Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw and prove it too.
54. *Dem.* Quick, come.
55. *Her.*  *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

*[Hermia clings to Lysander]*

1. *Lys.* Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,
2. Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
3. *Her.* Why are you grown so rude?
4. What change is this sweet Love?
5. *Lys.* Out loathed medicine! O hated potion hence!
6. *Her.* Hate me, wherefore? O me, what news my Love?
7. Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?
8. Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
9. In earnest, shall I say?
10. *Lys.*  Ay, by my life;
11. And never did desire to see thee more.
12. Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
13. Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
14. That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.
15. *Her.* O me! *[To Helena]* You juggler, you canker-blossom,
16. You thief of love; What, have you come by night,
17. And stolen my love’s heart from him?
18. *Hel.* Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
19. No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
20. Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
21. Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
22. *Her.* Puppet? why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
23. Now I perceive that she hath made compare
24. Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height,
25. And with her personage, her tall personage,
26. Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.
27. And are you grown so high in his esteem,
28. Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
29. How low am I, thou painted Maypole? Speake,
30. How low am I? I am not yet so low,
31. But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

*[She runs at Helena]*

1. *Hel.* I pray you though you mock me, gentlemen,
2. Let her not hurt me; I was never curst:
3. I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
4. I am a right maid for my cowardice;
5. Let her not strike me: you perhaps may think,
6. Because she is something lower than myself,
7. That I can match her.
8. *Her.*  Lower? hark again.
9. *Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me.
10. *Lys.* Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee *Helena*.
11. *Dem.* No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
12. *Hel.* O when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd,
13. She was a vixen when she went to school,
14. And though she be but little, she is fierce.
15. *Her.* Little again? Nothing but low and little?
16. Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
17. Let me come to her.
18. *Lys.*  Get you gone you dwarf,
19. You *minimus*, of hindering knot-grass made,
20. You bead, you acorn.
21. Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
22. Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.
23. *Dem.* Follow? Nay, I’ll go with thee cheek by jowl.

*[Exit Lysander and Demetrius]*.

1. *Her.* You Mistress, all this coil is long of you.
2. Nay, go not back.
3. *Hel.*  I will not trust you I,
4. Nor longer stay in your curst company.
5. Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
6. My legs are longer though to run away.

*[She runs off]*

1. *Her.* I am amazed, and know not what to say.

*[She runs off]*

*[Enter Oberon and Puck]*.

1. *Ob.* This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
2. Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.
3. *Puc.* Believe me, King of shadows, I mistook,
4. And so far am I glad, it so did sort,
5. As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
6. *Ob.* Thou seest these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
7. Hie therefore *Robin*, overcast the night,
8. And lead these testy Rivals so astray,
9. As one come not within another’s way.
10. Till o’re their brows, death-counterfeiting, sleep
11. With leaden legs, and Batty-wings doth creep:
12. Then crush this herb into *Lysanders* eye,
13. Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
14. To take from thence all error, with his might,
15. And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
16. When they next wake, all this derision
17. Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision.
18. Whiles I in this affaire do thee employ,
19. I’ll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
20. And then I will her charmed eye release
21. From monster’s view, and all things shall be peace.
22. *Puc.* My Fairy Lord, this must be done with haste,
23. For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast.
24. *Ob.* We may effect this business, yet ere day.

*[He exits]*

1. *Puc.* Up and down, up and down,
2. I will lead them up and down:
3. I am fear'd in field and town.
4. *Goblin*, lead them up and down.
5. Here comes one.

*[Enter Lysander.]*

1. *Lys.* Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speake thou now.
2. *Puc.* *[Imitating Demetrius’voice]*
3. Here villain, drawn & ready. Where art thou?
4. *Lys.* I will be with thee straight.
5. *Puc.*  Follow me then
6. To plainer ground.

*[Lysander exits – following the voice.*

*Enter Demetrius.]*

1. *Dem.*  *Lysander*, speak again;
2. Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
3. Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
4. *Puc.[Imitating Lysander’s voice]*
5. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
6. Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
7. And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou child,
8. I’ll whip thee with a rod.
9. *Dem.*  Yea, art thou there?
10. *Puc.* Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.

*[They Exit*; *Enter Lysander]*

1. *Lys.* The villain is much lighter-heel'd then I:
2. I followed fast, but faster he did fly;
3. That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
4. And here will rest me. *[lies down]* Come thou gentle day:
5. For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
6. I’ll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this spite.

*[He sleeps; Enter Puck and Demetrius]*

1. *Puc.* *[Imitating Lysander’s voice]*
2. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?
3. *Dem.* Where art thou?
4. *Puc.*  Come hither, I am here.
5. *Dem.* Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this dear,
6. If ever I thy face by daylight see.
7. Now go thy way: faintness constraineth me,
8. To measure out my length on this cold bed, *[He lies down]*
9. By days approach look to be visited.

*[He sleeps; Enter Helena]*

1. *Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,
2. Abate thy hours, shine comforts from the East,
3. And sleep that sometime shuts up sorrow’s eye,
4. Steal me a while from mine own company.

*[She lies down and sleeps*.]

1. *Puc.* Yet but three? Come one more,
2. Two of both kinds makes up four.
3. Here she comes, curst and sad,
4. *Cupid* is a knavish lad,
5. Thus to make poor females mad.

*[Enter Hermia]*

1. *Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe,
2. Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
3. I can no further crawl, no further go;
4. My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
5. Here will I rest me till the break of day, *[Lying down]*
6. Heavens shield *Lysander*, if they mean a fray.

*[She sleeps]*

1. *Puc.* On the ground
2. sleep sound,
3. I’ll apply
4. Your eye
5. Gentle lover, remedy.

*[Squeezing the juice on Lysander’s eyes]*

1. When thou wak'st,
2. Thou tak'st
3. True delight
4. In the sight
5. Of thy former Lady’s eye,
6. *Jack* shall have *Jill*,
7. Nought shall go ill.
8. The man shall have his Mare again, and all shall be well.

*[Exit Puck, leaving the lovers sleeping]*

**Act IV, Scene 1**

*[Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and*

*Hermia are still sleeping. ENTER Titania,*

*Bottom, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth,*

*Mustardseed, and Oberon (unseen)]*

1. *Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
2. While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
3. And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
4. And kiss thy faire large ears, my gentle joy.
5. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet Love?
6. *Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let
7. us have the tongs and the bones.

*[Simple rural music starts.]*

1. *Tita.* Or say sweet Love, what thou desir’st to eat.
2. *Bot.* Truly a peck of Provender; I could munch
3. your good dry Oates.
4. *Tita.* I have a venturous Fairy,
5. That shall seek the Squirrels hoard.
6. *Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried
7. peas. But I pray you let none of your people stir me, I
8. have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
9. *Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms,
10. Fairies begone, and be all ways away.

*[The Fairies Exit]*

1. O how I love Thee! How I dote on thee!

*[Titania and Bottom sleep, on a different*

*part of the stage to the lovers.]*

*[Enter Puck going to Oberon]*.

1. *Ob.* Welcome good *Robin:* Seest thou this sweet sight?
2. Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
3. For meeting her of late behind the wood,
4. Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool,
5. I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
6. When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
7. And she in mild terms beg'd my patience,
8. I then did aske of her, her changeling child,
9. Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
10. To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
11. And now I have the Boy, I will undo
12. This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
13. And gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalp,
14. From off the head of this *Athenian* swain;
15. That he awaking when the other do,
16. May all to *Athens* back again repair,
17. And think no more of this night’s accidents,
18. But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
19. But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

*[Squeezing the flower on Titania’s eyes.]*

1. *Be thou as thou wast wont to be;*
2. *See as thou wast wont to see*.
3. *Dian’s bud, or Cupids flower*,
4. *Hath such force and blessed power*.
5. Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queen.
6. *Tita.* My *Oberon*, what visions have I seen!
7. Me-thought I was enamoured of an Ass.
8. *Ob.* There lies your love.
9. *Tita.*  How came these things to pass?
10. O, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!
11. *Ob.* Silence a while.
12. Now thou and I new in amity,
13. And will tomorrow midnight, solemnly
14. Dance in Duke *Theseus*house triumphantly,
15. And bless it to all fair posterity.
16. *Robin* take off his head.

*[The rural music stops]*

1. *Puc.[Taking off the ass-head]*
2. When thou wak'st, with thine own fools eyes peep.

*[Oberon, Titania, and Puck exit.*

*The lovers and Bottom continue to*

*sleep.]*

*[Bottom wakes up]*

1. *Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
2. My next is, most faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*?
3. *Flute* the bellows-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starveling*?
4. Gods my life! Stolen hence, and left me asleep: I
5. have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit
6. of man, to say, what dream it was. Man is but an Ass,
7. if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I
8. was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,
9. and methought I had. But man is but a patch'd fool,
10. if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of
11. man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man’s
12. hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
13. heart to report, what my dream was. I will get *Peter*
14. *Quince* to write a ballet of this dream, it shall be called
15. *Bottom’s Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will
16. sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. *[Exit.]*

*[Hunting horns sound offstage.*

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus.]*

*[He sees the Lovers.]*

1. *The.* But soft, what nymphs are these?
2. *Egeus.* My Lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
3. And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius*is,
4. This *Helena*, old *Nedar’s Helena*.
5. *The.* But speak *Egeus*, is not this the day
6. That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice?
7. *Egeus.* It is, my Lord.

*[Shouting, they all start waking up.]*

1. *Thes.* Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,
2. Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
3. *Lys.* Pardon my Lord.

*[The Lovers kneel to Theseus.]*

1. *Thes.*  I pray you all stand up.
2. I know you two are Rival enemies.
3. How comes this gentle concord in the world?
4. *Lys.* My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
5. Half sleep, half waking. But as yet, I swear,
6. I cannot truly say how I came here.
7. But as I think (for truly would I speak)
8. And now I do bethink me, so it is;
9. I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
10. Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
11. Without the peril of the *Athenian* Law.
12. *Ege.* Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;
13. I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head:
14. They would have stolen away, they would *Demetrius*,
15. Thereby to have defeated you and me.
16. *Dem.* My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their stealth,
17. Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
18. And I in fury hither followed them;
19. Fair *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
20. But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
21. (But by some power it is) my love
22. To *Hermia* melted as the snow.
23. The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
24. Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
25. Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
26. But like a sickness did I loathe this food.
27. Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
28. And will for evermore be true to it.
29. *Thes.* Fair Lovers, you are fortunately met;
30. Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.
31. *Egeus*, I will overbear your will;
32. For in the Temple, by and by with us,
33. These couples shall eternally be knit.
34. Come *Hippolita*.

*[Exit Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus*.*]*

1. *Dem.* These things seem small & undistinguishable,
2. Like far off mountains turned into Clouds.
3. *Her.* Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
4. When everything seems double.
5. *Hel.*  So methinks:
6. And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewel,
7. Mine own, and not mine own.
8. *Dem.*  It seems to me,
9. That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think,
10. The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?
11. *Her.* Yea, and my Father.
12. *Hel.*  And *Hippolita*.
13. *Lys.* And he bid us follow to the Temple.
14. *Dem.* Why then we are awake; let’s follow him,
15. And by the way let us recount our dreams.

*[The Lovers exit; Bottom wakes up]*

1. *Bot.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
2. My next is, most faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*?
3. *Flute* the bellows-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starveling*?
4. Gods my life! Stolen hence, and left me asleep: I
5. have had a most rare vision. I had a dream, past the wit
6. of man, to say, what dream it was. Man is but an Ass,
7. if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I
8. was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,
9. and methought I had. But man is but a patch'd fool,
10. if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of
11. man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man’s
12. hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
13. heart to report, what my dream was. I will get *Peter*
14. *Quince* to write a ballet of this dream, it shall be called
15. *Bottom’s Dream*, because it hath no bottom; and I will
16. sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. *[Exit.]*

**Act IV, Scene 2**

*[Enter Quince, Flute, Snout & Starvling]*

1. *Quin.* Have you sent to *Bottom’s* house? Is he come home yet?
2. *Starv.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.
3. *Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?
4. *Quin.* It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able
5. to discharge *Pyramus*but he.

*[Enter Bottom*.*]*

1. *Bot.* Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?
2. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me
3. not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I
4. will tell you everything as it fell out.
5. *Qu.* Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.
6. *Bot.* Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that
7. the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good
8. strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps,
9. meet presently at the Palace, every man look ore his
10. part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred!
11. In any case let *Thisbe* have clean linen: and let not him
12. that plays the Lion pare his nails, for they shall hang
13. out for the Lions claws. And most dear Actors, eat
14. no Onions, nor Garlic; for we are to utter sweet
15. breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a
16. sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

*[Exeunt.]*

**Act V, Scene 1**

*[Enter Theseus, Hippolita]*

1. *Hip.* 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these lovers speak of.
2. *The.* More strange then true.

*[Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia and*

*Helena.]*

1. *The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth:
2. Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days of love
3. Accompany your hearts.
4. *Lys.*  More than to us,
5. Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed.
6. *The.* Come now, what masques, what dances shall we have,
7. Between our after supper, and bed-time?
8. Is there no play,
9. To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

*[Trumpets sound offstage]*

1. *Duke.* Let him approach.

*[Enter the Prologue. Quince*.]

1. *Quin.* *[He speaks badly, ignoring the punctuation.]*
2. If we offend, it is with our good will.
3. The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
4. You shall know all, that you are like to know.

*[Enter Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall,*

*Moonshine, and Lion.]*

1. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
2. But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
3. This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
4. This beauteous Lady, *Thisbe* is certain.

*[Exit all but Wall*.]

1. *Wall.* In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
2. That I, one *Snout* (by name) present a wall:
3. And such a wall, as I would have you think,
4. That had in it a crannied hole or chink:
5. Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus*and *Thisbe*
6. Did whisper often, very secretly.
7. This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show,
8. That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
9. And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
10. Through which the fearful Lovers are to whisper.
11. *The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?
12. *Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

*[Enter Pyramus (Bottom)]*

1. The. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: silence!
2. *Pir.* O grim look’d night, O night with hue so black,
3. O night, which ever art, when day is not:
4. O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
5. I fear my *Thisbe’s* promise is forgot.
6. And thou O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
7. That stands between her father’s ground and mine,
8. Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
9. Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eye.

*[Wall holds up fingers]*

1. Thanks courteous wall. *Jove* shield thee well for this.
2. But what see I? No *Thisbe* do I see.
3. O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss,
4. Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me.
5. *Thes.* The wall methinks being sensible, should curse again.
6. *Bot [not at Pyramus].* No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*,
7. Is *Thisbe’s* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy her through
8. the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you.

*[Enter Flute as Thisbe.]*

1. *Pyra.* Yonder she comes.
2. *This.* O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
3. For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and me.
4. My cherry lips have often kiss’d thy stones;
5. Thy stones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.
6. *Pyra.* I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
7. To spy and I can hear my *Thisbe’s* face.
8. *Thisbe*?
9. *This.*  My Love thou art, my Love I think.
10. *Pir.* Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lover’s grace.
11. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.
12. *This.* I kiss the wall’s hole, not your lips at all.
13. *Pira.* Wilt thou at *Ninny’s* tomb meet me straightway?
14. *This.* Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

*[Exit Pyramus (Bottom) and Thisbe (Flute)*

*in different directions.]*

1. *Wall.* Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so;
2. And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go.

*[Exit Snout as Wall.]*

1. *Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ere I heard.
2. *The*. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the
3. worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
4. *Hip.* It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.
5. *The.* If we imagine no worse of them then they of
6. themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come
7. two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.

*[Enter Snug as Lion and Starveling as*

*Moonshine]*

1. *Lion.* You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do fear
2. The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor)
3. May now perchance, both quake and tremble here,
4. When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
5. Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner am
6. No Lion-fell, nor else no Lions dam:
7. *Moon.* This lantern doth the horned Moon present:
8. Myself, the man i'th Moon doth seem to be.
9. *The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man
10. should be put into the Lantern. How is it else the man
11. i'th Moon?
12. *Hip.* I am aweary of this Moon; would he would change.
13. *Lys.* Proceed Moon.
14. *Moon.* All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the
15. Lantern is the Moon; I, the man in the Moon; this
16. thorn bush, my thorn bush; and this dog, my dog.
17. *Dem.* But silence, here comes *Thisbe*.

*[Enter Thisbe]*

1. *This.* This is old *Ninny’s* tomb: where is my love?
2. *Lyon.* O.

*[The Lion roars, Thisbe drops her mantle*

*and runs off*.]

1. *Dem.* Well roar'd Lion.
2. *The.*  Well run *Thisbe*.
3. *Hip.*  Well shone Moon.
4. Truly the Moon shines with a good grace.

*[Snug, as the Lion, shakes Thisbe’s*

*mantle, then exits.]*

1. *The.* Well moused, Lion.

*[Enter Bottom as Pyramus*.]

1. *Pyr.* Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams,
2. I thank thee Moon, for shining now so bright:
3. For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beams,
4. I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe’s* sight.
5. But stay: O spite! but mark, poor Knight,
6. What dreadful dole is here?
7. Eyes do you see! How can it be?
8. O dainty Duck: O Dear!
9. Thy mantle good; what stain’d with blood!
10. *The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
11. Would go near to make a man look sad.
12. *Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
13. *Pir.* Out sword, and wound
14. The pap of *Pyramus:*
15. Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
16. *[Stabbing himself]* Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
17. Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soul is in the sky,
18. Tongue lose thy light, Moon take thy flight,

*[Exit Starveling.]*

1. Now die, die, die, die, die.

*[He dies]*

1. *The.* With the help of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and
2. prove an Ass.

*[Enter Flute as Thisbe*.]

1. Here comes Thisbe, and her passion ends the play.
2. *Hip.* Methinks she should not use a long one for such a
3. *Pyramus:* I hope she will be brief.
4. *This.* Asleep my Loue? What, dead my Dove?
5. O *Pyramus*arise:
6. Speake, Speake. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tomb
7. Must cover thy sweet eyes.
8. These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,
9. These yellow Cowslip cheeks
10. Are gone, are gone: Lovers make moan:
11. His eyes were green as Leeks.
12. Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:
13. Come blade, my breast imbrue:
14. And farewell friends, *[Stabbing herself.] Thus* *Thisbe* ends;
15. Adieu, adieu, adieu.
16. *Bot.* *[Starting up.]*
17. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or
18. to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?
19. *The.* No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
20. no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all
21. dead, there needs none to be blamed. Marry, if he that
22. writ it had plaid *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbe’s*
23. garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: and so it is
24. truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your
25. Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

*[Enter Quince, Snout, Snug and*

*Starveling; they are joined by Bottom*

*and Flute. The bow and exit. All Exeunt.]*

**Epilogue**

1. *Puc.* If we shadows have offended,
2. Think but this (and all is mended)
3. That you have but slumbered here,
4. While these visions did appear.
5. And this weak and idle theme,
6. No more yielding but a dream,
7. Gentles, do not reprehend.
8. If you pardon, we will mend.
9. And as I am an honest *Puck*,
10. If we have unearned luck,
11. Now to ‘scape the Serpent’s tongue,
12. We will make amends ere long:
13. Else the *Puck* a liar call.
14. So good night unto you all.
15. Give me your hands, if we be friends,
16. And *Robin* shall restore amends.

*[He Exits.]*

FINIS.