A Midsummer Night's Dream
Variant Edition
Variant Edition

SHAKESPEARE

A

MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

Facsimile Reprint of the Text of the First Folio, 1623

With Foot-Notes giving every Variant in Spelling and Punctuation occurring in the two Quartos of 1600, according to the perfect Copies of the Original Texts in the Barton Collection, Boston Public Library

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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HE present edition of *A Midsummer nights Dreame* has been prepared with a view to assist in putting the study of this Shakespearian text on a more permanent basis than is commonly laid. It gives the original material in full, including every variation in spelling and punctuation of the two editions of the play published in Shakespeare's life-time, from the First Folio text. The latter has been used as the principal text for its having been the last which may have had the benefit of Shakespeare's manuscript authority.

While there will always be a place for conjectural emendation, the necessity for it is constantly diminishing with every advance in the knowledge of Elizabethan English.

Why should not the study of Shakespeare, at least in universities, begin with putting into the student's hands all the textual facts? Of course the student will never cease to need more help than the best teacher and all the commentators can give. This edition will be useful only if the supposition is correct, that teacher and student should be first concerned with what Shakespeare wrote, as far as the authoritative original texts enable us to judge. And it seems too much to assume that the grounds on which a word or a phrase is generally rejected as not Shakespeare's are either so profound or so delicate as to be beyond the judgment of any student. Whoever rejects the "Now bent" of I. 1. 10 must do so on other grounds than that it is less beautiful or apt than Rowe's emendation, "New-bent." The notes include every variation from the texts of Fisher, Roberts, and the Folio which the Cambridge, Globe, Clarendon Press, Delius, Rolfe, Hudson, and White editions agree in adopting. For the source of these changes I am indebted to the Cambridge edition; I have, of course, verified the references whenever it has been
possible for me to do so. In all these editions the spelling
and punctuation have been modernized throughout. Many
stage-directions, which were deemed dispensable by the seven-
teenth-century editors, have been introduced into nearly all
modern editions.

It is my agreeable duty to express my cordial thanks to
Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Librarian of the Boston Public
Library, for facilities in the consultation of the Shakespearian
treasures in his custody; also to Mr. Arthur Mason Knapp,
Librarian of Bates Hall, Boston Public Library, for courteous
assistance.

Brunswick, Maine, October, 1887.
Introduction.

I. Date of Composition. — Of the earliest known reference to *A Midsummer nights Dreame*, Halliwell-Phillipps, in his indispensable Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, Seventh Edition, Longmans, London, 1887, II, 148, writes as follows: “The following extracts [including other references to Shakespeare besides the allusion to the present play] are from a treatise entitled ‘A comparative Discourse of our English poets with the Greeke, Latine and Italian poets,’ which is near the end of a thick little volume called *Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury, being the Second part of Wits Commonwealth. By Francis Meres, Maister of Artes of both Universities. Viuitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt. — At London. — Printed by P. Short for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be solde at his shop at the Royall Exchange, 1598.’ There can be no doubt that this chapter was written in the summer of 1598, the work itself having been entered at Stationers’ Hall on the 7th of September in that year, and there being in the Discourse a notice of Marston’s Satires registered on the previous 27th of May.”

The reference to the present play is as follows: “As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so *Shakespeare* among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his *Getlemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue labors lost*, his *Loue labours wonne*, his *Midsummer’s night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy his *Richard the 2. Richard the 3. Henry the 4. King John*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo and Juliet*.”

The year 1598 is consequently a date before which the play must have been written. With this limitation, the actual date of composition is as yet a matter of pure conjecture, based on considerations of plot, style, rhythm, etc., or on imaginable
allusions to events of recent occurrence. Moreover, the play may have been composed in honor of a marriage, and on this as a principal ground has been supposed to have been written as early as in 1590, the year of the marriage of Essex. This is the year to which it is ascribed in the English Philological Society's Dictionary, s. v. Abridgment. Perhaps the most generally preferred date of composition is 1594.

II. The First Edition. — The first edition was published in 1600 by Thomas Fisher, with the following title-page:

A
Midsommer nights
dreame.

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

Written by William Shakespeare.

[Publisher's device.]

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

This title-page and that of the second edition according to the Barton copies were published in facsimile among the illustrations in Mr. Justin Winsor's Shakespeare Bibliography, Boston, 1876. Mr. Winsor states that at that date, 1876, the Barton copy was the only one of the first edition in the United States. This continues to be the case.

Every student of Shakespeare is grateful for the publication of facsimiles in photo-lithography of the first and second editions of this play, with introductions by J. W. Ebsworth, M. A., which were issued in London, 1880, in the series of Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles, executed under the superintendence of F. J. Furnivall, M. A., Ph. D. The Fisher
quarto facsimile was made up from photographs of two copies, that of the Duke of Devonshire being used for fifty-five pages, and that of Mr. Alfred H. Huth for the other eight, deficient in the duke's copy. The perfect Barton copy shows many more variations from this facsimile than one would look for, even in a book of that period. In some eighty-one cases I have noted the absence of a punctuation-mark or a letter from the facsimile while it would be plainly present in the Barton copy; as, for instance, in I. i. 21, where the Barton copy has "thee?" and the facsimile "thee". In some sixty-one instances, where the facsimile might leave one in doubt as to the reading of the quarto, in such slight details as confusion of \( f \) and \( f \) or \( r \) and \( t \), I find the Barton copy to furnish plainly the reading which would naturally be assumed to exist. In almost every case of this sort there can be no possible ambiguity as to the author's intention. This absence of doubt is also true in most cases of the lacking punctuation-marks and letters in the facsimile. There are also a few manifestly intentional corrections of the type during the course of the printing of the original edition.

The Fisher quarto (F) was entered in the Stationers' Register as follows:—

\[ \text{[A. D. 1600.]} \quad \text{8 Octobris.} \]

Thomas ffyssher Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Rodes \( f \) and the Wardens, A booke called \textit{A Mydsummer nightes Dreame}. . . . \( vj^d \)

It was published in the same year, and consists of thirty-two leaves, thirty-five lines to a full page, excepting in the case of leaves G and G\(_2\), which have on each of the four pages thirty-four lines. The Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Roberts quarto has \( B_1 \) \textit{verso} and \( B_2 \) \textit{recto} printed from the identical forms which served for the same pages of the Fisher quarto. These pages, not being \textit{recto} and \textit{verso} of one leaf, cannot have been inserted in the copy. They prove the priority of the Fisher quarto, in which these pages are uniform in individualities of spelling with all the others, while they are conspicu-

\(^1\) From Prof. Arber's \textit{Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers, etc.}, III. 174, as quoted in the Fisher facsimile, page v, above referred to.
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ously different from all the others in the Roberts quarto. The Barton copy of the Roberts quarto does not show this peculiarity, but has the two pages referred to quite uniform in spelling with the rest of the Roberts text. The copy used by the Cambridge editors was like the Barton.

This proves that there were at least two issues of the Roberts quarto. The punctuation of the Fisher quarto is careful, and, being manifestly rhetorical, if I may term it so, rather than grammatical, can never be ignored in the interpretation of the text.

III. The Second Edition. — The second edition (R) was not entered in the Stationers' Register. It was published in the same year as the first, with the following title-page:

A Midsummer nights dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times pub
likely acted, by the Right Honoura
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his
ervants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

[Printer's device.]

Printed by James Roberts, 1600.

It consists likewise of thirty-two leaves, thirty-five lines to a full page. It corresponds with F, page for page to a word, though not line for line, excepting in the cases of leaves G and G₂ which are set up, presumably by oversight, a line short in F. With the last line of G₃ recto the uniformity with F is restored.

Although the identity of B verso and B₂ recto in R (Duke of Devonshire's copy) and F does not prove that Roberts was the printer of F, it shows, nevertheless, that he may have been, and so may have had access to the MS. which was used for F.

Almost the only improvements in R over F are typographi-
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cal, consisting mainly in corrections of some twelve or fifteen misprints, none of them less obvious than that of I. 1. 4, \textit{wanes} for \textit{waues} in F. In one place, V. 1. 7–9, the alignment is corrected. Mention is made in the Notes of a few cases in which R has the appearance of having done more than correct the printer's errors in F; yet the ground of these changes may have been in the context only.

R changed freely the spelling and punctuation of F, and made frequent substitution of one word or phrase for another, with the result of mere variation in form, and not in sense.

R is not printed with nearly as great care as F. Cases of inferiority are numerous throughout the text. The facsimile of R in the Shakspere Quarto Facsimile series, above referred to, shows a much closer likeness of the Duke of Devonshire's copy, from which the photographs were taken, to the Barton copy than was the case in the copies of F. There are only about twenty instances of seemingly lacking punctuation-marks or of like relatively insignificant variations, and some twenty-five cases in which the facsimile shows defective or doubtful punctuation or letters; as, for instance, in IV. 1. 182, \textit{worne.} as against \textit{worne}, in the Barton copy. There are at present six copies of the original Roberts quarto in the United States, located or owned as follows: —

- Boston Public Library, Barton Collection.
- Mr. Theodore Irwin, Oswego, N. Y.
- Mr. Charles H. Kalbfleisch, New York.
- Lenox Library, New York.
- Mr. N. Q. Pope, Brooklyn.
- University of Virginia, Charlottesville.

Through the uniform kindness of the custodians or owners I have ascertained that these copies are all of the second issue.

IV. The Third Edition. — The third edition of the play consisted of pages 145–162 in the division of Comedies in the First Folio, 1623. This first collective edition of Shakespeare's plays adopted the Roberts text of the present play. It contains many obvious blunders of R, while its corrections of R and agreement with F are with rare exceptions plainly such as any intelligent reader could make.

The First Folio was reprinted with marvellous accuracy by
Lionel Booth, London, 1862–4. My collation of this reprint with the Barton copy did not result in the detection of a single variation except in the wholly insignificant case of IV. i. 75, Queene for Queen in the Barton copy. As a matter of curiosity I note that the Barton copy and the Booth reprint agree in the misprinting of III. i. 124, with, with inverted i, as against with in Staunton's Lithographic Facsimile of the First Folio, London, 1866; likewise in III. i. 138, my, as against my in Staunton. These microscopic variations probably exist in the originals.
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The division of the text into scenes, in the present edition, is that adopted by modern editors, almost without exception.

The line-numbers of the parts of the play in verse are those of the metrical, and not of the typographical, arrangement. The lines of the parts in prose are numbered according to the printing of the First Folio which is facsimiled in this edition.

The three texts are identical in spelling, punctuation, and alignment except so far as the foot-notes show the contrary. It seemed useless, however, to include such a variation as the abbreviation Hyp. for Hip. when the same personage is unmistakably referred to in the three texts.

F stands for Fisher quarto.
R stands for Roberts quarto.
R* stands for "" facsimile, Shakspere Quarto Facsimiles, London, 1880.

FR3 indicates that F and R begin their third page with the twenty-third line. The title-page is numbered 1, the reverse of it is blank, the next printed page, that of the opening of the play, 2, and so on.

[1451] indicates the page and column in the First Folio.
\[\]! F : R indicates that the ; is replaced by an ! in F and by a : in R.
\[-\]om. F indicates that the hyphen is omitted, and that the words or parts of words so connected in the Folio are printed as one word in F. When a hyphen is in the Folio and the words are printed as two in F or R, they are so written in the foot-notes.

/ marks the end of a line.
\[\]! F is. / R indicates that the metrical line referred to is printed as a single line in F and R ending as shown.

The dates of the principal older editions of Shakespeare, and of such recent ones as are referred to in the notes, are: ---
1632 Second Folio.
1664 Third "
1685 Fourth "
1709 Rowe.
1714 " , 2d edition.
1725 Pope.
1728 " , 2d edition.
1733 Theobald.
1744 Hanmer.
1747 Warburton.
1765 Johnson.
1767 Capell.
1790 Malone.
1793 Johnson and Steevens, 4th edition, revised and augmented by Isaac Reed.
1821 Boswell's Variorum.
1853 Halliwell's Folio edition.
1857 Dyce.
1863 Cambridge edition, Clark and Wright.
1864 Globe edition, Clark and Wright.
1877 Clarendon Press edition of Shakespeare's Select Plays, Wright.
1877 Friendly edition, Rolfe.
1880 Harvard edition, Hudson.
1883 Riverside edition, White.

Unless an exception is made by showing in ( ) the practice of a single editor, the notes give merely the name of the editor proposing the given change, which has been uniformly adopted by succeeding editors. Thus I. i. 10 Now bent ] New-bent Rowe indicates that Rowe made the change referred to, and has been followed generally; and in particular by, at least, the Cambridge, Globe, Clarendon Press, Delius, Rolfe, Hudson, and White editions.

The stage-directions which are not assigned to any editor in the notes, are all as early as Capell, except V. i. 44, 48, 52, 56, 291, 334. I have not at hand the means to trace the source of the changes referred to in the notes on IV. i. 42 and 55.

I. i. Scene I. Athens. The Palace of Theseus.

3 Moon Fo.] The absence of the final e seems to be due to a practice of omitting this silent letter in the case of crowded lines. This contraction
applies also to final double consonants, as in line 7, *wil*, and often. Compare I. 1. 201, *wold* RFo, *wer* Fo. These shorter forms were also sometimes used, when there was no such typographical reason. F has *nights* on the title-page and at the top of page 2, where there was not in either case space for an extra *e*; the head-line of each page, however, excepting p. 61, has *nights*.

15 [Exit Philostrate.] Theobald.
24 Stand forth Demetrius. F and
26 Stand forth Lisander. F are the only stage-directions in F which have the personal names in italics. They were first printed as part of the text by Rowe.

127 Exeunt Fo] The loss or the lack of a punctuation-mark at the very end of a line is not uncommon; compare l. 201, I. 2. 110, and often.

136 loue] low Theobald.
187 Your words I] Yours would I Hanmer.
191 Ile (Delius)] I'd Hanmer.
216 sweld] sweet Theobald.
219 strange companions] stranger companies Theobald.

I. 2. Scene II. Athens.
Quince's house. Capell.

II. 1. Scene I. A wood near Athens.

7 Moons FRFo] The printers in all three cases may have omitted an *e* because of a crowded line.

60 (Scene II. Delius.)
79 Eagles] Ægle Rowe.
91 Hath] Have Rowe, 2d ed.
109 chinne] thin Halliwell, Tyrwhitt's conjecture.
177 when she FFo whence she R] For a somewhat similar perversion of the text see IV. 1. 79, loath his F, loathe this R, loath this Fo, and IV. 1. 190, thing seemes FR, things seemes Fo.

190 stay] slay Theobald, Thirlby's conjecture.
stayeth] slayeth Theobald, Thirlby's conjecture.

242 [Exit Dem. Capell (om. Delius, Hudson.)
244 (Exit] Exeunt Demetrius and Helena. Delius, Hudson.)

247 Enter Pucke.] Re-enter Pucke, after line 246.
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II. 2. Scene II. Capell. (Sc. III. Delius.)

Another part of the wood.

26 [Exeunt Fairies. Rowe.

Enter Oberon, and squeezes the flower on Titania’s eyelids. Capell.

34 [Exit. Rowe.

57 humane] human Fourth Folio, 1685.

100 Lysander! Capell.


III. 1.

Scene I. The wood. Titania lying asleep.

66 or] and Collier M.S.

79 Pir. (Delius, Hudson.)] Bot.

81 Pir. (Delius, Hudson.)] Bot.

85 [Exit. Capell.

86 This. (Delius, Hudson.)] Flu.

90 Thys. (Delius, Hudson.)] Flu.

98 Thys. (Delius, Hudson.)] Flu.

100 Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass’ head.] Capell.

Pir. (Delius, Hudson.)] Bot.

159 First Fai. Ready.

Sec. Fai. And I.

Third Fai. And I.

Fourth Fai. And I. (om. Delius.)

All. (Fourth Fai. Delius.) Where shall we go?

171 First Fai. Hail, mortal!

Sec. Fai. Hail! Capell.

172 Third Fai. Hail! Capell.

173 Fourth Fai. Hail! Capell.

192 you (Delius)] your Third Folio, 1664 (you of Collier M.S., Hudson, Rolfe.)

III. 2.

Scene II. Another part of the wood.

6 love.] Rowe.

80 part I so: / See me no more, whether Pope.

85 slip] sleep Rowe.

141 coniealed F] Compare “coniealed frost” in Clement Robinson’s A Handefull of pleasant delights, Lond. 1584, p. 3, l. 7; reprinted by Prof. Arber in The English Scholar’s Library, No. 3.

190 bare] bear Fourth Folio, 1685.

201 See note on l. 257.

213 first life] first, like Theobald, Folkes’s conjecture.

250 praise] prayers Theobald.

257 The text and the printing of F seem to me perfectly defensible. There is certainly no printed
unaccented syllable in the fifth foot, but on the stage the second no may have been delivered in the time of two syllables, if not actually as no-o. The typographical disarrangement which R introduced and Fo copied shows that, although they did not appreciate the rhythm of F, yet they did not add an extra monosyllabic word. The same uniform treatment by FRFo is to be observed in lines 201 and 421 of this scene. Compare Abbott, Shak. Gram., 482.

264 O (Delius) om. Pope.
406 Speak! In some bush?] Capell.
413 Re-enter Lysander.
420 Sleeps. Capell.
421 See note on l. 257.
430 Lies down and sleeps. Capell.
440 Enter Hermia] Re-enter Hermia after l. 441.
447 Lies down and sleeps.
451 To your eye] Rowe.
452 Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes. Rowe.

IV. 1.

Scene I. The same. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia lying asleep.
The lines of this scene are wrongly numbered in the Globe ed. Titania's lines 27 and 30 are reckoned as two each.

alwaies] all ways Theobald (a while Hanmer, Hudson, White.)

Omit commas.

flowerets'

or] o'er Theobald, Thirlby's conjecture.

these five Theobald, Thirlby's conjecture.

Faire Fo] Compare V. i. 16 aire Fo.

Seem'd Second Folio, 1632.

right] rite Pope.

see] saw Steevens. See for saw occurs very commonly in dialect usage in Maine, and presumably in Northern New England generally. "Soons he see me cummin, he run."

a] in Steevens.

about expound F] The emendation of F which seems necessary here, namely, about t'expound, is quite like that of II. 1. 61, Fairy skippe (skip RFo) FRFo Fairies skip, which was made by Theobald.

but patcht a FR] Compare As You Like It, I. i. 2, but poor a; and Abbott, Shak. Gram., 422.
Notes.

14 I am not true Athenian FR] Compare Clement Robinson's A Handefull of pleasant delites, Arber's Reprint, p. 30: —  
28 I will be still readie, as I am true man.

V. 1. Scene I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.  
43 [Giving a paper. Theobald.  
44 [Reads.]  
48 [Reads.]  
52 [Reads.]  
56 [Reads.]  
84 Exit Philostrate.  
105 Re-enter Philostrate. Theobald.  
176 Wall holds up his fingers. Capell.  
202 [Exeunt Pyr. and This. Dyce.  
205 morall] mural Pope, 2d ed. (wall White.)

Now is the Moon used between the two neighbors. FR] The agreement of R with F gives a strong presumption in favor of the correctness of a reading. Something besides can be said for the reasonableness of this passage, which, as far as I can learn, has every editor against it. The Prologue had announced, lines 134-7: —

This man, with lanterne, dogge, and buft of thorne,  
Prefenteth moone-fhine. For if you will know,  
By moone-fhine did these louers think no fcorne  
To meete at Nims tombe, there, there to wooe:

The Enterlude then proceeded as far as this agreement of Pyramus and Thisbie to meet at the tomb, and Wall, who had served between the two neighbors, makes his explanation and leaves the stage. Thereupon the Duke says that now, in accordance with the statement of the Prologue, the Moon will be used between the two neighbors, probably in some such ingenious way as the Wall had been.

260 [The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit. Capell.  
266 [beames] gleams Staunton, Knight's conjecture.  
268 The following "Sonet" from Clement Robinson's A Handefull of pleasant delites, Arber's Reprint, pp. 30-32, shows marked coincidences with parts of this Enterlude, both in words and rhythm.
A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.
To the [tune of], Downe right Squier.

[V] Ou Dames (I say) that clime the mount of Helicon,
Come on with me, and giue account, what hath been don:
Come tell the chaunce ye Muses all, and dolcefull newes,
Which on these Louers did befall, which I accuse.
In Babilon not long agone, a noble Prince did dwell:
whose daughter bright dimd ech ones sight, so farre she did excel.

† An other Lord of high renowne, who had a sonne:
And dwelling there within the towne, great loue beganne:
Pyramus this noble Knight, I tel you true:
Who with the loue of Thisbie bright, did cares renue:
It came to passe, their secrets was, bekowne vnto them both:
And then in minde, they place do finde, where they their loue vnclote.

‡ This loue they use long tract of time, till it befell:
At last they promised to meet at prime, by Minus well:
Where they might louingly imbrace, in loues delight:
That he might see his Thisbies face, and she his sight:
In joyful case, she approcht the place, where she her Pyramus
Had thought to viewd, but was renewd, to them most dolorous.

† Thus while she stais for Pyramus, there did proceed:
Out of the wood a Lion fierce, made Thisbie dread:
And as in haste she fled aweie, her Mantle fine:
The Lion tare in stead of praine, till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded thus, and see how lion tare
The Mantle this of Thisbie his, he desperately doth fare.

† For why he thought the lion had, faire Thisbie slaine.
And then the beast with his bright blade, he slew certaine:
Then made he mone and said alas, (O wretched wight)
Now art thou in a woful case for Thisbie bright:
Oh Gods aboue, my faithfull loue shal neuer faile this need:
For this my breath by fatall death, shal weawe Atropos threed.

‡ Then from his sheathe he drew his blade, and to his hart
He thrust the point, and life did vade, with painfull smart:
Then Thisbie she from cabin came with pleasure great,
And to the well apase she ran, there for to treat:
And to discusse, to Pyramus of al her former feares.
And when slaine she, found him truly, she shed foorth bitter teares.

† When sorrow great that she had made, she took in hand
The bloudie knife, to end her life, by fatall hand.
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You Ladies all, peruse and see, the faithfulnesse,
How these two Louers did agree, to die in distresse:
You Muses waile, and do not faile, but still do you
lament:
These louers twaine, who with such paine, did die so
well content.

Finis.

I. Thomson.

291 [Stabs himself. (om. Delius.)
297 [Exit Moonshine. Capell.
298 [Dies. Capell.
310 Moth (Delius) mote Steevens, Heath’s conjecture.
334 [Stabs herself. (om. Delius.)
340 Bot. (Starting up.) Capell. (om. Delius, Hudson.)
350 [A dance. Capell.
359 (Scene II. Capell, Delius.)
360 ]om. Rowe.
388 The Song.] Song and dance. Capell.
407–8 These lines were transposed by Staunton, who
is followed by Clar. Press, Globe, Hudson, Rolfe,
and White.
410 [Exeunt King, Queen, and train. Capell.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

(First given by Rowe.)

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Egeus, father to Hermia.
Lysander, in love with Hermia.
Demetrius, master of the revels to Theseus.
Quince, a carpenter.
Snug, a joiner.
Bottom, a weaver.
Flute, a bellows-mender.
Snout, a tinker.
Starveling, a tailor.

Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.

Oberon, king of the fairies.
Titania, queen of the fairies.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.
Peaseblossom, fairies
Cobweb,
Moth,
Mustardseed,
Prologue,
Pyramus,
Thisbe,
Wall,
Moonshine,
Lion,

Characters in the Interlude performed by the Clowns.

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

Scene. Athens, and a wood not far from it.
A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Owe faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre

Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in

Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how fow

This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,

Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.

Hippolita, our nuptiall houre

Foure daies wil quickly steep theselues in nights

Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:

And then the Moone, like to a filuer bow,

Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night

Of our solemnities.

The. Go Philostrate,

Stirre vp 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 loue, doing thee injuries:

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander, 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 Dometrius.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my content to marrie her.

Stand forth Lyfander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the boosome of my childe:
Thou, thou Lyfander, thou haft given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:
Thou haft by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining love,
And tlolne the impression of her fantafie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nofe-gaies, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning haft thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harlneffe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it fo she will not heere before your Grace,
Confent to marrie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which I shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that cafe.

The. What fay you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that composes your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:

Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

The. In himfelfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eies muft with his judgment 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 here to please 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 liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloifter mew'd,
To liue a barren fitter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice bleffed they that mafter so their blood,
To vndergo fuch maiden pilgrimage,
For euer the fociety of men.
Therefore faire Hermia quefion your delires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For euer to be in shady Cloifter mew'd,
To liue a barren fitter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice bleffed they that mafter so their blood,
To vndergo fuch maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose diftil'd.

**Her.** So will I grow, fo liue, fo die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordfhip, whose vnwifhed yoake,
My foule confents not to giue foueraignty.

**The.** Take time to paufe, and by the next new Moon
The feeling day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlafting bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For difobedience to your fathers will,
Or elfe to wed Demetrius as hee would,
Or on Dianaes Altar to proteft
For aie, aufferity, and fingle life.

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

**Lyf.** You haue her fathers loue, Demetrius:
Let me haue Hermiaes: do you marry him.

**Egeus.** Scornefull Lyfander, true, he hath my Loue;
Aud what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her, 
I do estate unto Demetrius.

_Lyf._ I am my Lord, as well deriu’d as he, 
As well possiest: my loue is more then his: 
My fortunes euer way as fairely ranck’d 
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius: 
And (which is more then all thefe boafts can be) 
I am belou’d of beauteous Hermia. 
Why should not I then profecute my right? 
_Demetrius_, Ile auouch it to his head, 
Made loue to Nedars daughter, Helena, 
And won her soule: and she (fweet Ladie) dotes, 
Deouutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry, 
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man. 

_The._ I must confesse, that I haue heard fo much, 
And with Demetrius thought to haue spoke thereof: 
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires, 
My minde did lofe it. But Demetrius come, 
And come Egeus, you shall go with me, 
I haue some priuate schooling for you both. 
For you faire Hermia, looke you arme your felfe, 
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will; 
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp 
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate) 
To death, or to a vow of fingle life. 
Come my Hippolita, what cheare my loue? 
Demetrius and Egeus go along: 
I must imploie you in some businesse 
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you 
Of something, neereely that concerns your felues. 

_Ege._ With dutie and defire we follow you.

_Exeunt_ 

_Lyf._ How now my loue? Why is your cheek fo pale? 
How chance the Roses there doe fade fo faft? 

_Her._ Belike, for want of raine, which I could well 
Beteeme them, from the tempeft of mine eyes. 

_Lyf._ For ought that euer I could reade, 
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

_Her._ O croffe! too high to be enthrall'd to love.

_Lyf._ Or else misgrafted, in respect of yeares.

_Her._ O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

_Lyf._ Or else it ftood upon the choife of merit.

_Her._ O hell! to choose love by anothers eie.

_Lyf._ Or if there were a sympathy in choise,
Warre, death, or fickneffe, did lay fiege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a found:
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to fay, behold,
The lawes of darkneffe, do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

_Her._ If then true Louers have beene euer croffe,
It ftoods as an edict in desitnie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Becaufe it is a cuftomarie croffe,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighes,
Wifhes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

_Lyf._ A good perfwaftion; therefore heare me _Hermia,_
I haue a Widow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennue, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her houfe remou'd feuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely fonne:
There gentle _Hermia_, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the harpe Athenian Law
Cannot purfue vs. If thou lou'ft me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houfe to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the town,
(Where I did meete thee once with _Helena,_
To do obferuance for a morne of May)
There will I fay for thee.

_Her._ My good _Lyfander,_

---

I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his belt arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth foules, and proppers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the falfe Troyan vnnder faile was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that fame place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.


Enter Helena.

Her. God speed faire Helena, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnlay,

Demetrius loues you faire : O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadftarres, 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 fauor so,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,
My care shoulde catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue shoulde catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest Ie glue to be to you tranflated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you sway the motion of Demetrius hart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me fill.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
fuch skil.

Her. I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affection moue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

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

Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine

Her. Take comfort : he no more shall see my face,

Lyfander and my felse will flie this place.

169 bowe F 170 arrowe, F arrow, R heade F 171 ty R 172 loues F
173 fire, F burnd FR 174 Troyan R sayle R 177 mee F 175 truey FR
179 J, R looke, F 180 J, F 181 Call FR mee F, J, F 182 you, FR
happy FR 183 loadftars R sweete aire F 184 tunable FR
lark, F sheepeheards F 185 wheat F buddes, J, F 186 O, F fauour FR
187 mite, F goe FR 189 sweete F -dy FR, J, F 182 O, F mee F
Art, FR 183 You FR heart FR 191 FR8, J, F bee F mee F
195 frowns FR wold R, J, R skil, FR 196 J, F mee F 198 mee F
199 mee F 201 folly, FR Helena, F none], no fault F 201, J, F would F
were FR mine, FR 202 J, F 203 fly FR
Before the time I did Lyfander see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to me.
O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lyf. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grafse
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through Athens gates, haue we deuis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrofe beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counfell sweld:
There my Lyfander, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius.
Kepe word Lyfander we must starue our fight,
From louers foole, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyf. I will my Hermia. Helena adieu,
As you on him, Demetrius dotes on you. Exit Lyfander.

Hele. How happy some, ore othereome 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,
Loue can tranfcape to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any judgement taste:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedly haste.
And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,
Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
As waggish boyes in game themselfues forswear;

204 Li. F 228 like]as F -dice R me R 229 dooe F 227 hee F
turnd F into a F ]i F 232 wee F vnfoould : F 227 beholde F
time, FR 229 wee F deuiled R 230 Primrofe R beddes F
16 :j, FR 230 thence, from Athens, F eyes, F 229 J. FR 221 Farewell, F
weete FR -joum. F ]i F 231 graunt F 222 -der : F 221 J. F
225 dote FR 225 happie F -some, F ]i F 221 -ens, F thee F
238 FR*]FR9 229 knowe FR* hee FR* doe FR* do R know. FR*
231 he R ]i FR* 231 -FR* 232 vile FR* -tie FR* 232 -tie. FR*
234 minde : FR* 225 wingd FR*R 227 Wings, FR*R 238 bee FR*
]i FR* 230 Becaufe, in choyce, FR* oft R
beguilde R ]J FR* 240 boyes, in game, FR* ];: FR*
So the boy Loue is periur'd euerly 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 dissolu'd, and showres of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire Hermias flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purfue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his fight thither, and backe againe.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the [I. 2.
Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and
Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?
Bot. You were beft to call them generally, man by
man, according to the scrip.

Qui. Here is the scrowle of euerie mans name, which
is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enter-
lude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding
day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats
on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on
to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the moft lamentable Comed-
y, and moft cruell death of Pyramus and Thisbie.

Bot. A very good peec of worke I affure you, and a
merry. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors [1477]
by the scrowle. Masters spread your felues.

Quince. Answere as I call you. Nick Bottome the
Weauer.

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

Quince. You Nicke Bottome are set downe for Py-
ramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus, a lover, or a tyrant?
Quin. A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for loue.
Bot. That will ask some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will mooue stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolifh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: a lover is more condo-

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.
Flu. Heere Peter Quince.
Quin. You muft take Thisbie on you.
Flut. What is Thisbie, a wandring Knight?
Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus muft loue.
Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.
Qui. That's all one, you fhall 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: He speake in a monftrous little voyce; Thifne, Thifne, ah Pyramus my louer deare, thy Thisbie deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muft play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thisby.
Bot. Well, proceed.
Qu. Robin Starueling the Taylor.
Star. Heere Peter Quince.
Quin. Robin Starueling, you muft play Thisbies mother?
Tom Snowt, the Tinker.
Snowt. Heere Peter Quince.
Quin. You, Pyramus father; my selfe, Thisbies father; 
Snugge the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, gie it me, for I am flow of study.

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 him roare againe.

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

All. That would hang vs euery mothers fonne.

Bottoome. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any fucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Piramus, for Piramus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in Piramus a summers day; a moft louely Gentleman-like man, thence 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 haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maisters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requent 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

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66 Snugge, F there] here FR 68 Lyons FR you, F if] if it FR 69 bee F mee : F flowe FR -dy R 70 R do R hit, F -pore : F -pore, R 71 me R to, F roare, FR do R mee F say ; F againe : F again, R FR And F do FR effe, F 71 vs, F 72 grant FR you, F that] om. FR 81 wits FR -tion, F voice F 82 ly, F 84 ]; F roare] roare you, F roare you R t'reare R 85 ]; F fweete fac't F fweet fac't R ]; F thal R sommers FR -om. FR ]; F there- FR needes F 99 ]; F 92 ]; F wil F eyther R straw colour F -ny R bearder F crowne colour FR perf FR 98 ]; FR bare fac't FR maisters F heere R entreat R 100 defire / FR12 too] to F meete FR mee F 102 ]; F will wee F wec F
the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deu-
ifies knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of pro-
erties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not. 105

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse
more obfcenely and courageously. Take paines, be per-
fect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-stringes.  

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Aelius Secundus.

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Enter a Fairy at one doore, and Robin good-
fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bushe, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire;
I do wander euerie where, swifter then y Moons sphere ;
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the
The Cowflips tall, her penfioners bee, (green. 10
In their gold coats, spots you fee,
Thofe be Rubies, Fairie fauours,
In thofe freckles, liue their fauours,
I muft go seeke some dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euery cowflips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of spirts, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his fight,
For Oberon is pafting fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had fo sweet a changeling,
And jealous Oberon would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fair. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagreer,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huwife cherne,
And somet ime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Mifleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
That Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucksie,
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou speakeft aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I left to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horfe beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,
And somet ime lurke I in a Goffips bole,
In very likenesse of a roasted crab:
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop pour the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot floole, mistaketh me,
Then flip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailoure 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 wafted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes Oberon.

Fair. And heere my Miftris:
Would that he were gone.

25 fhee, perforce, F she, perforce R withhoulds F 23 FR13 now, F
29 cleare F -jont. FR 30 doe F Elues, for feare, F 31 cups, FR
32 shape, and making, F 33 els F shrwde F shrewd R sprite, F spirit, R
34 Cal'd FR -jont. F you not] not you F 35 Villagerce F 36 Miflelead F
Mifleade R -jont. F harme? F 40 Thofe, F sweete Puck FR 41 doe F
luck F 42 hee F speakeft F aright; I — night./FR 43 -ry F ]; F, R
44 ieat FR 45 ]; FR 46 Neyghing, F filly fole F 47 gosippes F
48 rosted FR crabe F ]; FR 50 dewlop, F 51 Aunt, F 52 Sometime, F
three foote, FR mee : F 53 flipe F bumme F 54 cryes FR falles F ]; F
50 hould F hippes F 55 myrth F fware[,]F sweare F 67 hower F 68 Faery : F
here FR 59 here, F here R mistrefse FR ]; F gon./F gon./R
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 Tytania.

Qu. What, iealous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forfowrne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rafh Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I muft be thy Lady: but I know
When thou waft ftolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of Corin, fate all day.
Playing on pipes of Corne, and verfing loue
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou heere
Come from the fartheft fteepe of India?
But that forfooth the bouncing Amazon
Your buskin'd Miftreffe, and your Warrior loue,
To Theseus must be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed joy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canft thou thus for shame Tytania,
Glance at my credite, with Hippolita?
Knowing I know thy loue to Theseus?
Didft thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From Peregina, whom he rauifhed?
And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith
With Ariadne, and Atiopa?

Que. These are the forgeries of iealousie,
And neuer since the middle Summers spring
Met vve on hil, in dale, forreft, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by rufhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the fea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiffling Winde,
But vvith thy braules thou haft diſturbd our fport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue fuck'd vp from the fea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath euerie petty Riuer made fo proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine,
The Ploughman loft his sweat, and the 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 murion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndistinguifhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll left;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, waftes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
And through this diatemple, we fee
The feasons alter; hoared headed frofts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimfon Rose,
And on old Hyems chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry fet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumnne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increafe, now knowes not which is which;
And this fame progeny of euills,
Comes from our debate, from our diffention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should Titania croffe her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at reft,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votrefse of my Order,
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night
Full often hath she goffipt by my fide,
And fat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood.
When we haue laught to fee the failes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which the with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and faile vpon 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 fake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her fake 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 fee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, thun me and I will spare your hauntes.
Ob. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.
Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, 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 fat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew cuill at her song,
And certaine fтарres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musick.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou could'st not)
Flying betwenee the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm’d; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veftall, throned by the West,
And los’d his loue-shaft smarly from his bow,
As it shold pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young Cupids 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 bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell vp one a little westerne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew’d thee once,  
The iuyce of it, on sleepeing eye-lids laid,  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Vpon the next lye 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 mi-  
nutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce,  
Ile watch Titania, when she is alleepe,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:

The next thing when she waking lookes vp,  
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,  
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)  
Shee shall pursue it, with the foule of loue.

And ere I take this charme off from her sight,  
(As I can take it with another hearbe)  
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.

But who comes heere? I am inuisible,  
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,  
Where is Lyfander, and faire Hermia?

The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.

Thou toldft 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 fleele. Leaue you your power to draw,  
And I shall haue 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 loue you?

Hel. And euen for that doe I loue the thee more;

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169 mee F flowre : F herbe F shewed F ,.F
170 iuwe F eyeliddes F
laide FR 171 dote, F 173 mee F herbe F here FR ,jom. F 174 swimme F
175 girdle, roud about F 176 juice F 177 when R a fleepe F
178 droppe F it, F 179 when] then F the, waking, F ,jom. F 181 Monkey F
182She FR 183 charme, from of F ,jom. F 184 herbe F 185 Page, F
mee F 186 But, F here F ,jom. F 187 not ; there- F not. F
189 ,jom. R 190 ,j; F 191 me, F intojonto FR ,]: F 192 here FR
wodde, within this wood : F 193 meete FR 194 the] the F mee F
195 mee F hard hearted F ,j; F 196 ,j. F 198 FR18 199 Doe I entife F
Doe F 200 do R trute F 201 do R ,nor] not FR 202 euen, for that, F
do FR thee]you, F ;]: F
I am your fpaniell, and Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.  
Vfle me but as your fpaniell; fpurne me, strike me, Neglecf me, lofe me; onely giue me leaue  
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your loue,  
(And yet a place of high reftect with me)  
Then to be vfed as you doe your dogge.  

Dem. Tempt not too much the hairied of my spirit,  
For I am ficke when I do looke on thee.  

Hel. And I am ficke when I looke not on you.  
Dem. You doe impeach your modefty too much,  
To leave the Citty, and commit your felfe  
Into the hands of one that loues you not,  
To truft the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counfell of a defert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.  

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that  
It is not night when I doe fee your face.  
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,  
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,  
For you in my reftect are nll the world.  

Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is heere to looke on me?  

Dem. Ie run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beafts.  

Hel. The wildeft hath not fuch a heart as you;  
Runne when you will, the story fhall be chang'd:  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chafe;  
The Doue purfues the Griffin, the milde Hinde  
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootleffe speede,  
When cowardife purfues, and valour flies.  

Demet. I will not fay thy queftions, let me go;  
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleue,  
But I fhall doe thee mishief in the wood.  

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field  
You doe me mishief. Fye Demetrius,
Your wrongs doe set a scandal on my sexe: 240
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die upon the hand I loue so well.
Exit.

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

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee glue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxfilps and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannoped with lufious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepees Tytania, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snafe throwes her enmamelled skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this ile streate her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantayes.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;
A sweet Athenian Lady is in loue
With a diidainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he eplies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Efect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then the vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your seruant shal do so.

Exit.

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine. [II. 2.

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 Reremife, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders

6 Owle, FR hootes FR
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 melody, 
Sing in your sweet Lullaby, 
Lula, lula, lulaby, lula, lula, lulaby, 
Neuer harme, nor fpell, nor charmee, 
Come our lovely Lady nye, 
So good night with Lullaby.

Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not heere, 
Hence you long leg'd Spimiers, hence: 
Beetles blacke approach not neere; 
Worme nor Stayle doe no offence. 
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well; 
One aloofe, stand Centinell. 
Shee sleepe.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou feeste when thou doest wake, 
Doe it for thy true Loue take: 
Loue and languishe 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'ft, it is thy deare, 
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y woods, 
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way: 
Wee'll reft vs Hermia, if you thinke it good. 
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Beri. Be it so Lysander; finde you out a bed, 
For I vpon this banke will reft my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both, 
One heart, one bed, two bofomes, and one troth.
Her. Nay good Lyfander, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lyf. O take the fence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bofomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bofomes, and a single troth.
Then by your fide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying fo, Hermia, I doe not lye.

Her. Lyfander riddles very prettily;
Now much befhr_OW my manners and my pride,
But gentle friend, for loue and courtefie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be faid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelor, and a maide,
So farre be diftant, and good night sweet friend;
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe glue thee all his reft.

Her. With halfe that with, the wi merry eyes be preft.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,
But Athenian finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in flirring loue.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of Athens he doth weare:
This is he (my mafter faid)
Defpifed the Athenian maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping found,
On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty foule, she durft not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtefie.

Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
II. 2. 79-113.] A Midsommer nights Dreame.

All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'lt, let loue 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, swete Demetrius.

Dc. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dc. Stay on thy perill, 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, wherefoere she lies;
For the hath bleffed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with falt teares.
If fo, my eyes are oftner waft then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though Demetrius
Doe as a monfter, flie my preffence thus.
What wicked and diffembling gaffe of mine,
Made me compare with Hermias fhery eyne?
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground;
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lyfander, if you liue, good fir awake.

Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy sweet fake.

Transparen Helena, nature her fhewes art,
That through thy bofome makes me fee thy heart.

Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perifh on my fword!

Hel. Do not fay fo Lyfander, fay not fo:
What though he loue your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loues you; then be content.

Lyf. Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue fpent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I loue;

83 forbidde F 81 Sleepe, F feat. F feate, R eye lidde F 82 awake, F
gon F 84 J; F mee F 85 doe F mee F 80 O, F doe F 87 Stay, F
]; F Exit Demetrius.] on. FR 86 O, F chafe FR 88 praire R grace. FR
93 -pie F ]; F 91 ed, F 90 eies R 94 no : I F ]; F 96 beates F
mee F way, F ]; F 96 -fore, F 97 Doe, F Do R fly F -ence, F
98 FR33 glaffe, F 99 eyen F 100 But, F ]; R -der, F groud R
 ];F FR 101 Dead, F Dead R a sleepe F blood, FR ]; F 102 runne F
fire, F sweete F 104 -rant R her] om. FR arte FR 105 bofome, F
107 fword F 108 fo, F fo F 110 ]; F 111 No : I doe F 112 minutes, F
113 now] om. F ]; F.
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason faies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their seafon;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaon becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richeft booke.

_Hel_. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deferue this scorne?
Ift not enough, ift not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Defere a sweete looke from _Demetrius_ eye,
But you muft flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-footh you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I muft confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenee.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

_Exit._

_Lyf_. She sees not _Hermia_: _Hermia_ sleepe thou there,  
And neuer maift thou come _Lyfander_ neere;  
For as a surfeit of the sweeeteft things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the herefies that men do leau,
Are hated moft of those that did deceiue:
So thou, my surfeit, and my herefie,
Of all be hated; but the moft of me;
And all my powers addressse your loue and might,
To honour _Helen_, and to be her Knight.

_Her_. Helpe me _Lyfander_, helpe me; do thy beft
To plucke this crawling serpent from my breft.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
_Lyfander_ looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet fat finiling at his cruell prey.

_Lyfander_, what remou'd? _Lyfander_, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I found almoast with feare.
No, then I well perceiue 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 maruailous conuenient
place for our rehearfall. 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 faift thou, bully Bottome?

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

How anfwered you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous fear.

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

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well.

Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue feeme to fay,
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 Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottome the
Weauer; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it fhall
be written in eight and fixe.

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

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

Star. I feare it, I promife you.
Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your felues, to bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue muft tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you muft name his name, and halfe his face muft be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himfelfe muft speake through, faying thus, or to the fame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would requelt 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 fuch 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 Ioyner.

Quin. Well, it fhall be fo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, 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 leaue a cafement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the cafement.

Quin. I, or elfe one muft come in with a bufh of thorns and a lanthorne, and fay he comes to disfigure, or to pre- fent the perfon of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we muft haue a wall in the great Chamber; for Piramus and Thisby (faies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What fay you Bottone?
Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Platter, or some Lome, or some rough caft 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, fit downe euery mothers fonne, and rehearde your parts. Piramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and fo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns haue we swagge-ring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? 75
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see caufe.

Quin. Speake Piramus: Thisby stand forth.
Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious fauors sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.
Pir. Odours fauors sweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareft Thisby deare.

But harke, a voyce: flay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. Exit. Pir.
Puck. A stranger Piramus, then ere plaid here.

Thyf. Moft radiant Piramus, moft Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rofe on triumphant bryer,
Moft brisky luuenall, and eke moft lovely Iew,
As true as trueft horfe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee Piramus, at Ninnies toombe.

Pet. Ninus toombe man: you must not speake that yet; that you anfwere to Piramus: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter, your cue is paft; it is neuer tyre.
Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, Thisby I were onely thine. 100 [152]
Pet. O monftrous. O strange. We are hainted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bufh, through brake, through
Sometime a horfe Ile be, sometime a hound: (bryer, 105
A hogge, a headleffe beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horfe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. Exit.

Enter Piramus with the Asfe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of
them to make me afeard. Enter Snowt. 110

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What doe I fee on
thee?
Bot. What doe you fee? You fee an Asfe-head of your
owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleffe thee Botome, bleffe thee; thou art transla-
ted. Exit.

Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an asfe of me,
to fright me if they could; but I will not stirr from
this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe
here, and I will finge that they shall heare I am not a-
120 fraid.
The Wooffell cocke, fo blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throffe, with his note fo true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?
Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainfong Cuckow gray;
Whofe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anfwere, nay.
For indeede, who would fet his wit to fo foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
neuer fo?

_Tyta._ I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
Mine eare is much enamoured of thy note;
On the first view to say, to sware I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

_Bot._ Me-thinkes miftresse, you should haue little
reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and
loue keepe little company together, now-adayes.
The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeeke vpon occa-

ion.

_Tyta._ Thou art as wife, as thou art beautifull.

_Bot._ Not fo neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I haue enough to serue 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 vpon my flate,
And I doe loue 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 doft sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse fo,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

_Enter Peafe-bloffome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-
feede, and foure Fairies._

_Fai._ Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

_Tita._ Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,

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131 indeed R birde F 132 ly F hee F 133 thee, F againe. F
135 Myne F enamoured F i.e.: F 138-9 So is mine eye enthralled to thy
shape,/And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me./On the first
viewe to say, to sware, I loue thee. F 138 R 139 Mee thinks F Me-
thinks R 140 i.e.: F yet, F 141 now a daies F now adayes R 142 ty FR
143 Jom. FR gleece, F 144 owne] owe F 149 doe F i.e.: F 150 spirit, F
152 Sommer, F Sommer R fill, F 155 do R i.e.: F go R mee. F
154 i.e.: F 155 Jewels, F 156 thou, F flowers, F 158 shalt, F ayery F
avry R spirit, goe F Enter Peafe-bloffome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-
feede, and foure Fairies.] Peafe-bloffome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-feede?/
Enter foure Fairies. F Peafe-bloffome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-feede./
Enter foure Fairies. R 159 FR29 Fai.] Fairies. F Readie: F I, Where]
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arife:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1. Fai. Haile mortall, haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I befeech your worlips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall defire you of more acquaintance, good Mafter Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peaf. Peafe blofome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mitresse Squash, your mother, and to mafter Peaefod your father. Good mafter Peafe-blofome, I shal desire of you more acquain-
tance to. Your name I befeech you fir?

Mus. Mustard-feede.

Peaf. Peafe-blofome.

Bot. Good mafter Mustard feede, I know your pati-
ence well: that fame cowardly gyant-like Oxbeefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houfe. I pro-
mife you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Mafter Mustard-feede.

Tita. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a warie eie,
And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chaftitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.

Exit.

Enter King of Pharies, folus.

[III. 2.

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 gaunted groue?

Puck. My Miftris with a monfter is in loue,
Neere to her close and confecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mecchanicals,
That worke for bread vpon Athenian stilts,
Were met together to reheare a Play,
Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day:
The shaloweft thick-skin of that barren fort,
Who Piramus prefented, in their sport,
Forlooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Asses nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his Thisible must be answered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,
As Wilde-geefe, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruffet-pated cawing, many in fort
(Riuing and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themselfes, and madly sweepe the skye:
So at his fithe, away his fellowes flye,
And at our flampe, here ore and ore one fals;
He murther cries, and helpe from Athens calms.
Their fenfe thus weake, loft with their fears thus strong,
Made fenflesse things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some fleuees, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this dissenterd feare,
And left sweete Piramus translated there:
When in that moment (fo it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lou'd an Ass.

Ob. This fals out better then I could deuife:
But haft thou yet lacht the Athenians eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee doe?

[151]
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 fame Athenian. Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man. Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you so? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe. Her. Now I but chide, but I should vfe thee worse. For thou (I feare) haft giuen me caufe to curse, If thou haft flaine Lyfander in his sleepe, Being ore fooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day, As he to me. Would he haue flollen away, From sleepeing Hermia? I leue beleeue as soone This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone May through the Center crepe, and fo diſpleafe Her brothers noonetide, with th'Antipodes. It cannot be but thou haft murthered him, So shou'd a murtherer looke, fo dead, fo grim.

Dem. So shou'd the murderer looke, and fo shou'd I, Pierft through the heart with your ftearne cruelty: Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare, As yonder Venus in her glimmering fpheare.


Dem. You spend your passion on a mispri'sd mood,
III. 2. 75-112.] *A Midsummer nights Dreame.*

I am not guiltie of Lyfanders blood:

Nor is he dead for oun oft 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 priuiledge, neuer 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 therefore for a while I will remaine.

So forrowes heauineffe doth heauier growe:

For debt that bankrout slip doth forrow owe,

Which now in some flight meaure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some flay.

_Lie downe._ [1541]

Ob. What haft thou done? Thou haft mistaken quite

And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues fight:

Of thy mifprifion, must perforce enfue

Some true loue turn'd, and not a falfe 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 loue, that costs the fresh bloud deare.

By some illufion fee thou bring her heere,

He 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 loue he doth espie,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the _Venus_ of the sky.

When thou wak'ft 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, miftooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant fee?
Lord, what fooles thesee mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyfe they make,
Will caufe Demetrias to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woone one,
That muf't needs be sport alone:
And thofe things doe beft pleaue me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lyf. Why should you think I should woone in scorn?
Scorne and derifion never comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weep; and vowes fo borne,
In their natuirty all truth appears.
How can thesee things in me, seeme scorn to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
When truth kills truth, O diuelfh holy fray!
These vowes are Hermias. Will you glue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

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

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

Lyf. Demetrias loves her, and he loves not you. Awa.

Dem. O Helen, goddesse, nymph, perfect, diuine,
To what my, loue, shall I compare thine eyne!
Chriftall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus how,
Fan'd with the Eafterne winde, turns to a crow,
When thou holdest vp thy hand. O let me kiffe
This Princesse of pure white, this seale of bliffe.

Hell. O spight! O hell! I fee you are all bent
To fet againft me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curtefie,
You would not doe me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,

[1542]
But you must ioyne in foules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vse 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 Riuals, and loue Hermia;
And now both Riuals to mocke Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble fort,
Would I offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore foules patience, all to make you sport.
Lyf. You are vnkind Demetrius; be not so,
For you loue Hermia; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermias loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of Helena, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waist more idle breth.
 Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueft-wife sojourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lyf. It is not fo.
De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue 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 seeing seyne,
Ir paises the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that found.
But why vnkindly didst thou loaue me so? (to go?)
Lyf. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth preffe
Her. What loue could presse Lyfander from my side? 185  
Lyf. Lyfanders loue (that would not let him bide)  
Faire Helena; who more engilds the night,  
Then all yon fierie oes, and cies of light.  
Why seek'lt thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so? 190  
Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.  
Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,  
Now I perceive they haue conioyn'd all three,  
To fashion this falfe spoint in spight of me.  
Inurious Hermia, most vngratefull maid,  
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd  
To baite me, with this foule derision? 195  
Is all the counfell that we two haue shar'd,  
The siffers vowes, the houres that we haue spent,  
When wee haue chid the hafty footed time,  
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?  
All schooledaies friendship, child-hood innocenceness?  
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,  
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, fitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key; 200  
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, 210  
Two louely berries molded on one item,  
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,  
Due but to one and crowned with one creft.  
And will you rent our ancient loue afunder, 215  
To ioyne 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 feele the injurie.  
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,  
I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me. 220  
Hel. Haue you not fet Lyfander, as in scorne  
To follow me, and praffe my cies and face?  
And made your other loue, Demetrius
(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)  
To call me goddesse, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lyfander
Denie your loue (fo rich within his foule)
And tender me (forfooth) affectiion,
But by your setting on, by your content?
What though I be not fo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, fo fortunate?
(But miserable moft, to loue vnloyd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.

_Her._ I vnderstand not what you meane by this.

_Hel._ I, doe, perfeuer, counterfeit fad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete ieft vp:
This iport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you haue 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 abfence foone shall remedie.

_Lyf._ Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my foule, faire Helena.

_Hel._ O excellent!

_Her._ Sweete, do not scorne her fo.

_Dem._ If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

_Lyf._ Thou canft compell, no more then she entreate.

Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praife.

_Helen._ I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I sweare by that which I will lofe for thee,
To prove him false, that faies I loue thee not.

_Dem._ I say, I loue thee more then he can do.

_Lyf._ If thou fay fo, with-draw and proue it too.

_Dem._ Quick, come.

_Her._ Lyfander, whereto tends all this?

_Lyf._ Away, you Ethiope.

_Dem._ No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loofe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lyf. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose, 260
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude?

What change is this sweete Loue?
Lyf. Thy loue? out tawny Tartar, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poifon hence.

Her. Do you not ieft? 265

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lyf. Demetrius: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truft your word.

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

Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so. 270

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue? [1552]
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night you lou'd me; yet since night you left me. 275

Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earnest, shall I say?  

Lyf. I, by my life;

And neuer did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no ieft,
That I doe hate thee, and loue Helena.

Her. O me, you juggler, you canker blossome,
You theele of loue; What, haue you come by night,
And ftole my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:

Haue you no modefly, no maiden shame,
No touch of bafhfulnesse? What, will you teare
Impatient anfwers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why fo? I, that way goes the game.

Now I perceiue that she hath made compare
Betweene our fatures, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forfooth) she hath preuail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his etfeeme,

Lyf. Of F ]; F ]; F 261 mee, F 262 rude? What change is this,/ F this, R 259 ]; F 264 medicine: F poifon] potion F 265 Doe F ieaf FR ]; F doe F 266 ], FR word, F 257 ]; F -ceiue, FR 259 ]; F 260 FR 268 What? F 271 What? FR harme, F 272 Hate mee F newes, F 273 night, F mee F night, F mee F 273 then, F mee F -bid) FR 277 ]; F 279 Theefore F ]; F 253 ]; F ; R ]; R tis no ieaf FR 261 do R 264 mee F juggler FR 263 ]; F 254 heart, F Fine, I faith. F ifaith. R 257 anfweres, F 268 Fy, fy F -fai F -fet R 269 pare, F 262 tall par- R 268 uaild FR
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 vnnto thine eyes.

_Hel._ I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curt:

I haue no gift at all in shrewdnesse;

I am a right maide for my cowardize;

Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,

Becaufe she is something lower then my selfe,

That I can match her.

_Her._ Lower? harke againe.

_Fel._ Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me,

I euermore did loue you Hermia,

Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,

Saue that in loue vnto this wood.

He followed you, for loue I followed him,

But he hath chid me hence, 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. Let me go.

You see how simple, and how fond I am.

_Her._ Why get you gone: who lift that hinders you?

_Hel._ A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde.

_Her._ What, with Lyfander?

_Her._ 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-graffe made,

You bead, you acorne.

_Dem._ You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.
Let her alone, speake not of Helena,
Take not her part. For if thou doft intend
Neuer so little fhow of loue to her,
Thou Shah abide it.

Lyf. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ft, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is moft in Helena.

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
iowle.

Her. You Miftris, all this coyle is long of you.

Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trufl you I,
Nor longer flay in your curft 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, flill thou miftak'ft,
Or elfe committ'ft thy knaueris willingly.

Puck. Beleeue me, King of shadoues, I miflooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And fo farre blameleffe proues my enterprize,
That I have nointed an Athenians eies,
And fo farre am I glad, it fo did fort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou feest these Louers feke a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin, ouercaft the night,
The starie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
And lead thele teifie Rivals fo afaray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to Lyfander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime ralle 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,
Whofe liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his night,
And make his eie-bals role with wonted fight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitelesse vision,
And backe to Athens shall the Louers wend
With league, whose date till death shall neuer 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 monfters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with hafe,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full faft,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whole approach Ghofts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in croffe-waies and flouds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare leaft day should looke their shames vpon,
They willfully themefelves exile from light,
And must for aye confort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another fort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Forrefter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eafterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on Neptune, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his falt greenie fREAMES.
But notwithstanding hafe, make no delay:
[1562]
We may effffect this buinesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
Speake thou now.
Here villain, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lyf. I will be with thee straight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the flars,
Telling the bufhes 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 draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calis, then he’s gone.
The villain is much lighter heel’d then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye;
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and reuenge this spight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com’ft thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar’ft. For well I wot,
Thou runft before me, shifting every place,
And dar’ft not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?
Dem. Nay then thou mock’st me; thou shalt buy this deere,
If euer 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.

*Footnotes*

413. weele F 414. wee’l R. Exeunt FR 415. on: F 416. calles FR 417. he
427. length, F 428. approch R
Enter Helena.

*Hel.* O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, thine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From thefe that my poore companie deteft;
And sleepe that sometime fhuts vp forrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

*Rof.* Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, curlt and fad,
*Cupid* is a knauifh lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.

*Her.* Neuer fo wearie, neuer fo 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 defires.
Here will I reft me till the breake of day,
Heauens shield *Lyfander*, if they meane a fray.

*Rof.* On the ground sleepe found,
Ile apply your eie gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ft, thou tak'ft
True delight in the fight of thy former Ladies eye,
And the Country Proverbe knowne,
That every man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be fhowne.

Tacke shall haue *ill*, nought shall goe ill,
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.

*They sleepe all the Aci.*

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432 FR43 -forts, F J; F 433 *Athens*, F day light F 434 -ny FR 
435 fleeepe, F -times FR eye F 436 mee F -ny R 437 J, F 
438 fower F 439 Heare F sade. F 440 ladde F 441 madde F 442 -ry FR 
443 deaw F briers : F 444 ;J: F 
445 legges F pafe F 446 mee, F J: F 447 shielde F 448 ground, F 
449 J: F 450 eie, F 451 delight, F 452 fight, F 453 eie R ;J: F 
454 -erbe FR 455 showne F 456 go R ;J: F 457 again F 
458 be FR **They sleepe all the Aci.** om. FR
Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, While I thy amiable cheekees doe coy, And flicke muske roses in thy sleeke sмооthe head, And kiffe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clow. Where's Peafe blo}some?

Peaf. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my heade, Peafe-blo}sme. Wher's Mounfieur Cobweb.

Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounfieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your felffe too much in the a6lion, Mounfieur; and good Mounfieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you over-flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounfieur Mustardfeed?

Muf. Ready.

Clo. Giue me your naefe, Mounfieur Mustardfeed. Pray you leaue your courtefie good Mounfieur.

Muf. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounfier, but to helpe Caualery Cobweb to scratch. I muft to the Barbers Mounfieur, for me-thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I am fuch a tender affe, if my haire do but tickle me, I muft scratch.

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

Clo. I haue a reaonable good eare in musicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

_Musike Tongs, Rurall Musike._
IV. i. 30–63.] A Midsummer nights Dreame. 43

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirdest to eat. 30
Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy, 35
That shal feke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee newe Nuts.

Clown. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peafe. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I haue an expostion of sleepe come vpon me.

Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms, 40
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good Robin:
Seeft thou this sweete fight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete favours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that fame dew which sometime 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 pleafeure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg’d my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vnnde
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.

33 Or, F eate FR 31 Truely FR -under. F mounch FR 32 Me thinkes, F 33 ]. F 35-6 I have a venturous Fairy, that shal feke the Squirils hoard, / And fetch thee newe nuts. F 37 -full, F dryed F 38 But, F you: F fir R ], F 39 mee F 40 armes FR 41 Faeries F gon F 42 sweete FR 43 ]; F 44 FR 45 Oberon] on. FR 46 ]; FR 47 do R -ginne F -tie F 49 late, F 49 sweete FR favours] favours F 50 deawe F sometime F buddes F 51 swell, F 52 eies R 53 teares, F 56 had, F -ure, F 58 she, F tearmes, F tearmes R begd FR 59 childe: F 60 mee F 61 him, F bower, F -rie F 62 eies R
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 wont 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 haue I seene!  
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.  
Ob. There lies your loue.  
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.  

Rob. When thou wak'ft, with thine owne fooles eies peep.  
Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands with  
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 houfe triumphantly,  
And bleffe it to all faire pofterity.  
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in iollity.  
Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,  
I doe heare the morning Larke.  
Ob. Then my Queene in silance sad,  
Trip we after the nights shade;
IV. I. 97-131.] A Midsummer nights Dreame. 45

We the Globe can compass soone,
Swifter than the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,

With these mortals on the ground.
Sleepers Lye still.

Exeunt. [158]
Winde Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrefter,
For now our obseruation is perform’d;
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall heare the musick of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.

We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top.
And marke the musickall confusion.

Of hounds and echo in coniunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cudmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the Beare
With hounds of Sparta; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musickall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So flew’d, so fanned, and their heads are hung

With cares 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 vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer’d with horne,

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?

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

The. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue
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 giue answr of her choice?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
The. Goe bid the hunt-men wake them with their
horses.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.
The. Good morrow friends: Saint Valentine is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?
Lyf. Pardon my Lord.
The. I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from iealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.
Lyf. 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 haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would have stole away, they would Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your 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 loue
To Hermia (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude, 167
Which in my childhood I did doat vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart, 170
The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord, 175
Was I betroth’d, ere I see Hermia,
But like a sickenesse did I loath this food, 180
But as in health, come to my natural taffe,
Now doe I with it, loue it, long for it, 185
And will for euermore be true to it.

Thef. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discouer we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-borne your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
Theſe couples shall euernally be knit. 190
And for the morning now is something worene,
Our purpos’d hunting shall be fet aside.
Away, with vs to Athens; three and three,
We’l hold a feast in great solemnitie. 195

Come Hippolita. Exit Duke and Lords.

Dem. Theſe things feeme small & undifferentiable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.
Her. Me-thinks I fee theſe things with parted eye,
When euery things feemes double. 199

Hel. So me-thinks:
And I haue found Demetrius, like a iuwell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It feemes to mee,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him? 200

Her. Yea, and my Father.
Hel. And Hippolita.
Lyf. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.
Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and
by the way let vs recount our dreams.

Bottome wakes. Exit Louers.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer.
My next is, moft faire Piramus. Hey ho. Peter Quince? Flute the bellowes-mender? Snout the tinker? Starueling? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I haue had a moft rare vision. I had a dreame, paff the wit of man, to fay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Anfe, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to fay, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not feen, 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 fhall be called Bottoms Dreame, because it hath no bottome; and I will finge it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peruaduenture, to make it the more gracious, I fhall finge it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling. [IV. 2.

Quin. Have you fent to Bottomes houfe? Is he come home yet?

Staru. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is tranported.

Thif. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes 5 not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poiffible: you haue not a man in all Athens, able to difcharge Piramus but he.

Thif. No, hee hath flimply the beft wit of any handymen in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the beft perfon too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a fweet voyce.

Thif. You must fay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleffe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joyner.

Snug. Mafters, 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 loft sixpence a day, during his life; he could not haue scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deferred it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?
Quin. Bottome, ô most courageous day! O most happy hour!

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 euery thing as it fell out.
Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome.

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

Exeunt.

Aктus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange my Theseus, y these louers speake of. 
The. More strange then true. I neuer may beleue These antике fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Louers and mad men haue fuch feething brains,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more
Then coole reason euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more diuels then vafte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantick,
Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes,
And glues 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?
But all the stories of the night told ouer,
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 louers, Lyfander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the louers, full of joy and mirth:
Joy, gentle friends, joy and freth dayes
Of love accompany your hearts.

Lyf. More then to vs, 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 vfull manager of mirth?
What Renels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eafe the anguifh of a torturing houre?
Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?  
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 choife of which your Highnesse will see first.  
Lif. The battell with the Centaurs to be fung 
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.  
The. Wee’l none of that. That have I told my Loue 
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.  
Lif. The riot of the tipifie Bachanals, 
Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?  
The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaide 
When I from Thebes came laft a Conqueror.  
Lif. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death 
of learning, late deceaft in beggerie.  
The. That is some Satire keene and criticaLL, 
Not forting with a nuptiall ceremonie.  
Lif. A tedious breefe Scene of yong Piramus,  
And his loue Thysby; very tragicall mirth.  
The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and breefe? That 
is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee 
finde the concord of this discord?  
Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, 
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;  
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; 
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, 
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.  
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for Piramus 
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I faw 
Rehearft, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:  
But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter 
Neuer flied.  
Thef. What are they that do play it?  
Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere, 
Which neuer labour’d in their mindes till now;

89 abridgment R 40 maske, FR 41-zytyme F 42 Ege.] Philoſ. FR 
brieſe, FR rifelripe F ]; FR 43 choyce, F 44 Lif] The. FR -taures F 
fung, F 45 Eunuche F ]; F 46 The.] om. FR Weele F tolde FR 
loue, FR 47 Lif] om. FR ryot F 48 FR53 49 The.]; om. FR olde FR 
deuife F ]; R plaid, FR 51 -rer F 52 Lif] om. FR thrie F 
63 Of FR deceaft, F -ry FR ]; F 64 The.] om. FR 55 -ny FR 
65 Lif] om. FR brieſe FR young FR Pyr -F ]; om. F 67 ]; FR 
68 The.] om. FR ry, F ]; om. R brieſe. That is hot Ite, FR 59 Ice R 
wodrous F 60 we F find F -cord/ Of F 61 Ege.] Philoſ. FR long; F 
63 brieſe FR ]; F 65 But, F Lord it F ]; F 66 plaier R 66 -call, FR 
Lord, FR ]; F Piramus, F 67-in, F 69 eies R ]; R 70 -ry F 
]; om. FR 71 they, F doe F 72 Ege.] Phil. FR here FR 73 minds F 
]; F
And now haue toyed their vnbreathed memories
With this fame play, against your nuptiall.

The. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard [160]
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleffe you can finde sport in their intents,
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you seruice.

Thef. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiffe, when simpleneffe and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchedneffe orecarged;
And duty in his seruice perishing.

Thef. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He faies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thef. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue feene them fluer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midft of sentences,
Throttle their pra6liz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not payinge me a welcome. Truft 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 faucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicitie,
In leafl, speake most, to my capacity.

Egeus. So pleafe your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.


Fior. 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 simeple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in deslight.

V. i. 113–147. ] A Midsummer nights Dreame. 53

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, 115
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 vpon points.
 _Lyf._ He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
knowes not the flotop. A good morall my Lord. It is not 120
enough to speake, but to speake true.

_Hip._ Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
childe on a Recorder, a found, but not in governement.
_Thes._ His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next? 125

_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-caft, doth present 130
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers funder:
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buf of thorne,
Prefenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne
To meet at _Ninus_ toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizy beast (which Lyon hight by name) 135
The trufly _Thisby_, comming firft 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_, sweett youth and tall,
And findes his _Thisbies_ Mantle staine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breafth, 140
And _Thisby_, tarrying in Mulberry fhad,

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and Louers twaine,
At large discouerse, 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 Moone-shine.

Wall. In this fame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snowt (by name) prefent a wall:
And such a wall, as I vwould haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, Pyramus and Thisbie
Did whipsper often, very secretely.
This loame, this rough-caft, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that fame Wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranney is, right and finifter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whipser.

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

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard
discouerse, my Lord.

Thef. Pyramus drawes neere the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, o night with hue so blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, o night, allake, allake, alacke,
I feare my Thisbies promife is forgot.
And thou o vwall, thou sweet and louely vwall,
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vwall, o vwall, o sweet and louely vwall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vvith mine eie.
Thankes courteous vwall. Jouve shield thee vwall for this.
But vvhat fee I? No Thisbie doe I fee.
O vvicked vwall, through vvhom I fee no bliffe,
Curft be thy ftones for thus deceiuing mee.

Thef. The vwall me - thinkes being fenfible, should
curfe againe.
Pir. No in truth sir, he should not.  
Is Thisbies cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the vwall. You shall see it vwill fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.

This. O vwall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Piramus, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kift thy flones;
Thy flones vvith Lime and Haire knitt vp in thee.

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

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

Pir. Thinke vwhat thou vvilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like Limander am I truthy full.

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 kiffe me through the hole of this vile wall.

This. I kiffe the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at Ninnies tombe meete me straiggth
way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I Wall, my part dischargd fo;
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 vvarning.

Dut. This is the filliest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The beft in this kind are but shadowes, and the worft are no worfe, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worfe of them then they of themselfes, they may paffe 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 wildef rage doth roare. Then know that I, one snug the Ioyner am A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam; For if I shoulde as Lion come in trifre Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.  

_Du._ A verie gentle beast, and of a good conscience.  
_Dem._ The verie best at a beast, my Lord, 'y ere I saw.  
_Lif._ This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.  
_Du._ True, and a Goofe for his discretion.  
_Dem._ No 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 Goofe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.  
_Moon._ This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.  
_De._ He should have worn the horns on his head.  
_Du._ Hee is no crescent, and his horns are invisible, within the circumference.  
_Moon._ This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.  
_Du._ This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man shoulde 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 vvereie of this Moone; vvould he would change.  
_Du._ It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courtefie, in all reaason, vve must try the time.  
_Lif._ Proceed Moone.  
_Moon._ All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; 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 loue?

Lyon. Oh.

Dem. Well roar’d Lion.

Du. Well run Thisby.

Dut. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du. Wel mouz’d Lion.

Dem. And then came Piramus.

Lyf. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames, I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:

For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames, I trust to taste of truest:

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, crufh, conclude, and quell.

Dzi. This paffion, and the death of a deare friend,

Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Dut. Beswwe my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did’st thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour’d my deere:

Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame

That liu’d, that lou’d, that lik’d, that look’d with cheere.

Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound

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---
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.
*Lyf.* Lette then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no-
thing.
*Du.* With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco-
uer, and proue an Asse.
*Du.* How chance Moone-shine is gone before?
*Thisby* comes backe, and findes her Louer.

**Enter Thisby.**

*Duke.* She wil finde him by starre-light.
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.
*Du.* Me thinkes shee should not vse a longe one for
such a *Piramus*: I hope she will be bresfe.
*Dem.* A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus*
which *Thisby* is the better.
*Lyf.* She hath fpyed him already, with those sweete
*Dem.* And thus she the meanes, *videlicet*.

*This.* Asleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?

O *Piramus* arife:
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Muft couer thy sweet eyes.
These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,
Thefe yellow Cowlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Louers 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, fince you haue shore
With sheeres, his thred of filke.
Tongue not a word: Come trufty sword:
Come blade, my brent imbure:

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*pappe* F *Pyr.* FR *pappe* F *hoppe* F *dy* F *die* R
*foule* R [:] F *loose* F *dy* dy dy *F* *j* [:] F *FR60*
*ace* F *jem* FR R *and yet proue* F *before? Thif by/comes F
*Enter Thisby.]* om. FR *Shee . . . shee/ F She . . . comes,/ F
*will FR him, F star- R 207 Here FR 207 Me-thinkes R -kes, F the FR
*one, F 23 Pyr. F hope, F breife FR 210 will FR ; F Pyr. F
-mus, FR 311-bie R better; better: he (hee R) for a man ; (R) God
ward us: (; R) the, (jem. R) for a woman ; (R) God blefie vs. FR
*plied FR eies R 319 *videlicet*; F 314 A levee F 236 *Pyramus, FR
*]: FR 318 tumbe F toombe R 320 sweete FR eies R 320 *lippes* F
*rippe* F *gon, are gon F ;] R 325 greene, F 327 come, to F
me R *threedee F *Tongue, F word, R 333 ;] FR 334 breast
imbrew FR
And farwell friends, thus Thisbie ends; 335 [162]
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

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

**Deme.** I, and Wall too.

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

**Duk.** No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid Piramus, and hung himfelfe in Thisbies garter, it would haue bene a fine Tragedy: and so it is truely, and very notably dicharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.

Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.
I feare we shall out-fleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.

This paipable grosse play hath well beguil'd 350
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.

**Enter Puck.**

**Puck** Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whileft the heauy ploughman fnores,
All with weary taske fore-done.

Now the wafted brands doe glow,
Whil'ft the scritch-owle, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a throwde.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.

And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple Hecates teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneffe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Moufe
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am fent with broome before,
To sweepe the duft behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowzie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. Firft rehearfe this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and bleffe this place.

The Song.

Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy flray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs shall blefseed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in loving be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, hardlip, nor feare,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despifed in Natiuitie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew confecrate,
Euer Fairy take his gate,
And each feueraull chamber bleffe,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety reft,
And the owner of it bleffe.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

The prefence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneffe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Moufe
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am fent with broome before,
To sweepe the duft behinde the doore.
Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but flumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Pucke,
If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elfe the Pucke a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Gieue me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.