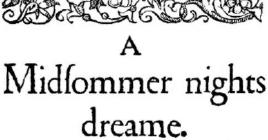
Her. My good Lyfander I fweare to thee, by Cupids ftrongeft bow, By his beft arrow, with the golden head, By the fimplicity of Venus Doues, By that which knitteth foules, and profpers loue, And by that fire which burnd the Carthage Queene, When the falle Troyan vnder fayle was feene, By all the vowes that ever men have broke, (In number more then ever women (poke) In that fame place thow haft appointed me, To morrow truely will I meete with thee. Lyf.Keepe promife loue, looke here comes Helena. Enter Helena. Her.God speede faire Helena, whither away? Hel. Call you me faire ? that faire againe vnfay, Demetrina loues your faire : O happy faire ! Your eyes are load@ars, and your tongues fweet ayre More tuncable then Larke to Shepheards eare, When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeared Sickneffe is catching : O were fattout to, Your words I catch, faire Herminere] goe, My eare fhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye, My congue fhould catch your tongues fweet melody, Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated, The reft Ile give to be to you translated. O teach me how you looke, and with what art, You ivvay the motion of Demetrise heart.

I

There gentle Hermid, may I marry thee, And to that place, the tharpe Athenian law Cannot purfue vs. If thou loueft me, then Steale forth thy fathers houle, to morrow night . And in the wood, a league without the towne (Where I did meete thee once with Helena, To do obferuance to a morne of May) There will I ftay for thee.

A Midlommer nights Dreame,

As it hath beene fundry times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his feruants.





A Midfommers nights Dreame.

Therefore faire Harmus, queffion your defires, For euer the fociety of men. The. Either to die the death, or to abinte If I refuie to wed Demetrius. The worft that may befall me in this cale, But I befeech your Grace, that I may know In fuch a prefence, here to plead my thoughts ; Nor how it may concerne my modefty, I know not by what power I am made bold, Her. I do intreate your Grace to pardon me. The Rather your eyes muft with his judgement looke. Her.I would my facher looke but with my eyes.

For cuctafting bond of fellowship: The feating day betwist my loue and me, My foule confects not to giue fouerainty. Vnco his Lordinip, whole vnwithed yoake Ere I will yceld my virgin Patent vp the . So will I grow, to live, to dye my Lotd, Growes, lines, and dies, in fingle bleffedneffe. Then that which withering on the virgin thorne, To vndergo fuch maiden pilgrimage, Thrice bleffed they that mafter to their blood, Chanting taint hymnes to the colde fruitleffe Moone. To live a barren fifter all your life, For aye to be in thady Cloiffer mew d You can endure the livery of a Nunne, Myceper (it you yeeld not to your tathers choyce) Know of your yourh, examine well your blood,

For aye, aufterity, and fingle lite. Or on Diamast Alear to protett, Or elfe to wed Demetrins, as he wold, For difobedience to your fathers will, Vpon that day either prepare to dye, The. Take time to paule, and by the next new Moone,

٤v

This man hach bewitche the bolome of my childe :

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Siand foorth Lyander.

Stand foorth Demetrius.

And my gracious Duke,

My noble Lord,

This man hach my confent to many het.

Againft my childe, my daughter Hermin.

The. What fay you Hermin ? be aduis d, faire maid, Or to her death, according to our law, Which thall be either to this gentleman, As the is mine, I may difpole of her; I beg che ancient priniledge of Athens ; Confent to matry with Demetrine, Be it fo fie will not here before your Grace, To flubborne hardneefle. And my gracious Duke, Turnd her obedience (which is due to me) With cunning haft thou ficht my daughters heart, Of firong preusilement in whatdened youth) Knacks wiftes, nolegaies, fweet meates (meffengers With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits, And ftolue the imprefiion of her fantafie, With faining voice, veries of faining loue, Thou had by moone-light at her window tung. And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe: Thou, thou Lyfander, thou haft given her times,

The other muft be held the worthier. But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyee, Her.So is Lyfander. Tbe. In himfelfe he is. Demetrim 1s a worthy gentleman. To leaue the figure, or disfigure it : By him imprinted, and within his power, To whom you are but as a forme in wax One that compos'd your beauties ; yes and one, To you your father floud be as a God : Immediatly provided in that cafe.

· Her.

Deno"

Written by William Sbakespeare.



Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600.

A Midsommer Nights Dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. VVritten by VVilliam Shakespeare. [London] : Printed by lames Roberts [i.e. William Jaggard for T. Pavier], 1600 [i.e. 1619] Signatures: A-H4.

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Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream (1619)

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Her.Belike for want of raine ; which I could well Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes. Lyf. Eigh me ; for ought that I could ever reade, Could euer heare by tale or hiftory, The courfe of true love neuer did runne fmoothe, But either it was different in bloud ; Her. O croffe ! too high to be inthrald to loue. Lyf.Or elfe milgraffed, in respect of yeares; Her. O fpight ! too olde to be ingag'd to yong. Lyf. Or elle it flood upon the choife of friends; Her. O hell, to choose love by anothers eyes. Lyf.Or, if there were a fimpathy in choife, Warre, death, or fickneffe, did lay fiedge to it; Making it momentany, as a found ; Swift as a fhadow; fhort as any dreame; Briefe as the lightening in the collied night, That (in a fpleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth; And ere a man hath power to fay, behold, The jawes of darkneffe do deuoure it vp : So quicke bright things come to confusion. Her. If then true Lovers have bin ever croft, It ftands as an edict in deftiny : Then let vs teach our criail patience, Becaufe it is a cuftomary croffe, As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes, Wifhes and teares ; poore Fancies followers, Lyf. A good perfwalion : therefore heare me, Hermia: I haue a widow Ant,a dowager, Of great revenew, and the hath no childe. From Athens is her house remote feuen leagues, And the respects me, as her onely fonne : There, [A4]

A Midfommers nights Dreame.

Lyf. How now my love? Why is your cheeke to pale?

Exennt.

Of fomething, neerely that concernes your felues.

Ege. With duty and defire, we follow you.

How chance the roles there do fade to falt ?

NIDSOWWER NICHLS V NRESERVERSE

DKEAME.

Easter The Jew, Hippolista, which others.

.susjag I

Ow faire Hippolita, our nupriall houre Drawes on space : four chappy daies bring in Another Moone : but oh, me-thinks, how flow I like to a Step-dam, or a Dowager, I one withering out a vour get,

Long withering out a young mans renenew. Hp.Foure dates will quickly freepe themfelues in nights Foure dates will quickly dreame away the time : And then the Moone, inke to a filuer bow, Now bent in heauen, finall behold the night

Of our folemnities.

The. Goe Philofratere Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments, Awske the peare and nimble fpirit of mirch, Turne melancholy foorth to Functals : The pale companion is not for our pompe, Mispelita, I woo'd thee with my fword, And wome thy loue, doing thee initries ; But I will wed thee in another key, With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling, With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling, Enter Egeus and bis daughter Hermist, and Lylander, Enter Egeus and bis daughter Hermist, and Lylander, Enter Egeus and bis daughter Hermist, South Formers, and Loure the, Enter Egeus and bis daughter Hermist, and Lylander, Enter Egeus and bis daughter Hermist, Mich pompe, with triumph, and Lylander, Enter Egeus and bis daughter Hermist, South Thelesa, and Loure to be daughter Hermist, Mich pompe, with triumph, and Lylander, Enter Egeus and bis daughter Hermist, South tenestic for an another key, Mich pompe, with triumph, and her and bis daughter her hermist, South tenestic for an another key, Mich pompe, with triumph, and hermist, South tenestic for the triumph, and her hermist, South tenestic for the triumph, and hermist, Mich pompe, with triumph, and hermist, South tenestic for the triumph, and hermist, south tenestic for th

Ege. Happy be Thelena, and Demetriue. Ege. Happy be Thejeus, our renowned Duke. The. Thanks good Egeus. What's the newes with thee? Ege. Full of veration, come I, with complaint

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The. I must confeste, that I have heard to much, Made loue to Wedars daughter, Helena, Demetrise, Ile auouch ic to his bead, Why thould not I then profecute my right? I am belou'd of beaucious Hermis. (which is more then all these boards can be) (If not with vantage) as Demenvins : My fortunes cuery way as fairely tanckt As well policit; my loue is more then his : Lyfas. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee, I do cliate vnto Dametrims. And the is mine, and all my right of her And what is mine, my loue thall render him. Egene.Scornfull Lyfander, strue, he hath my Loue; Let me have Hermin : do you marry him. Lyf. You have her Fathers loue, Demetrine : Thy crazed title to my certaine right. Dens.Relear fweete Harmin, and Lyfander, yeeld

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Againt our nuprial, and conferre with you I mult imploy you in fome buineffe Dometrius and Egent goe along : Come my Hippolita ; what cheare my loue? To death, or to a vow of fingle life. (Which by no meanes we may extenuate) Or elfe the Law of Athese yeelds you up To fit your fancies to your fachers will; I have forme private febooling for you both. For you faire Hermis, looke you arme your felfe, And come Egens, you thall go with me, My minde did lofe it. But Demetrine come, But being over full of felfe-affaires, And with Demeran, thought to have tpoke thereof ; Vpon this spotted and inconfiant man. Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry, And won her foule: and the (fweete Lady) dotes,

This playbook bears a false date and imprint on its title page. An earlier edition of the play was published by James Roberts in 1600; however, this edition from 1619 was part of a larger sequence of Shakespeare plays published in 1619.

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing During the editing process, signatures have been replaced or added to facilitate the folding process. These changes can be seen clearly in brackets and a modern font.

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The fold flands empty, in the drowned field, And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocks, The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud, And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread, are vndiftinguifhable, The humane mortals want their winter heere, No night is now with hymme or carroll bleft Therefore the Moone (the gouerneffe of floods) Pale in her anger, wafhes all the are; That Rheumaticke difeafes do abound. And through this diffemperature, we fee The featons alter ; hoared headed frofts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimfon Rofe, And on old Hyenss chinne and Icie crowne, An odorous Chaplet of fweete Sommer buds Is as in mockery let. The Spring, the Sommer,

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Her. Ifcowne vpon him, yet he loues me ftill, Hel. O that your frowns wold teach my fmiles fuch skil Her.I give him curics, yet he gives me love. Hel.O that my prayers could fuch affection mooue. Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me. Hel. The more I loue, the more he hatech me. Her. His folly, Helena is none or mine. Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine. Her. Take comfort : he no more shall fee my face, Lyfander and my felfe will fly this place. Before the time I did Lyfander fee, Seem'd Athens like a Paradice to me. O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell, That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell, Lyf. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,

A Midfommernights Dreame.

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snorpt. Here Poter Quince.

Saugge the loyner, you the Lyons part : and I hope here is Quin. You, Pyramas father ; my felfe, Thubies father;

st it pray you the Lyons part written? pray you if it a play fuced.

.vbuft to swolt me I rot, smit suig, se

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but

will make the Duke isy, Let him roare again, let him roate roaring. Bor. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will

the Dutcheffe and the Ladics, that they would fluike, and Quin. If you fhould do it too terribly, you would fright 'oute Se

that were enough to hang vs all.

All That would hang vs cuery mothers fonne.

and twere any Nighcingale. roare you as gently as any lucking Doue; I will roare you Iliw I seng vs : but I will aggrauate my voyce to, that I will out of their wits, they would have no more diferetion but Bot. I grant you friends, if you fhould fright the Ladies

. www.ud yeld sboon day ; a moft iouely gentlemanlike man, therefore you muft a fweet fae's man,a proper man as oue thal fee in a formmers Quin. You can play no pare bue Piramu, for Piramus is

fay it in? Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beff to

your orange rawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or Bot. I will discharge it, in cyther your fraw-colour beard, .Itiw noy sedw, you wing

'nos your parts, and I am to churcat you, requeit you, and delire and then you will play bare tact. But mafters heere are Quis. Some of your french crownes have no haire at all; your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Mooneyou, to con them by too morrow night : and meete me in

our play wants. I pray you taile me not. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, fuch as we thall be dogd with company and our denifes knowne. light, there we will rehearle: for if we meere in the Citty.

obleenely and couragioufly. Take paines, be perfit, adieu. Bot, We will meete, and there we may rehearle more

Owin. At the Dukes oke we meete.

Enter a fairy at one doore, and Robin good-fellow Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ftrings. Exempt.

. radions in

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, through buth, through briet, Suby now now forit, whether wander you?

Thole be Rubies, Fairy fauours, In their gold coats, spors you fee, The cowflips tall, her pentioners be, 'auaaiS) And I forme the Fairy Queene, to dewher orbes ypon the Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,

But the perforce with holds the loued boy, Knight of his traine, to trace the Porrefls wilde. And realous Oberow would have the childe, She never had to fweete a changeling, A louely boy ftollen from an Indian king, Becaufe that the, as her attendant, bath Por Oberen is pating fell and wrach, Take heed the Queene come not within his light, Rof. The King doth keepe his Reuels heere to night; Our Queene and all her Elues come here anon,

Farwell thou Lob of Ipirits, lle be gone,

And hang a pearle in eucry cowlips earc.

I muit goe tecke tome dew drops here, In those freekles, liue their tauors,

puv

The childing Autumne, angry Winter change Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world, By their increase, now knowes not which is which ; And this fame progeny of cuils, Comes from our debate, from our diffention, We are their parents and originall.

Oberow. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you, Why fhould Titaria croffe her Oberon ? I do but beg a little changeling boy, To be my Henchman.

Queene, Set your heart at reft, The Fairy land buies not the childe of me, His mother was a Votreffe of my order, And in the fpiced Indian aire, by night Full often hath fhe goffipt by my fide, And fat with me on Neptunes yellow fands, Marking th'embarked traders on the flood, When we have laught to fee the failes conceiue, And grow big bellied with the wanton winde,

Which

To motrow night, when Phase doth behold Her filuer vifage, in the watry glaffe, Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graffe (A time, chat louers flights doth ftill conceale) Through Athens gates, have we denifed to fteale. Her. And in the wood, where often you and I, Vpon faint Pimrofe beds, were wont to lye, Emptying our bosomes, of their counfell fweld, There my Lyfander, and my felfe shall meete, And thence from Athens turne away our eyes To feeke new friends and ftrange companions. Farwell fweete play-fellow, pray thou for vs, And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrins, Keepe word Lyfander we muft ftarue our fight, From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight. Exit Hermia,

Lof. I will my Hermia. Helena adieu, As you on him, Demetrine dote on you. Exit Lyf. Hel. How happy fome, ore otherfome can be? Through Athens I am thought as faire as fhe,

B

But

But what of that ? Demetring thinkes not fo : He will not know, what all, but he do know, And as he erres, doting on Hermias eyes; So I, admiring of his qualities : Things bafe and vile, holding no quantity, Loue can transpose to forme and dignity, Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde, And therefore is wingd Cupid painted blinde. Nor hath loues minde of any judgement taffe : Wings, and no eyes, figure, wheedy hafte. And therefore is loue faid to be a childe, Becaule in choise he is oft beguilde, As waggifh boyes in game themfelues for fweare; So the boy Loue is periur'd every where. For ere Detremins lookt on Hermias eyne, He haild downe oathes that he was onely mine

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady : but I know When thou haft ftollen away from Fairy Land, And in the fhape of Corin, fat all day, Playing on pipes of corne, and verfing lone, To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here Come from the fartheft ftcepe of India? But that forfooth the bouncing Amazon, Your buskind miftreffe, and your warrior loue, To Thefens must be wedded ; and you come, To gine their bed ioy and prosperity. Ob. How canft thou thus for fhame, Tytania, Glance at my credite, with Hippolita?

Queene. What, icalous Oberon ? Fairy skip hence. I have forfworne his bed and company. Ob. Tarry rafh wanton ; am not I thy Lord?

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Pat. Either I miftake your fhape and making quite, Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there. But they do fquare, that all thour Elucator feare By fountaine cleere, or spangled ftarlight fheene, Bad now they never meete in groue, or greene,

And on her withered dewlop poure the ale. And when the drinkes, sgainft her lips I bob, In very likenetic of a rotted crab, And ismetime lurke I in a godips bole, Neighing in likenedie of a fully foale, When I a fat and beanc-fed horie beguile; Jiest to Obermanation make him finile, Rob. Thon (peak'ft aright ; I am that merry wanderer of (the night, Are not you hes You do their worke, and they thall have good lucke. Thole that hobgoblin call you, and fweete Puck, Mit-leade night-wanderers,laughing at their harme, And fometime make the drinke to beare no barme, And bootleffe make the breathleffe hufwife cherne, Skim milke, and tometimes labour in the querne, That frights the maidens of the Villagree, Call'd Robin good-fellow. Are you not hee, Or elfe you are that threwd and knauth thirie,

Ob.III met by moone-fight, proud Tytania, and the Queens at another with bers. Enter the King of Fairies at one doure with his traine, Fai. And here my mittrefte : would that he were gone, But roome Fairy, here comes Obros. A metriet houre was never walled there. And waxen in their mitth, and neeze, and fiveare, And then the whole Quire hold their hips, and loffe, And tailour crycs, and tals into a coffe, Then flip I from her bum, downe topples the, Sometime for three foote ftoole, miltaketh me, The wifeft Aunt celling the laddelt tale,

.HOSHO

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

and mole cruell deach of Fyramus and Thubie, Quin. Marry our play is the moft lamentable Coniedy,

ry. Now good Perer Quince, call foorth your Actors by the Bos. A very good peece of worke, I affure you, & a mer-

Bot. What is Pyramus , alouer, or a tyrant? Quary You Nich Botteme are let downe tot Pyramue. Boi. Ready ; name what part I am for, and proceed. Qum. Anlwer as I call you. Nick Bottoms the Weauer. ferowle. Mafters Ipread your felues.

che reft of the players. This is Ereles vaine, a tyrants vaine : and marre the foolifh Faces. This was lofty, Now name fon gares, and Phibbus carre fhall thine from farre, & make Rocks ; and fhiucting thocks fhall breake the locks of prirately or a part to teare a Cat in to make all fplit the raging yer,my chiefe humour is for a ryrant. I could play Ereles moue fromes; I will condole in fome measure. To thereft of it, if I docit, let the audience looke to their eyes . I will Bar. That will aske forme teares in the true perfourming Owin. A louer that kils himfelfe moft gallant, for loue.

3 louet is more condoling.

Plu, Heere Peter Quince. Quin Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Quin. You muft take Thirby on you.

Sangin' guirbnew s ? youd't ei sedW. WIT

FLNay faith, let not me play a woman, I haue a beard co. Sam) Quar. It is the Lady that Pyramus mult louc.

fpeake in a monthrous little voyce; Thifne, Thifne, an Pyra-Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby to : Ile Bun That's al one, you fhal play it in a Maske, and you may theake as fmall as you will.

must my louer deare, thy T buby dearc, and Lady dearc.

Star. Heere Peter Quince. Bor, Well, proceed. Que, Robin Starteling the Tailor. . ydiid T uoy, on Fild B, wann 27 yeld fum uoy, on oN, and

z g Ou. Robin Starueling, you muft play Thisties mother :

·auo L

And when his haile, fome heate from Hermia felt, So he diffolu'd, and thowres of oathes did melt, I will go tell him of faire Hermias flight : Then to the wood will he, to morrow night Purfue her ; and for this intelligence, If I haue thanks, it is a deare expence : But heerein meane I to enrich my paine, To have his fight thither, and backe againe. Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the loyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the Bellows mender, Snout the Tinker, & Starneling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beft to call them generally, man by man, according the fcrippe.

Quin. Here is the fcrowle of euery mans name, which is thoght fit through all Athens, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night, Bot. First good Peter Quince, fay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors : and fo grow to a point. Q MINGO.

Knowing I know thy love to Didft not thou leade him through the glimmering night, From Perigenia, whom he rauifned ; And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Queen, These are the forgeries of iealoufie, And neuer fince the middle Sommers fpring, Mer we on hill, in dale, forreft or mead, By paued fountaine, or by rufhy brooke, Or in the beached margent of the fea, To dance our ringlets to the whifiling winde, But with thy brawles thou haft diffurbd our fport. Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine, As in reuenge, haue fuckt vp from the fea, Contagious fogs ; which falling in the Land, Hath every pelting river made fo proud, That they have over-borne their Continents. The Oxe hath therefore flretcht his yoke in vaine, The ploughman loft his fweat, and the greene Corne Hath rotted, ere his youth attaind a beard : B 4

The

Yet Hermia fill loues you ; then be content. Ly (.Content with Hermin? No, I do repent The tedious minutes I with her haue fpent. Not Hermia but Helena now I love Who will not change a Rauen for a Douce The will of man is by his reason swar'd : And reafon faies you are the worthier maid. Things growing are not ripe vntill their feafon; So I being young, till now tipe not to reafon, And touching now the point of humane skill, Reafon becomes the Marshall to my will, And leads me to your eyes, where I orelooke Loues ftories, written in Loues richeft booke. Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne? When at your hands did I deferue this fcorne ? Ift not enough, ift not enough, young man, That I did neuer, no nor neuer can, Deferue a fweete looke from Demetritte eye, But you mult flout my infufficency? Good troth you do me wrong (good-footh you do) In fuch difdainfull manner, me to wooe. But fare you well ; perforce I must confelle, I thought you Lord of more true gentleneffe.

Is that vile name, to perifh on my fword ! Hel. Do not fay fo Lyfander, fay not fo : What though he love your Hermis? Lord, what though ?

Lyf.And run through fire I will for thy fweet fake. Transparant Helena, nature shewes arte, That through thy bofome makes me fee thy heart, Where is Demetrius ? oh how fit a word

What wicked and diffembling glaffe of mine, Made me compare with Hermias fphery eyne? But who is here, Lyfander on the ground? Dead or afleepe? I fee no blood, no wound, Lyfander, if you live, good fir awake.

Which fhe with pretty and with fwimming gate, Following (her wombe then rich with my young fquire) Would imitate, and faile ypon the Land, To fetch me trifles, and returne againe, As from a voyage, rich with merchandize. But fine being mortall, of that boy did dye, And for her fake do I reare vp her boy, And for her fake I will not part with him. 06. How long within this wood intend you flay? Queen. Perchance till after Thefere wedding day. If you will patiently dance in our Round, And fee our Moone-light reuels, go with vs; If nor, fhun me and I will fpare your haunes, ob. Giue me that boy, and I will go with thee. Qn.Not for thy Fairie Kingdome, Fairies away : Ve thall chide downe right, if I longer ftay. Ob. Well, go thy way : thou fhalt not from this groue, Till I torment thee for this initury. My gentle Pucke come hither ; thou remembreft Since once I fat vpon a promontory, And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe, Vetering fuch dulcet and barmonious breath, That the rude fea grew ciuill at her fong, And certaine flarres fhot madly from their Spheares, To heare the Sea-maids muficke. Pac.I remember. Ob. That very time I fay (but thou could ft not) Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth, Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke At a faire Vestall, throned by West, And loos'd his loue-fbaft fmartly from his bow, As it fhould pierce a hundred thouland hearts, But I might fee young Cupids fiery thaft Quencht in the chafte beames of the watry Moone; And the imperiall Votreffe paffed on,

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

We fhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe. We cannot fight for loue, as men may do ; Your wrongs do let a feandall on my lex : You do me milchiefe. Fye Demetrim, Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field Bar I fhall do thee milchiefe in the wood.

Damer. I will not flay thy queftions, let me go ;

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Makes speed to catch the Tygre, Bootleffe speede,

Or if thou follow me, do not beleeue,

When cowardife purfues, and valor flyes.

Haft thou the flower there? Welcome wanderet. Thou that flye him, and he thall fecke thy loue, Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue, ""XT To dye vpon the hand I loue fo well, Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,

With fweete muske roles, and with Eglantines Oute ouercanoped with luthious woodbine, Where Oxflips and the nodding Violet growes, I know a banke where the wilde time blowes, Ob.I pray thee glue it me. Puch, I, chere it is. Enter Pucke.

Effect it vvith fome care, that he may prooue By the Athenian garmenes he hath on. May be the Lady. Thou fhalt know the man, But do it when the next thing he efpies, With a difdsincfull youth : annoint his cycs, A fweete Athenian Lady is in loue Take thou fome of it, and feeke through this groue; And make her full of hatefull fautafies. And with the inyce of this, Ile fireske her eyes, Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in. And there the faske throwes her ensumeld skinne, Ludin thefe flowers, with dances and delight: There fleepes Tytania, fometime of the night,

Ob.What thou feelt when thou doft wake, Sucer Oberon. One alsofe, fand Centinell. How is the work on the sound is Hat. 2 Philomele with metody, O'c. . source not Sunyle do no offence. Beerles blacke approch not neere ; Hence you long lega Spinders, benee: I.Fary. Weaming Spider's come not beere. · Comma A tive in Sin boog of Come our lowely Lady mye. Newer barme, non flell non charmed range Tenlini, allali, vilali vilalia, lalla, calla Luta Conter in our freett Luddy, Philomele with melody. Come not scere our Fairs queene. Suora on op somrow opung pup stars N found Hedgebogges be not feone Ton footed frakes with double tongue, ·Sul sound Then to your offices, and let me reft. At our queint fpirits : Sing me now affeepe, The clamotous O wie, that nightly hootes and wonders To make my fmall Elucs coares, and fome keepe backe Some warre with Reremile, for their leathern wings, Some to kill cankers in the muske role buds, Then for the third part of a minute hence, Ouren. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy fong;

Enter Queene of Fairies , with her traine. P#.Feare not my I ord, your feruant fhall do fo.

A Midlommers nights Dreame.

And looke thou meete me ere the firft Cocke crow. More fond on her, then the vpon her loue;

50

Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,

Loue and languith for his fake.

Do it for thy thy true loue take :

-1HHAX3

Oh,

And maidens call it, Louc in idleneffe. Fetch me that flower ; the hearb I flow'd thee once, The sayce of it, on fleeping eye-lids laide, Will make or man or woman madly dote Vpon the next line creature that it fees. Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou here againe, Ere the Lemisthan can fwim a league. Ps. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes, Oberon. Having once this inyce, Ile watch Titania, whence fhe is afleepe, And drop the liquor of it in her eyes : The next thing when the waking lookes vpon, (Beit on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull, On medling Monkey, or on bufie Ape) She shall purfue it, with the foule of loue, And ere I take this charme off from her fight, (As I can take it with another hearbe) Ile make her render vp her Page to me, But who comes heere ? I am inuifible, And I will over-heare their conference. Enter Demetrius, Helena following him. Deme. I loue thee not, therefore purfue me not, Where is Lyfander, and faire Hermin ? The one He May, the other flayeth me. Thou toldft me they were ftolne vnto this wood ; And here am I, and wood within this wood, Becaufe [cannot meete 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 ficele. Leaue you your power to draw,

A Midfommers nights Dreame. Her. With halfe that with, the withers eyes be preft, Enter Packe. Puck, Through the Forreft haue I gone, But Athentan finde I none, On whole cics I might approue This flowers force in flitring love. Night and filence: who is heere ? VV cedes of Athens he doth weare : This is he (my mafter faid) Defpifed the Atbenian maide : And heere the maiden fleeping found, On the danke and dirty ground. Pretty foule, the durft not lye Neere this lack-loue, this kill-curtefie Chuile, vpon thy eyes I throw All the power this charme doth owe: VVhen thou wak'ft, let loue forbid Sleepe his feate, on thy eye-lid. So awake when I am gone: For I must now to Oberon. Exit. Enter Demetrius and Helenarunning. Hel.Stay, though thou kill me, fweete Demetrine. De.I charge theehence, and do not haunt me thus, Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? donot fo. De.Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe. Hel.OI am out of breath, in this fond chafe, The more my praier, the leffer is myfgrace. Happy is Hermia, wherefore the lies; For the hath bleffed and attractine eyes. How came her eyes fo bright? Not with fast teares. If fo, my eies are oftner washt then hers. No,no, 1 am as vgly as a Beare; For beafts that meete me, runne away for feare, Therefore no maruale, though Demetrius Do as a monfter, file my prefence thus. VVhat [C4]

A Midfommer nights Dreame. In maiden meditation, fancy free.

Before, milke-white; now purple with loves wound,

Yesmarkt I where the bolt of Capid fel.

It fell vpon a little wefterne flower ;

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

follo fly es, and Daphan bolds the chale ; Runne when you will, the ftory thall be chaung'd : Hel. The wildest hath not fuch a heart as you; And leave thee to the merey of wilde Beafts. Dem. le run from thee, and bide me in the brakes, When all the world is here to looke on me? Then how canit be laid I am alone, For you in my reipedeare all the world. Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company, Therefore I thinke I am not in the night, Icis not night when I do fee your face. Hal. Your vertue is my prinitedge : for that With the rich worth of your virginity. And the ill countell of a defert place, To truft the opportunity of night, Into the hands of one that loues you not, To leaue the Citty, and commit your felte Deme. You do impeach your modelity too much. Had And I am licke when I looke not on you. For I am ficke when I do looke on thee. Dem. Tempe not too much the hatted of my tpitit, Then to be vied as you vie your dog. (Audyer a place of bigh refpect with me) What worldr place can I beg in your louc, (Vnworthy as I am) to follow you. Neglect me,lofe me; onely gue me leaue Vie me but as your fpaniell ; spurne me, ftrike me, The more you beate me, I will fawne on you. lam your ipaniell, and Demervins, Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more ; Tell you I do not, not I cannot loue you? Or rather do I not in plainelt truth, Deme. Dol encice you? dol (peake you faire : And I fhall baue no power to follow you.

The Doue purfues the Griffen, the milde Hinde C 2

Makes

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Her. Lyfander tiddles very prettily; Lyf.O take the fence fweete, of my innocence, Lie further off yer, do not lie to neere. Her, Nay good Lylander for my fake my deare One heart, one bed, two bolomes, and one troth. Lyf. One cutffe thall feene as pillow for vs both, For I vpon this banke will reft my head, Her. Be it fo Lyfander ; finde you out a bed, And tarry for the comfort of the day. Wee'l reft vs Hermin, if you thinke it good, And to Speake troth I haue for got our way : Lyf, Faire loue, you faint with wanding in the woods, Enter Lyfander and Hermin. Wake when fome vile thing is neere. When thou wak fi, it is thy deare, In thy eye that thail appeare, Pard, or Boare with briftled haire,

For lying to, Harmin, I do not lyc. Then by your fide, no bed-roome me deny. So then two bolomes, and a fingle troth. Two bolomes interchained with an oath, So that but one heart we can make of it, I meane that my heart vite yours is knit, Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,

Lif. Amen, amen, to that taire praier, fay I, Thy loue nere alter till thy fweete life ende, Sofarce be diftanc, and good night fweet friend; Becomes a vertuous batchellor, and a maide, Such feparation, as may well be faid, Lie further off, in humane modefly, But gentle 'riend, for loue and courselie If Hermin means to lay, by ander lied. Now much belirtew my manners and my pride,

Heere is my bed,fleepe giue thee all his reft. And then end life, when I cad loialty :

And

Lay breath fo bitter on your bitter foe. Her Now I but chide, but I fhould vie thee worfe, For thou (I feare) haft given me caufe to curfe, If thou halt flaine Lyfander in his fleepe, Being ore fhooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day, As he to me. Would he have ftollen away, From fleeping Hermin ? Ile beleeue as foone This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone May through the Center creepe, and fo displease Her brothers noonetide, with th' Antipodes. It cannot be but thou haft murdred him, So fhould a murderer looke, fo dead, fo grim. Dem. So fhould the murdered looke, & fo fhould I, Pierft through the heart with your ftearne cruelty : Yet you the murderer looke as bright, as cleare, As yonder Venue in her glimmering spheare. Her. VVhat's this to my Lyfander? where is he? Ah good Demetrins, wilt thou give him me? Dem. Ide rather give his carkaffe to my hounds. Her.Out dog,out curre, thou driu'ft me paft the bonds Of maidens patience. Haft thou flaine him then? Henceforth be neuer numbred among men. Oh,

That when he wak't, of force the muft be cyde. Enter Demetrins and Hermia. Ob, Stand clofe, this is the fame Athenian. Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man, Deme. O why rebuke you him that loves you fo?

Ob. This falles out better then I could deuife : But haft thou yet lacht the Athenians eyes, With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee do ? Rob. I tooke him fleeping (that is finisht to) And the Athenian woman by his fide,

Tytanis waked, and ftraightway lou'd on affe.

A Midlommer nights Dreame. When in that moment (fo it came to paffe)

> The deepeft loathing to the ftomacke brings ; Or as the herefies that men do leave, Are hated moft of those they did deceiue: So thou, my furfet, and my herefie, Of all be hated ; but the molt of me; And all my powers addreffe your love and might, Exit. To honour Helen, and to be her Knight. Her. Helpe me Lyfander, helpe me; do thy beft To plucke this crawling ferpent from my breft. Aye me, for pitty ; what a dreame was here? Lyfander looke, how I do quake with feare :

On, that a Lady of one man refysid, Should of another therefore be abus'd, Exit. Lyf. She fees not Hormia : Hermia, fleepe thou there, And neuer maift thou come Lyfander neere; For as a furfet of the fweeteft things

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Pet. I marry muft you. For you muft vnderftand he goes A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Of colour like the red role on triumphane bryer, and institute of hur, more Lilly white of hue, but to fee a noyle that he heard, and is to come againe.

As true as trueft horfe, that yet would never tyte, Moft brisky Iuucuall, and eke moft louely lew,

Ile meete thee Piramu, at Nimies toombe.

"OILL TUTE. at once, cues and al. Piramus enter, y our cue is paft ; it is neyet; that you antwer to Piramin : you theake all your part Per. Winter toombe man : why you mult not speake that

Por. If I were faire, Thirdy I were onely thine, Thy. O. as true as trueft horie, that yet would never tyre.

fiers flye maffers, helpe. Per.O monftrous. O firange. We are haunted ; pray ma-

Sometime a horle Ile be, fometime a hound, Through bogge, through bufh, through brake, through Rob. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,

And neigh, and barke, and grune, and rore, and burne, A hogge, a headleffe beare, fometime a fire, (pilci

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them Like horfe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery curne. East.

Sn.O Bottom, thou art chang'd ; what do I fee on thee? Euror Snow! to make me afeard.

Doyou? Bor. What do you fee? you fee an affe head of your own.

Enser Perer quince.

Per.Bieffe thee Bottome, bieffe thee; thou are tranflated.

With Orange tawny bill. The Woofell cocke, to blacke of hew, will fing that they fhall heare I am not straid. do what they can.I will walke vp and downe heere, and I feight me if they could; but I will not fur from this place, Bot. I fee their knauery; this is to make an affe of me, to 11.27

Jhe

The plaintong Cuckow gray ; Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Latke, i bed Yrunia. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed? The Wren with little quill. The Throftle, with his note to true,

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, ue-For indeed, who would fet his wit to to foolifh a bird? And dares nor aniwer, nay Whole note full many a man doth marke,

On the fift view to fay, to fweate I loue thee. Mine care is much enamored of thy note; Tyre. I pray thee gentle mortall, fing againe, 101130

ele company together, now adayes. The more the pirty, that for that : and yet to fay the truth, reaton and loue kcepe lit-Bor. Me-thinks miltreffe, you fhould hane little reaton And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me, So is mine eye enthralled to thy fhape,

I can gleeke vpon occafion. fome honeft neighbours will not make them friends. Nay

Bot, Not fo neither : but if I had wit enough to get ont Iluitant houst as wile, as thou art beautifull.

7)14. Out of this wood, do not defire to goe, of this wood, I have enough to letue mine owne turne.

: an a spirit of no common rate : Thou that remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.

And I do loue thee; therefore go with me, The Sommer fill doth rend ypon my frate,

Ile giue thee Pairies to attend on thee;

And fing, while thou on prefied flowers dolt fleepe . And they thall fetch thee lewels from the deepe,

That thou that like an ayry fpurit go. And I will purge thy mortall groffeneffe fo,

Penje-bloffome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-feed.

٤ 0 Enter foure Fairies.

ans T

Mc-thought a ferpent cate my heart away, And you fat imiling at his cruell prey, Lyfander, what remoou'd? Lyfander, Lord, What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word f Alacke where are you ? fpeake and if you heare ; Speake of all loues ; I fwound almost with feare. No, then I well perceive you are not nye, Eyther death or you ile finde immediately. Exit. Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and heres a maruailous convenient place for our rehearfall. This greene plot fhall be our ftage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houfe, and we will doe it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bos. Peter quince?

Peter. What faift thou, bully Bottome ?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Piramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Paraman must draw a fword to kill himfelfe; which the Ladyes cannot abide. D How

Snow, Will not the Ladies be afeard of the Lyon ? Star. I feare it, I promife you.

cight.

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

Quin. Well, we will have fuch a Prologue, and it fhall be

Bor. Not a whit, I have a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue feeme to fay, wee will do no harme with our fwords, and that Pyramus is not kild indeed : and for the more better affurance, tell them that I Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottome the W cauer ; this will put hem out of feare.

Snout.Berlaken, a parlous feare. Star. I beleeue we musi leaue the killing out, when all is done.

A Midfommer nights Dreame. How answer you that ?

> What night-rule now about this haunted groue ? Pack, My miftreffe with a monfter is in loue, Neere to her clofe and confectated bower, While the was in her dull and fleeping hower, A crew of patches, rude Mcchanicals, That worke for bread, ypon Athenian Stalles, Were met together to rehearfe a play, Intended for great Thefeus nuptiall day : The fhalloweft thick-skin of that barren Who Piramus prefented, in their fport, Forfooke his Scene, and entred in a brake, When I did him at this aduantage take, An Affes nole I fixed on his head. Anon his Thisbie must be aniwered, And forth my Minnock comes : when they him fpy, As wilde geele, that the creeping Fowler eye, Or ruffed pated choughes, many in fort (Rifing and cawing at the guns report) Seuer themfelues, and madly fweepe the sky : So at his fight, away his fellowes flye, And at our ftampe, here ore and ore one falles ; He murther cryes, and helpe from Athens cals. Their fenfe thus weake, loft with their feares thus ftrong, Made senseleffe things begin to do them wrong. For briars and thornes at their apparell fnatch, Some fleeues, fome hats, from yeelders all things catch, I led them on in this diffracted feare, And left fweete Piramus tranflated there : When [D4]

Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him filently. Enter King of Fairies, and Robin good-fellow. Ob.1 wonder if Titania be awak't; Then what it was that next came in her eye, Which the muft dote on, in extremity, Here comes my meffenger : how now mad fpirit,

A Midfommer nights Dreame. Lamenting fome enforced chaffiny.

Exit.

A Midlommernights Dreame.

And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies, To have my loue to bed, and to artic And light them at the fiery Clow-wormes eies, And for night tapers, crop their waxen thighes, The hony bags fleate from the humble Bees, With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries, Peede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries, Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his cies, Tita. Be kinde and curreous to this Gentleman, Fai.Ready ; and I, and I, and I. Where fhall we go?

Nod to him Elucs, and do him currefies. To fanne the Moone-beames from his fleeping eyes,

,Slied,lienom slieH.in3. t

2. Fai. Haile.

3.Fai. Haile,

Bot. I cry your worthips mercy harrily ; I beleech your

worthips uame.

Cob. Cobweb.

fter Cobueb : if I cur my finger, I fhall make bold with you. Bot. I fhall defire you of more acquaintance, good Ma-

Your name honelt gentleman?

. smolloge of sol . Just

Peale bloffome, I thall defne you of more acquantance to. Mother, and to malter Peafcod your Father. Good maffer Bor. I pray you commend me to mittelle Squarb, your

Your name I befeech you fir?

And Mult wind feede.

your kindred hath made my cyes water ere now. I defue uoured many a gentleman of your houle. I promife you, well: that fame cowardly gyane-like Oxe-beefe hath de-Bor. Good mafter Mustard feed, I know your patience

The Come waite vpon him, leade him to my bower. you more acquaintance, good Mafter Muftardfeed

And when the weepesyweepe every little flower, The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watry cie,

-usuer

2 G The Muft I fpeake now? Quin. A itranger Piramu, chen ere plaid here. And by and by I will to thee appeare.

But hacke, a voyce : flay thou but heere a while,

Quin. Speake Piramus, Thirby fland torth.

Enter Robin.

Brake, and to every one according to his cue.

Part historic flowers of odious fauors fuecte.

Rob. What hempen home-fpuns have we fwagging here,

pegin ; when you have thoken your speech, enter into that

uery mothers fonne, and rehearle your parts. Piramu, you Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe e-

bim, to fignific wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and

have fome plaffer, or fome lome, or fome rough caft about

Bot. Some man or other muft pretent wall, and let him

Samonod uoy yal sen Willew a nigura vou Bortome?

Thirly (laies the ftory) did talke through the chinke of a

muft have a wall in the great Chamber ; for Parame and

perfon of Moone-Ihine. Then there is another thing, we

alanthorne, and fay he comesto disfigure, or to prefent the

chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone

Bot. Why then may you leave a calement of the great

Bettom. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack,

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Quin. I, or eile one muft come in wich a bufh of thorns, &

chrough that cranny, fhall Piramu and Thisby whilper.

So hach thy breach, my deareft Thisby deare.

Pir.Odours fanors fweece,

An actor too perhaps, if I fee caule.

What, a play toward ? Ile be an auditor,

So neere the Cradle of the Pairy Queene?

Quin.Odours, odorous,

may thine in at the cafement.

Quin.Yes,it doth finne that night.

finde out Moone-thine, finde out Moonethine.

I

* 11X3

Bor. Mafters, you ought to confider with your felfe, to bring in (God thield vs) a I yon among Ladics, is a moft dreadfull thing . For there is not a more fearefull wilde fowle then your Lyon living: and we ought to looke to it,

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon,

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face muft be feene through the Lyons necke, and hee himfelfe must fpeake through, faying thus, or to the fame deffect ; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would requeft you, or I would entreat you not to feare, not to tremble : my life for yours. If you thinke I come hether as a Lyon, it were picty 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 them plainly he is Song the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it shall be fo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber : for you know, Piramus and Thicky meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone fhine that night we play our play? Bot.

Becaufe the is fomething lower then my felfe, That I can match her, Her. Lower? harke againe. Hel. Good Herma, do not be fo bitter with me, I euermore did loue you Hermia, Did euer keepe your counfels, neuer wronged you, Saue that in loue vnto Demetrine, I told him of your flealth ynto this wood, He followed you, for love I followed him, But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me To ftrike me, fourne me, nay to kill me to: And now, to you will let me quiet goe, To Athens will I beare my folly backe, And follow you no further, Let me go, You fee how fimple, and how fond I am. Her.Why get you gone : who ift that hinders you ? Hel. A foolifh heart, that I leave heere behinde, Her. VVhat, with Lyfander? Hel. VVith Demetrine. Lyf. Be not afraid the thall not harme thee Helena. Dem. No fir, the shall not, though you take her part. Hel.O when thee's angry, the is keene and threwd, She was a vixen when the went to ichoole, And though the be but little, the is fierce. Her. Little againe ? Nothing but low and little? VVhy will you fuffer her to flout me thus? Let me come to her. Lyf.Get you gone you dwarfe, You minimue, of hindring knot graffe made, You bead, you acome. Dem. You are too officious, In her behalfe that fcomes your feruices. Let her alone, fpeake not of Helena,

Dem. You fpend your paffion on a milpriz'd mood, I am not guilty of Lyfanders bloud : Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell. Her. I pray thee tell me then, that he is well. Dem. And if I could, what fhould I get therefore ? Her. A priviledge, neuer to fee me more, And from thy hated prefence part I,fee me no more, Exit, Whether he be dead or no. Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine, Heere therefore for a while I will remaine So forrowes heavineffe doth heavier grow, For debt that bankrout flip doth forrow owe, Which now in fome flight measure it will pay, Lie downe. If for his tender heere I make forme ftay. Ob. What haft thou done ? Thou haft miftaken quite, And Iside the love inyce on fome true loves fight : Of thy mifprifion, mult perforce enfue Some true loue turn'd, and not a falfe turnd true. Rob. Then face ore-rules, that one man holding troth, A million faile, confounding oath on oath, Ob. About the wood, goe fwifter then the winde, And Helena of Athens looke thou finde. All fancy ficke the is, and pale of cheere, With fighes of loue, that cofts the fresh bloud deare. By fome illusion fee thou bring her heere, Ile charme his sies, against the do appeare. Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe, Swifter then arrow from the Tartar; bowe. Exit. Ob. Flower of this purple die, Hit

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Oh, once tell true, euen for my lake,

Durft thou have lookt vpon him, being awake ?

Could not a worme, an Adder do fo much?

Au Adder didit. For with doubler tongue

Then thine (thou ferpent) never Adder flung

And haft thou kild him fleeping? O braue tutch:

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

I am a right maid for my cowardize ;

Let her not firike me : you perhaps may thinke,

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Haue We Hermin, like two attificiall gods, All fchoole-daies thendinip, child-hood innocence? For parting vs; O, is all forgot? When we have chid the haffy footed time, The filters vowes, the houres that we have fpent, Js all the countell that we two have that'd, To baite me, with this foule derifion? Haue you confrir d, haue you with thele contriud iniurious Hermin, molt vngratetull maide, To fathion this falle fport, in fpight of me. Now I perceiue, they have conjoynd all three, Hel.Loc, the is one of this confederacy, Her. You fpeake not as you thinke ; it cannot be. The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee to ! Why teck it thou me : Could not this make thee know. Then all you hery ocs, and eres of light. Paire Helena ; who more engilds the mght, Lif. Lyfanders love (that would not let him bide) Her. What loue could prefic Lyfander from my fide? TY, Why thould be flay, whom loue doth prefle to 60? But why vikindly didfithou leaueme fo? Mine eate (I chanke it) brought me to thy found. Thou are not by mune eic, Lyfander found, It paies the hearing double recompence. Wherein it doth impaire the feeing fenfe, The eare more quicke of apprehention makes, Her. Darke night, chat from the eye his function takes. Enter Hermin. Looke where thy Loue comes yonder is thy deare. Leaft to thy perill thou abide it deare. Wom? Difparage not the faith thou doft not know, Lyf. It is not fo. There to remaine, And now to Helen it is home return d, My heart to her, but as gueft-wile foiournd,

Winke Make mouthes upon me when a turne my backe, Hol. 1, do, perfeuer, counterfeit fad lookes, . inderfland not what you means by this. This you thould pitty, tacher then delpite. (bue milerable moft, to loue valou d) So hung ypon with loue, to fortunate? What though I be not fo in grace as you, But by your fetting on, by your confent? And tender me (forlooth) affection, Deny your love (fo tich within his foule) To her he hates? And wherefore dorh Lylander Precious, celeftiali? Wherefore ipeakes he this To call me goddeffe, nimph, dinine, and rare, (Who even but now did fpurne me with his foote) And made your other Loue, Dametrinu

To follow me, and praite my eves and face?

Hor. I am amazed at your words,

And will you rent our ancient loue alunder,

Dae but to one, and crowned with one creft.

So with two feeming bodies, but one heart,

Two louely berries moulded on one ftermine,

Had bin incorporate. So we grew together,

sabnim bne, saoiov, sabn nuo, sbned mo i eA

Both watbling of one long, both in one keys

Both on one fampler, fitting on one culhion,

Haue with our needles, created both one flower,

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Though I alone do feele the iniury. Out fexe as well as I, may chide you for it,

It is not friendly, tis not muidenly.

Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,

Like to a double cherry, feeming parted,

But yet an vnion in partition,

Het, Haue you not fet Lofander, as in fcorne

I o loyne with men in forming your poore friend ?

I fcorne you not ; It feemes that you fcorne me.

EB

Take

Let her thine as glorioufly As the Venue of the sky. When thou wak'ft, if the be by, Beg of her for remedy. Enter Pucke. Puck, Captaine of our Fairy band, Helens is heere at hand, And the youth, miftooke by me, Pleading for a Louers fee, Shall we their fond Pageant fee? Lord, what fooles these mortals be ! Ob, Stand afide : the noyfe they make, Will caufe Demetrine to awake.

Sinke in apple of his eye,

When his loue he doth cipy,

Her. VVhat ? can you do me greater harme then hate ? Hare me, wherefore ? O me, what newes my Loue ? Am not I Hermia ? Are not you Lyfander ? I am as faire now, as I was ere while. Since night you lou'd me; yet fince night you left me. VVhy then you left me (ô the gods forbid) In earneft, fhail I fay ? Lyf. I, by my life ; And neuer did defire to fee thee more. Therefore be out of hope, of queftion, of doubt ; Be certaine ; nothing truer ; tis no iesft, That I do hate thee, and loue Helena. Her.O me, you iuggler, you canker bloffome, You theefe of loue; what, have you come by night And ftolne my loues heart from him? Hel. Fine faith. Haue you no modefly, no maiden fhame, No touch of bashfulneffe ? VVhat, will you teare Impatient answers from my gentle tongue? Fie,fie,you counterfet, you puppet, you, Her. Puppet ? why to ! I, that way goes the game. Now I perceive that fhe hath made compare Betweene our flatures, fhe hath vrg'd her height, And with her perfonage, her tall parlonage, Her height (forfooth) fhe hath preuaild with him, And are you growne fo high in his effecme, Becaufe I am fo dwarfifh and to low ? How low am I, thou painted May-pole ? Speake, How low am 1 ? I am not yet to low, But that my nailes can reach vato thine eyes. Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen, Let her not hurt me; I was never curft : I have no gift at all in fhrewifhnefic:

[E4]

Ĩ

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Hit with Cupids atchery,

A Mudlommer nights Dreame.

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Although I hate her, Ile not harme her fo.

Lyf. VVbat, fhould I hurt her, ftrike her, kill her dead ?

Dem. I would ! had your bond : for I perceiue, Lyf. Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee. Hel. Yes foothand to do you. ffiesi son nov od. nH Out loathed medicine ; ô hated poilon hence. tone antes out tawny Tarter, out t VV hat change is this, fweete Loues Her. VVhy are you growne to rude? Or I will thake thee from me like a ferpene. Lyf. Hang off thou cat, thou bur ; vile thing let loofe, But yet come not : you are a tame man, go. Take on as you would follow, Dom. No.no, hee'l feeme to breake loofe; " valagig nok' hemy fly Her. Lyfander, whereto tends all this? Dem, Quick, come. Lyf If thou fay to, with draw and prous it to. Dems, I fay, I loue thee more then he can do. To prouc him falle, that faies I loue thee not. I fweare by that which I will lole for thee, Halon, I loue thee, by my life I doe ; Thy threats have no more firength then her weake praife. Lyf. Thou canft compell, no more then fire entreate. Dem. If the cannot entreate, I can compell. Hor. Sweete, do not fcome her fo. Hel.O excellent ! My loue, my life, my louie, faire Helena. Lyl. Stay gentle Helena, heart my excule, VVhich death or ablence foone thail remedy. But faryewell, tis partly mine owne taute, You would not make me luch an argument. If you have any pitty, grace,or manners, This fport well carried, Iball be chronicled. Winke each scother, hold the fweere leaft vp :

A weake bond holds you ; He not truit your word.

JA

z I

If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.

And yours of Helena, to me bequeath,

Would to offend a virgine, and extort With your detition, none of noble fort,

And now both Riuals, to mocke Helena.

You both arc Riuals, and loue Hermin ;

You would not vie a gentle Lady to ;

If you were men, as men you are in flow,

Can you not hate me, as I know you do.

You would not do me thus much intury.

If you were ciuil, and knew curtelle,

To fer againft me, for your merriment.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

In Hermiss lone I yeeld you up my part;

And heere with all good will, with all my heart,

For you loue Hormis; this you know I know; Lyfan, You are vakinde Demetrine; be not to.

A poore foules patience, all to make you port.

To coniure teares vp in a poore maides eyes,

When I am fure you hate me with your hearts.

To vow, and fweare, and fuperpratie my parts,

But you mult toyne in toules to mocke me too?

This Princelle of pure white, this feale of bliffe. Hell. O spight ! o hell ! I see you all are bent

Fan'd with the Bafferne winde, curnes to a crow,

Thy lips, choic killing cherries, compring grow!

Deme. O Helen, goddeffe, nimph, perfect, diuine,

Lyf. Demerrise loues her, and he loues not you.

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

That pure congealed white, high Taur winow,

To what, my loue, thall I compare thine eine!

Chriftall is muddy, O how tipe in flowe,

When thou holdfi vp thy hand, O let me kille

Deme. Lyfander, heepe thy Hermin, Will noue:

Hel. Neuer did mockers wafte more idle breath.

Pas. Then will two at once wooe one, That must needs be sport alone : And those things do best please me, That befall prepofteroufly.

Enter Lyfander and Helena, Lyf. Why fhould you think that I should wooe in fcorn? Scorne and derifion neuer come in teares : Looke when I vow I weepe ; and vowes fo borne, In their nativity all truth appeares. How can thefe things in me, feeme fcome to you? Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do aduance your cunning more and more, When truth kils truth, O diuelifh holy fray ! Thefe vowes are Hermias. Will you give her ore? Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh. Your vowes to ber, and me (put in two feales) Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales. Lyf.1 had no judgement, when to her lfwore, Hel.Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.

Lſ.

Thef.My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde, So flew'd, fo fanded, and their heads are hung With eares that fweepe away the morning dew, Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Theffalian Buls. Slow in purfuite, but matcht in mouth like bels, Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheer'd with horne, In Creese, in Sparta, not in Theffaly; Judge when you heare. But foft, what nimphs are thefe? Egens. My Lord, this is my daughter heere alleepe, And this Lyfander, this Demetrines is, This Helena, olde Nedars Helena, I wonder of this being heere together. The. No doubt they role vp early, to obferue The right of May; and hearing our intent, Came heere in grace of our folemnity. But speake Egens, is not this the day That Hermia thould give answer of her choyfe ? Egens. It is, my Lord. Tb.Go bid the huntfinen wake them with their hornes. Shous within , they all flart up, Winde hornes. Thef. Good morrow friends : Saint Valentine is paft, Begin thefe wood birds but to couple now? Lyf.Pardon,my Lord. Thef. I pray you all ftand vp. I know you two are Riuall enemies. How comes this gentle concord in the world, That hatred is fo farre from lealoufie,

So muficall a difcord, fuch fweete thunder,

Hip.1 was with Herenles and Cadmus once,

A Midfommer nights Dreame,

When in a wood of Creete they bayed the Beare With hounds of Sparra; neuer did I heare Such gallant chiding. For belides the groues, The skies, the fountaines, every region neere, Sceme all one mutuall cry, I neuer heard

.himroH roma · adaars

(towne. Where's Peale bloffome? And kille thy faire large cares, my gentle toy. And flicke muske roles in thy flecke fmoothe head, While I thy amiable checkes do coy, Tita. Come fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, King behinds them. Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the The man fhall have his Mare againe, and all thall be well. Iacke fall have Ist, nought thall go ill, In your waking thall be thowne. That every man flould take his owne, And the Country Prouetbe knowne, True delight in the fight of thy former Ladies cie, When thou wak'th, thou tak'th Ile apply your eye gentle louer remedy. chouse of a stand fleepe found, .Veales thield Lyfander, if they meane a fray. Here will I telt me till the breake of day, My legs can keepe no pace with my delites. I can no further crawle, no further goe ; Bedabbled with the dew, and rome with briars, Her. Neuer to weary, neuer to in woe, Thus to make poore females mad. ebel divend a si biqu) Here the comes, curft and fad, Two of both kindes makes up foure. Rob. Yet but three & Come one more, Sceale me a while from mine owne company. And fleepe that fometimes fhuts vp forrowes eie, From thefe that my poore company deteft; That I may backe to Athens by day-light, Abace thy houres, thine comforts from the eaft,

feur Cobres ?

Peaf. Ready.

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

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

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

Take not her part. For if thou doft intend

Now follow if thou dar'ft, to try whole right,

Your hands than mine, are quicker for a fray,

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to fay.

Ob. This is thy negligence, fill thou miftak ft,

My legs are longer though to runne away.

Neuer fo little fhew of love to her,

Lyf. Now the holds menor,

Of thine or mine, is moft in Helena.

Hel. I will not truft you I, Not longer ftay in your curft company.

Thou fhalt abie it.

Nay, goe not backe.

good dry Oates, Me-thinkes I haue a great defire to a bot-Clow, Truciy a pecke of prouender; I could mounch your Tirm. Or lay fweete Loue, what thou defireft to eate. have the rongs and the bones. Clower I have a reasonable good care in nufficke. Let vs Jonor

Twe. What, wilt thou heate fome fome mufick, my fweet

am fuch a tender affe, if my haire do but tickie me. I muft

IbnA ... an maruailous hairy about the face. And I

Cobweb to ferateb. I mult to the Barbers Mountieur, for

Pray you leave your courtefie, good Mounheur.

Cle. Giue me your neafe, Mounfieur Muffardfeed.

hony-bag figniout, Where's Mountieur CMuft andfeed?

preske not' I would be loth to have you ouerflowne with a

Mountieur ; and good Mountieur haue a care the hony bag

ny bag. Doe not tree your felfe too much in the action,

the top of a thiftle ; and good Mounfieur bring me the ho-

ponsin your hand, and killine a red hipt humble-bee, on

A Midfommers mights Dreame.

Cle. Mounticur Cobweb, good Mounticur Ber your wea-

tle of hay : good nay, fweete hay hach no fellow.

That thall feeke the fquirrels hoard,

fliw nov shartwith

.Yor Ready.

TCLUCCU

But I pray you let none of your people fur me, I baue an ex-Cle. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried peafe. And ferch thee new Nuts.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes. polition of fleepe come apon me.

Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away

Gently entwilt ; the female Juy to So doth the woodbine, the fweete Honifuckle,

E 3 Barings the barky fugers of the Fine.

0

Clowne. Scratch my head, Peale bloffome. Whet's Moun-

"MANOID . Apeay gog

To

Or elfe commit'ft thy knaueries wilfully. Puck Beleeue me, King of fhaddowes, I miftooke. Did not you tell me, I fhould know the man, By the Athenian garments he hath on? And fo farre blameleffe proues my enterprize, That I have nointed an Athenians eyes, And fo farre am I glad, it fo did fort, As this their langling I effecte a fport. Ob. Thou feelt thefe Louers feeke a place to fight, Hie therefore Robin, overcait the night, The flarry Welkin couer thou anon, With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron, And leade thefe tefty Riuals to aftray, As one come not within anothers way. Like to Lyfander, fometime frame thy tongue, Then flirre Demetrins vp with bitter wrong ; And fometime raile thou like Demetrises ; And from each other looke thou leade them thus, Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, fleepe With leaden ledgs, and Batty wings doth creepe;

Then

(Exit.

Exennt.

Puck, My Fairie Lord, this muft be done with hafte, For night fwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faft, And yonder fhines Auroras harbinger ; At whose approch, Ghosts wandring heere and there, Troope home to Church-yards ; damned fpirits all, That in croffe waies and flouds have buriall, Already to their wormy beds are gone ; For feare leaft day fhould looke their fhames vpon, They wilfully themiclues exile from light, And must for aie confort with blacke browd night. Ob.But we are spirits of another fort : I, with the mornings loue haue oft made fport, And like a Forrefter, the groues may tread, Euen till the Eafterne gate all fiery red, Opening on Neptune, with faire bleffed beames, Turnes into yellow gold, his falt greene freames, But notwithftanding hafte, make no delay, We may effect this bufineffe, yet ere day. Pack, Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp & downe : I am feard in field and towne. Goblin, lead them vp and downe : here comes one. Ester Lyfander. Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrins ? Speak thou now. Rob. Here villaine, drawne and ready. Where art thou? IJſ.

Then crush this hearbe into Lyfanders eie, Whofe liquor hath this vertuous property, To take from thence all error, with his might, And make his eie bals rolle with wonted fight. When they next wake, all this derifion Shall feeme a dreame, and fruideffe vition, And backe to Athens fhall the Louers wend With league, whofe date till death fhall neuer end. Whiles I in this affaire do thee apply, Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian boy ; And then I will her charmed eie releafe From monfters view, and all things shall be peace.

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Tita. How came thefethings to paffe? Oh, how mine eies doth loathe this vifage now ! Ob.Silence a while. Robin take of this head ; Titania, muficke call, and firike more dead Then common fleepe ; of all theie, fine the fenfe, Tits. Mulicke, ho mulicke, fuch as charmeth fleepe. Rob. When thou wak'ft, with thine owne fooles cies peep. Ob. Sound mufick ; come my Queen, take hands with me And rocke the ground whereon thele fleepers be, Now thou and I are new in amity, And will to morrow midnight, folemnly Dance in Duke Thefens houle triumphantly, And bleffe it to all faire pofferity. There fall the paires of fait ufull Louers be VVedded, with Thefew, all in iollity. Rob. Fairy King, accend and mark I do heare the morning Larke. Ob. Then my Queene in filence fad, Trip we after the sights fhade ; VVe the Globe can compasse foone, Swifter then the wandring Moone. Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight. Tell me how it came this night, That I fleeping heere was found, With these mortals on the ground. Exenst. Winde hornes. Enter Thefeus and all his traine. Thef. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrefter, For now our observation is perform d; And fince we have the vaward of the day, My Louc fhall heare the muficke of my hounds. Vncouple in the VV efterne valley, let them go; Difpatch I fay, and finde the Forrefter. VVe will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top, And marke the muficall confusion Of hounds and eccho in conjunction, Hippe, [F4]

A Midfommers nights Dreame.

Rof. Come hicher, I am here. Deme. Abide me, if thou dat it. For well I wot, 3 ton hous the sowerd, why com it thou not ? Robin and Demetrius. Lyf.He goes before me, and ftill dares me on, Dense, Yea, art thou there # Deme. Lyfander, fpeake againe; Enter Demetrans. Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground. Lyf.I will be with thee thaight. A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Enter Helena. By daies approch looke to be vificed. To meature out my length on this cold bed, Now goe thy way : faintnefle confitaineth me, If cuer I thy face by day-light lee. De, Nay then thou mock it me; thou thalt buy this deate, Where art thou? And dar'ft not ftand, not looke me in the face. Thou runt before me, thitting cuery place, Ic finde Demerrius and revenge this thight. For if but once thou thew me thy gray hght, And here will reft me, Come thou gentle day : That fallen am I in darke vneuen way, I followed fait, but fafter be did flie; The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I ; When I come where he calles, then hee's gone. Ro. Follow my voice, wee'l try no manhood here. Exemne. That drawes a tword on thee. And wilt not come ? Come recreant, come thou childe, Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defied Telling the bulnes that thou look it for warres, keb. Thou coward, are thou bragging to the flars, Speake in fome bufh. Where doff thou hide thy head? Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fed?

2 1

Heto weary night, ô long and tedious night,

Spate

THE MY Oberon, what vilions haue I teene! Now my T is and wake you, my fweete Queene. Hath fuch force and bloged power. Dians bud, or (upide flower, See as those want want to fee. sed of thow they work in all But firft I will release the Fairy Queene. but as the fierce vexation of a dreame. And thinke no more of this nights accidents, May all to Atbent backe againe repaire. That he awaking when the other do, From off the bead of this Athenian fwaine; And gentle Puche, cale this transformed fealpe, This batefull imperfection of her eies. And now I have the boy, I will worked To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land, Which ftraight the gaue me, and her fairy tent I then did aske of her, her changeling childe, And the in milde cearmes begd my pattence, When I had at my pleature taunted her, Like teates that did their owne dilgrace bewaile. Stood now within the pretty flouriers eics, VVas wont to fwell like round & orient peaules ; And that fame dew which formtime on the buds, With coroner of fielh and fragrant flowers. For the his bairy temples then had rounded, I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her. Seeking fweete fauors for this hatefull foole, For meeting her of late behinde the wood, Her dorage now I do begin to puty. Enter Kobin goodfellore. Welcome good Robin : feelt thou this fweet fight : O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee! A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Ob, There lies your loue.

Me-thought I was enamored of an Affe.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-fome, and Lyon. Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this flow, But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine. This man is Piramus, if you would know; This beautious Lady, Thisby is certaine. This man with lyme and roughcaft, doth prefent Wall, that vile wall, which did thefe louers funder :

on a Recorder, a found, but not in gouernment. *Thef*. His (peech was like a tangled chaine ; nothing impaired, but all difordered. Who is next?

nough to speake, but to speake true. Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe

Thef. This fellow doth not fland vpon points. Lyf. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Cole: hee knowes not the flop. A good morall my Lord. It is not e-

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Was to be gone from Atbens, where we might be Without the perill of the Atbenian Law, Ege.Enough, enough my Lord : you have enough; I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head : They would have ftolne away, they would, Demetring, Thereby to have defeated you and me: You of your wife, and me of my confent; Of my confent, that fhe fhould be your wife. Dem.My Lord, faire Helen told me of their ftealth,

A Midfommer nights Dream e. To fleepe by hate, and feare no comity.

Lyf. My Lord, I thattreply amazedly

But as I thinke (for trucky would I fpeake)

I cannot truely fay how I came here.

And now I do bethinke me, foit is;

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent

Halfe fleepe, halte waking. But as yet, I fweare,

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

That it it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends fome bringer of that ioy, Or in the uight, imagining fome feate, How easte is a bulh suppos'd a Beare? And all their mindes transfigut'd fo together, More witneffeth than fancies images,

And growes to fomething of great confiancy ;

But howfoeuer, ftrange and admittable.

Enter lowers : Lylander, Demetrius, Hermin, and Helena, Thef. Here come the lowers, full of joy and mitch :

Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and frefh daics Of loue accompany your hearts. Art. More then to vs. wajte in your roiall walkes, y

Lyf. More then to vs, waite in your rotall walkes, your boord, your bed. The Come now what maskes, what dances thall wee

Thef. Come now, what maskes, what dances thall wee

Serweene or after hupper, and bed-time?

What Reuchs are in hand? Is there no play,

To cafe the anguith of a corturing houre?

Call Philoftrate.

Philo, Heere mighty Thefem. Thef. Say, what abridgment haue you for this cuening? What maske, what muficke? how thall we beguile

What has been with fome delight? The laste time, if not with fome delight? Phil. There is a briefe, how many fipous are tife. Make choile of which your Highneffe will fee fift.

By an Arbenian Eunuch, so the Marte choile will fee fuff. Thef. The battell with the Centanys to be fung. Marte choile of which your Highneffe will fee fung.

Wee'l none of that. That have I tolde my Loue, In glory of my kiniman Horenkes. The riot of the tiplie Bachanals.

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-23-

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Bot. Malters, I am to difcourie wonders; but aske mee not what. For if I tell you, I am not tiue .Athenien, I will tel you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, fweete Bortome.

Bot. Not a word of met: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good firings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete the fhort and the long is, out play is prefetd. In any cafe let Thick by have cleane linnen : and let not him that plates the clon, paire his nailes, for they thall hang out for the Lions elawes. And mofi deare Actors, eate no Onions, not Gatlicke; for we are to vtter fweete Dreath, and I do not doubt but to heate them lay, it is a fweete Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Enter Thefew, Hippolita, and Philoftrate.

And a name. Such trickes hath frong imagination, And gives to airy nothing, a local habitation, Vaknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to thapes, And as imagination bodies forth the formes of things From heauen to carth, from earth to heauen. The Poets eie in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance Sees Holens beauty in a brow of Egipt. That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke, One fees more diuels then vafte hell can hold ; Are of imagination all compact The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, Then coole realon euer comprehends. Such fhaping phantafies, that apprehend more Louers and mad men haue fuch feething braines, These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toies, Tbe, More firange then true. I neuer may beleeue Hip. T is ftrange my T befews, that these louers fpeake of.

And through wals chinke (poore foules) they are content To whilper. At the which, let no man wonder. This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and buth of thorne, Prefenteth moone-fhine. For if you will know, By moone-fhine did thefe Louers thinke no fcorne To meete at Ninus toombe, there, there to wooe : This grizly beaft (which Lyon hight by name) The truity Thinky, comming first by night, Did fcarre away, or rather did affright : And as the fled, her mantle the did fall; Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did fraine, Anon comes Piramus, fweete youth and tall, And findes his trufty Thisbies Mantle flaine ; Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade, He branely broacht his boiling bloody breaft, And Thisby, tarrying in Mulberry fhade, His dagger drew, and died. For all the reft, Let Lyon, Moone-fhine, Wall, and Louers twaine, At large difcourfe, while here they do remaine.

Of this their purpofe hither, to this wood, And I in fury hither followed them; Faire Helena, in fancy followed me, But my good Lord, I wot not by what power (But by fome power it is) my loue To Hermia (melted as the fnow) Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude, Which in my childehood I did dote vpon : And all the faith, the vertue of my heart, The object and the pleafure of mine eie, Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord, Was I bethroth'd, ere I fee Hermia, But like a fickneffe, did I loathe this food, But as in health, come to my naturall taffe, Now do I with it, loue it, long for it, And will for euermore be true to it. The Faire Louers, you are fortunately met; Of this difcourse, we will heare more anon. Egens, I will overbeare your will;

Thef.

For

A Midlommer nights Dreame, For in the Temple, by and by with vs, These couples shall eternally be knit. And for the morning now is fomething worne, Our purpos'd hunting fhall be fet stide. Away, with vs to Atheur ; three and three, Wee'l hold a feaft in great folemnity, Come Happolste. Exit. Deme, Thefe things feeme finall and vndiftinguifhable, Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds. Her, Me thinks I fee thefe things with parted eie, When every thing feemes double. Hel, So me-thinkes : And I have found Demetrins, like a jewell, Mine owne, and not mine owne. Dens. Are you fure hat we are awake fIt emes to me, That yet we fleepe, we dreame, Do not you thinke, The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him ? Her. Yea, and my Father. Hel. And Hippelit.c. Lyf. And he bid vs follow to the Temple. Dem. Why then we are awake ; let's follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames. Clo.When my cue comes, call me, and I will anfwer. My next is, molt faire Paramane, Hey ho, Peter Quince? Flute the bellowes-mender? Snow the tinker? Starneling # Gods my life ! Stolne hence, and left me afleepe z I haue had a moft tare vision. I have had a dreame, paft the wit of man, to fay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Affe, if he go 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 patcht a foole, if he will offer to fay, what me-thought I had. The eie of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not feene, mans hand is not able to tafte, his tongue to conceine, nor his heart to report, what my dream

Hip.I loue not to fee wretchedneffe orecharged; And ducty in his feruice perifhing. Thef. Why gentle fweete, you fhall fee no fuch thing. Hip. He faies, they can do nothing in this kinde. The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing. Our fport shall be, to take what they mistake : And what poore duty cannot do, noble refpect Takes it in might, not merit. Where I have come, great Clearkes have purposed To greete me with premeditated welcomes Where I have feene them fhiver and looke pale, Make periods in the midft of fentences, Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares, And in conclution, dumbly have broke off, Not paying me a welcome. Truft me fweete

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

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

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

And wondrous firange Snow. How thall we finde the con-Merry and tragicall ? Tedious and briefe ? That is hot Ice, And his Loue T buby; yery tragical mirch? A tedious bliefe Scene of young Piramus. Not forting with a nuptiall ceremony. That is fome Sative keene and criticall, Of learning, late deceaft in beggery. The thrice three Mules, mourning for the death When I from Thebes came laft a Conqueror. That is an olde deutce ; and it was platd. Tearing the Thracian inger, in their rage?

Which neuer labour d in their mindes till now ; Philo. Hard handed mensenar worke in Arbens here, Thef What are they that do play it? Neuer fhed. But more merry teates the pathon of loud laughter Rehearth, I muft confelle, made mine cies water ; Therein doth kill himfelfe. Which when I faw There is not one word apt, one plaier fitted, And tragicall, my noble Lotd, it is : for Piramus Which makes it tedious For in all the play, But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long ; Which is as briefe, as I have knowne a play ; Philo. A play there is, my Lord, fome ten words long, cord of this difcord ?

Thef. And we will heare it. With this fame play, against your suprisil. And now have toyled their vnbreathed memories,

Valefie you can finde fport in their intents, It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world ; Thi. No,my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard

To do you leruice. Extremely freecht, and cond with cruch paine,

Can be amitte, when fimplenetic and duty tender it. Thef.I will heare that play. For neuer any thing

2 9

*#g

Oum Borrome, ô moft couragious day! O moft happy

Bot. Where are thefe Lads ? Where are thefe hearts ?

playing Puramu, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deferued

day. And the Duke had not giuen him fixpence a day for

a day, during his life; he could not have feaped fixpence a

If our spore had gone for ward, we had all beene made men.

and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more matried.

Enter Snug the Loyner.

Thif O fweete bully Bottome : thus hat he loft inspence

Surg. Mafters, the Duke is comming from the Temple,

Thif You muft fay, Paragon. A Paramout is (God bleffe

Quin. Yes, and the beft perion too, and he is a very Para-

This. No, he hach funply the beft wit of any handy-craft

Owin. It is not pollible : you have not a man in all

Thif If he come not, then the play is mard. It goes not

Place, He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt bee is trant-

Onin, Haue you fent to Bostomus houle? Is he come home

11277

Enter Quince, Plute, Thisbie, and the rabble.

the Duke. Peraduentite, to make it the more gracious, I

come; and I will fing it in the latter end of a play, before

it fhall be call d'Bottomes Dreame, becaule it hath no bot-

Was. I will get Peter Quince to write a Ballet of this dream,

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

Sater Bottome.

ic.Sixpence a day in Firamma, or nothing.

As) a thing of nought.

and the debens.

forward, doth it?

fhall ing it at her death.

ported.

Acr 5

mour, for a tweete voyce.

thens, able to difcharge Piramm but he.

ponte

Out of this filence yet, I pickt a welcome ; And in the modefty of fearefull duty, I read as much, as from the rating tongue Of faucy and audacious eloquence. Lone therefore, and tongue-tide fimplicity, In leaft, speake molt, to my capacity. Philo. So pleafe your Grace, the Prologue is addreft. Dake. Let him approach. Enter the Prologue. Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will. That you fhould thinke, we come not to offend, But with good will. To fnew our fimple skill, That is the true beginning of our end, Confider then, we come but in despight. VVe do not come, as minding to content you, Our true intent is. All for your delight, VVe are not here. That you fhould here repent you, The Actors are at hand ; and by their flow, You thall know all, that you are like to know.

[G4]

Thef.

That you have but flumbred heere, While this visions did appeare. And this weake and idle theame, No more yeelding but a dreame, Gentles, do not reprehend. If you pardon, we will mend. And as I am an honeft Pucke, If we have vnearned lucke, Now to fcape the Serpents tongue, We will make amends ere long : Elfe the Pucke a lyar call. So good night vnto you all. Giue me your hands, if we be friends, And Robin Ihall reftore amends.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Afies do. Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moone-fhine. Wall. In this fame Interlude it doth befall, That I, one Flate (by name) prefent a wall : And fuch a wall, as I would have you thinke, That had in it a crannied hole or chinke : Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thisby, Did whifper often, very fecretly. This lome, this roughcaft, and this ftone doth fhow, That I am that fame wall ; the truth is fo. And this the cranny is, right and finifter, Through which the fearefull Louers are to whilper. Thef. Would you defire lime and haire to fpeak better ?

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Thef. I wonder if the Lyon be to fpeake.

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Dem. Well roard Lyon. A Midlommer nights Dreame,

νοω άγε, άγε, άγε, άγε, άγε, άγε, Tongue lofe thy light, Moone take thy fight, Now am I dead, now am I fled, my foule, is in the sky, Thus die I, thus, thus, thus, thus, I, that left pap, where beart doth hop ; The pap of Pyramus: Come reares confound, out fword and wound That hu d, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere. Which is, no, no, which was the taitelt dame Since Lyon vilde hath heere deflout d my deares Por.O wherefore Mature, didft thou Lyons frame? Dwich, Belhrew my heart, but I pirty the man, goeneere to make a man looke fad. Dute. This pathon, and the death of a deare friend would Quaile, crufh, conclude, and quell. O fates come, come, cut thred and thrum, Approach ye Furies fell, Thy mantle good, what ftaind with blood? C dainty ducke, ô deare! Eyes do you fee ! how can it be ! What dreadfull dole is here? Bur fray : ô fpight ! but marke, poore knight, I truft to take of trueft Tbirbie fight. For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames, I thanke thee Moone, for thining now to bright. Pyr.Sweete Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames, Euter Pivanue. .rdinev nov J oth of buA. Wa Dem. And then came Piramus. Twie. Well mour'd Lyon. With a good grace. Dutch. Well frome Moone Moone. Truck the Moone fhines Dube. Well runne T bubie.

٤H Diffe. heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company? their Fathers. Will it pleafe you to fee the Epilogue, or to Lyon. No, I affure you the wall is downe, that parted Dense, I,and Wall too. Date. Moone-fhine and Lyon are left to bury the dead. Adicu, adicu, adicu, And farwell friends, thus Thirbie ends; Come blade, my breaft imbrew : Tongue not a word, come trufty foord, With Inceres, his thred of filke. Lay them in gore, fince you have thore Wich hands as pale as milke,

O fifters three, come, come to me,

Are gone, are gone; Louers make mone :

Dems. And thus Ine meanes, videlicit.

Speake, fpeake. Quire dumbe? Dead, dead? A toombe

Thif. Affeepe my Loue ? What, dead my Doue?

Lyf. She hath fpied him already, with thole fweete eies.

Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which Paramu,

Dat, Me-thinkes the thould not vie a long one for fuch

Dute She will finde him by ftar-light. Here fhe comes,

Dabe. Wich the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco-

And Leffe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Core Mow chance Moone-Ihine is gone before?

A Midlommers nights Dreame.

which Thiskie is the better : hee for a man, God warnd vs;

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

These yellow cowlip checkes

Muft coucr thy fweete eics.

o Prammarie,

These hilly lips, this cherry nois,

the for a woman, Cod bleffevs.

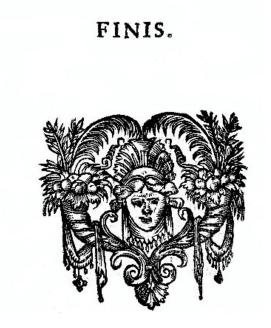
and her pathon ends the play.

ner and proue an affe.

a Piramus : I hope the will be briefe.

Thirby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

1/2 Dem. No Die, but an acc for him ; for he is but one.



wittieft partition, that ever I heard dif-Deme. It is th courfe, my Lord.

Thef. Piramus drawes neere the wall, filence, Pir.O grim lookt night, ô night with hue fo blacke, O night, which ever art, when day is not : O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke, I feare my Thisbies promife is forgot. And thou ô wall, ô fweete, ô louely wall, That flands betweene her Fathers ground and mine, Thou wall, & wall, & fweete and louely wall, Shew me thy chinke, to blink through with mine eine. Thanks courteous wall. Jose fhield thee well for this. But what fee I ? No Thisby do I fee. O wicked wall, through whom I fee no bliffe, Curft be thy ftones, for thus deceiving me. Thef. The wall me-thinks being fentible, should curfe a-

gaine.

Pir. No in truth fir, he flould not. Deceining me, Is Thisbies cue; fhe is to enter now, and I am to fpy Her through the wall. You shall fee it will fall

Pat

A Midfommer nights Dreame. Pat as I told you ; yonder the comes. Enter Thisbie. Thif. O wall, full often haft thou heard my mones, For parting my faire Piramus, and me. My cherry lips haue often kift thy ftones ; Thy ftones with lime and haire knit now againe. Pyra. I fee a voice ; now will I to the chinke, To fpy and I can heare my Thisbies face. Thisby ? Thif. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke. Fr. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace, And like Limander, am I trufty full. Thif. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill. Pir. Not Shafales to Process, was to true. This As Shafalus to Process, I to you. Pir. O kille me through the hole of this vile wall. Thif. I kiffe the wals hole, not your lips at all. Pir. Wilt thou at Ninnies toomb meete me ftraightway? Thif. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay. Wall. Thus have I Wall, my part difcharged fo; And being done, thus Wall away doth goe. Du. Now is the Moon vied betweene the two neighbors, Deme.No remedy, my Lord, when wals are fo wilfull, to heare without warning. Dutch. This is the fillieft fuffe that ere I heard, Duke. The beft in this kinde are but fhadowes, and the worft are no worfe, if imagination amend them, Dutch. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs. Dake. If wee imagine no worfe of them then they of themfelnes, they may paffe for excellent men. Heere come two noble bealls, in a man and a Lyon.

To fweepe the duft behinde the doore. Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine. Ob. Through the house give glimmering light, By the dead and drowfie fier, Every Elfe and Fairy fpright, Hop as light as bird from brier, And this Ditty after me, Sing and dance it trippingly. Tita. First rehearfe this fong by roate, To each word a warbling note. Hand in hand, with Fairy grace, Will we fing and bleffe this place. Ob.Now vntill the breake of day, Through this house, each Fairy fray. To the beft bride bed will we, Which by vs fhall bleffed be : And the mue there create, Euer fhall be fortunate: So fhall all the couples three, Euer true in louing be : And the blots of Natures hand, Shall not in their iffue ftand. Neuer mole, hare-lip, nor fearre, Nor marke prodigious, fuch as are Defpifed in natiuity, Shall ypon their children be. With this field dew confectate, Every Fairy take his gate, And each feuerall chamber bleffe, Through this Palace, with fweete peace, Euer fhall in fafety reft, And the owner of it bleft, Trip away, make no flay; Meete me all, by breake of day. Exessns: Robin. If we fhadowes have offended, Thinke but this (and all is mended) [H4]

A Midlommer nights Dreame.

A Midfommers nights Dreame.

your Epilogue alone. very notably difebarg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let would have beene a fine Tragedy : and to it is truchy, and plaid Piramus, and hang'd bunfelle in Thisbies garter, it there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had excule. Neuer excule; for when the players are all dead, Dabe. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no

In nightly Reucls, and new jollity. A forenight hold we this folemnity, The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed. This palpable groffe play hach well beguil'd As much as we this night have ouer-watcht. I feare we fhall out-fleepe the comming mome, Louers to bed, tis almost Fairy time. The non tongue of midnight hath colde twelue.

.Jansard

I amfent with broome before, Shall diffurbe this hallowed houle. Now are frollicke; not a Moule Following darkneffe like a dreame, From the prefence of the Sunne, By the triple Hecates teame, And we Fairies, that do runnne, In the Churchway paths to glide. Euery one lers forth his fpright, That the graues all gaping wide, Mow it is the time of mght. In remembrance of a fhrowd. Puts the wretch that lies in woe, Whilf the feritch-owle, feritching loud, Wow the wafted brands do glow, All with weary taske fore-done. While the heavy ploughman inores, And the Wolfe beholds the Moone; Puch. Now the hungry Lyons rores, Enter Pucke.

oI

A Midlommer mghts Dreamc.

For if I fhouid as Lyon come in firife, A Lyon fell, nor elle no Lyons damme,

Into this place, i were pirty on my life.

Dute. A very gentie beaft, and of a good confcience.

Deme. The very beft at a beaft, my Lord, that ere I faw.

LyG. This Lyon is a very Fox for his valour.

De. Not fo my Lotd. For his valour cannot carry his dif-Date. True, and a Goole for his difererion.

eretion ; and the Fex carries the goofe.

For the Goole carries not the Fox. It is well ; leaue it to his Dieg. His diferetion I am fure cannot carry his valour.

Moon. This lanchorne doch the horned Moone prefent. diferetion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Dut. He is no crefcent, and his hornes are inuitble, with. Dame. He fhould have worne the hornes on his head.

Moone. This isnchorne doch the homed Moone prefene, in the circumference.

My felfe, the man ith Moone do feeme to be.

frould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it elfe the man Dake. This is the greateft error of all the reft; the man

Dam. He dates not come there for the candle, Sonoom this

(change. For you fee, it is already in fnuffe.

yest flum ow, noleor lle me autorio ni roy and : onew orb ni si Date. It appeares by his finall light of diferetion, that hee Durch, I am weary of this Moone; would he would

Dung Sund

Moore, All that I have to fay is to tell you, that the Lan-Lyfand. Proceed Moone.

bufh, my thorne bufh, and this dog, my dog. thorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne

they are in the Moone. But filence, heere comes T buby. Dense. Why all their frould bee in the Lanthorne : for

Th. This is old Winter toomb : wher's my loue? Lyon. Oh Easter Thisby.

Dens. t H

Enter Lyon and Moone-fhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whole gentle hearts do feare The fmalleit monitrous moule that creepes on floore) May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere, When Lyon rough, in wildeft rage doth roare. Then know that I, as Snug the ioyner am

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That