


A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Against my child, my daughter *Hermit*.
Stand forth Demetrius.
 My noble Lord,
 This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth Lysander.
 And my gracious Duke,
 This man hath bewitcht the bosome of my child:
 Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her times,
 And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With fainting voice, verses of fainting love,
 And thus the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawdes, conies,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegayes, sweet meares (unhappie)
 Of strong prevaiement in unhardened youth)
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
 Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
 To stubborn harshness. And my gracious Duke,
 Be it to thee will not here before your Grace,
 Consent to marry with *Demetrius*.
 I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death, according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.
 The. What say you *Hermit*? be advis'd, faire maid,
 To you your father should be as a God;
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one,
 To whom you are but as a forme in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power,
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman,
 Her. So is *Lysander*.
 The. In himselfe he is,
 But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce,
 The other must be held the worther.

A
Midsummer nights
dreame.

As it hath beene sundry times pub-
likely acted, by the Right Honour-
able, the Lord Chamberlaine his
servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.



Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Her. I would my father look but with my eyes.
 The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement looke.
 Her. I do intreate your Grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold,
 Nor how it may concerne my modesty,
 In such a presence, here to plead my thoughts;
 But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.
 The. Either to die the death, or to abide
 For ever the society of men.
 Therefore faire *Hermit*, question your desires,
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether (if you yield not to your fathers choyce)
 You can endure the lincie of a Nunne,
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Channing faint hymnes to the cōde fruitlesse Moone.
 Thrice blest they that master their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Then that which withereth on the virgin thorne,
 Crowes, junes, and dyes, in single blessedness.
 Her. So will I grow, to live, to dye my Lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin Patience up
 Unto his Lordship, whose unwish'd yoke
 My soule confests not to give sovereignty.
 The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moone,
 The feasting day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlastingly bond of fellowship:
 Upon that day either prepare to dye,
 For disobedience to your fathers will,
 Or else to wed *Demetrius*, as he wold,
 Or on *Demetrius* Altar to protest,
 For aye, authenticity, and single life.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

There gentle *Hermit*, may I marry thee,
 And to that place, the sharpe *Athenian* law
 Cannot pursue vs. If thou louest me, then
 Steale forth thy fathers house, to morrow night.
 And in the wood, a league without the towne
 (Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
 To do obseruance to a morne of May)
 There will I stay for thee.
 Her. My good *Lysander*,
 I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bow,
 By his best arrow, with the golden head,
 By the simplicity of *Venus* Doves,
 By that which knitteth soules, and prospers love,
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
 When the false Trojan vnder sayle was scene,
 By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
 (In number more then euer women spoke)
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
 Lys. Keepe promise loue, looke here comes *Helena*.
 Enter *Helena*.
 Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?
 Hel. Call you me faire? that faire againe vsay,
Demetrius loues your faire: O happy faire!
 Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongues sweet ayre
 More tuneable then Larke to Shepheards eare,
 When wheate is greene, when hawthorne buds appeare,
 Sicknesse is catching: O verre fauour so,
 Your vwords I catch, faire *Hermit* ere I goe,
 My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melody,
 Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
 The rest Ile giue to be to you translated,
 O teach me how you looke, and vvith what art,
 You vsay the motion of *Demetrius* heart.



A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, with others.

Theseus.
Ow faire Hippolyta, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace : foure happy daies bring in
Another Moone : but oh, me-thinks, how flow
This old Moone wanes : She lingers my desires
Like to a step-dam, or a Dowager,
Long withering oue a young mans reuenew.
Hippolyta, foure daies will quickly decaye away the time :
Foure daies will quickly decaye away the time :
And then the Moone, like to a flut bow,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

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A Midsummer nights Dreame.
Dem. R. I lent sweete Hermia, and Lysander, yeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lys. You haue her Fathers loue, Demetrius :
Let me haue Hermia : do you marry him.
Egeus. So cornell Lysander, thus, he hath my Loue ;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do cede vnto Demetrius.
Lysan. I am my Lord, as well deriud as hee,
As well possesse : my loue is more then his :
My fortunes currey way as fairly rancke
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius :
And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
I am belou'd of beaustious Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right ?
Demetrius, hee toucheth to his head,
Made loue to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her loue : and she (sweete Lady) does,
Deuoutly does, does in idolatry,
Vpon this spored and inconstant man.
Thee, I must coufesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with Demetrius, though he to haue spokt thee so ;
But being ouerfull of felicitie-affaires,
My minde did lofe it. But Demetrius come,
And come Egeus, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you faire Hermia, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your fathers will ;
Or else the Law of Athens yelds you vp
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my Hippolyta ; what cheere my loue ?
Demetrius and Egeus goe along :
I must introy you in some busshelle
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

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likely acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his
seruants. VVritten by VVilliam Shakespeare. [London] : Printed by
Iames Roberts [i.e. William Jaggard for T. Pavier], 1600 [i.e. 1619]
Signatures: A-H4.
This playbook bears a false date and imprint on its title page. An
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The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,
And Crows are fatt'd with the murrion flocks,
The nine mens Morris is fill'd vp with mud,
And the quaint Mazes in the wanton Greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortalls want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or carroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aere;
That Rheumaticke diseases do abound.
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoard headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweete Sommer buds
Is as in mockery set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of evils,
Comes from our debate, from our dissention,
We are their parents and originall.
Oberon. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,
Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little chaneling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buies not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votresse of my order,
And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath she gossip't by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh't to see the failes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde.

Which

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Her. If frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still,
Hel. O that your frowns wold teach my smiles such skil
Her. I giue him curfes, yet he giues me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affection moue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, *Helena* is none or mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine.
Her. Take comfort: he no more fhall fee my face,
Lyfander and my felfe will fly this place.
 Before the time I did *Lyfander* fee,
 Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradiſe to me.
 O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell,

Lyf. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phaëbe* doth behold
Her filuer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time, that louers flights doth still conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuised to steale.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Pimrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,
There my *Lyfander*, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions.
Farwell sweete play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyfander* we must starue our sight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exis Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. *Exit Lys.*
Hel. How happy some, ore other some can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.

B

But

A Midsummer night's Dreame.

Tom Snore, the Tinker.
Snore, Here *Peter Quince*,
Quince, You, *Pyramus* father ; my selfe, *Thisbe* father ;
Snore the Loynere, you the Lyons part ; and I hope here is
a play fitted.
Singe, Have you the Lyons part written ? play you if it
be, give it me, for I am lowe of hudy.
Quince, You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but
roaring.
Bot, Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will
do any mans heart good to heare me, I will roare, that I
will make the Duke lay, Let him roare again, let him roare
again.
Quince, If you should do it too terribly, you would fright
the Duchesse and the Ladies, that they would shrink, and
that were enough to hang vs all.
All, That would hang vs cerry mothers sonne.
Bot, I grant you friends, if you should fright the Ladies
out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion but
to hang vs ; but I will aggrauate my voyce so, that I will
roare you as gently as any sucking Dowe ; I will roare you
and t'were any Nighdgale.
Quince, You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is
a sweet fac'd man, a proper man as one shal see in a formers
day ; a most touely gentlemanlike man, therefore you must
needs play *Pyramus*.
Bot, Well, I will vnderstande it. What beard were I best to
play it in ?
Quince, Why, what you will.
Bot, I will discharge it, in cyther your Araw-colour beard,
your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or
your french crowne colour beard, your perill yellow.
Quince, Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all ;
and then you will play bare fac'd. But matters here are
your parts, and I am to censure you, request you, and desire
you,

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* spherie eyne?
But who is here, *Lysander* on the ground?
Dead or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake.
Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparant *Helena*, nature shewes arte,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!
Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you; then be content.
Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauin for a Doue:
The will of man is by his reason swa'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;
So I being young, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.

Oh,

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And for her sake do I reare vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.
Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Queen. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light reuels, go with vs;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.
Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Qu. Not for thy Fairie Kingdome, Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*
Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembrest
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Sphaeres,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.
Puc. I remember.
Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst 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-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beames of the wary Moone;
And the imperiall Vortresse passed on,

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In

More

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
Makes speed to catch the Tyger, boodieffe specke,
When cowardly putties, and valor flies.
Dum. I will not stay thy questions, let me go!
Or if thou follow me, do not belecue,
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
Hel. In the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me mischief. Flye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do set a scardall on my sex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
It follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dye vpon the hand I loue so well.
Ob. Fare thee well *Nymph*, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt flye him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Halt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.
Enter Puck.
Puc. I, where it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips and the nodding Violet grows,
Quite ouercanopied with iustious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There lies the flowers, with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameld skine,
Wced wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this, she freeze her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue;
A sweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a disdainfull youth: anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proue

Pard,

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
More found on her, then the upon her loue;
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crow.
Exeunt.
Pu. Fare not my I ord, your seruant shall do so.
Enter Queen of Fairies, with her traine.
Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minure hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some to warte with Reremiss, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Blaes coases, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our quiet spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.
Fairies sing.
For spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogs be not gone,
Nor blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not nere our Fairy quene.
Philomel with melody.
Sing in our sweete Lindey,
Lynke, linke, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Ner her harpe, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye.
So good nig, hit with Lindey.
I. Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not nere,
Hence your long legd Spindlers, hence;
Beeles blacke approch not nere;
Wormes nor Snayls do no offence.
Philomel with melody, &c.
2. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One also, stand Centinell.
Enter Oberon.
Ob. What thou feelst when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Cate, or Beare,

C 3

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
Dem. I shall have no power to follow you.
Hel. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Dem. Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
 Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more;
 I am your spawle, and *Demetrius*,
 The more you beate me, I will fawne on you.
 Vile me but as your spawle; spurne me, strike me,
 Neglect me, looke me; onely giue me leaue
 (Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
 What worser place can I beg in your loue,
 (And yet a place of high respect with me)
 Then to be vild as you vild your dog.
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
 For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.
Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
 To leaue the City, and commit your selfe
 Into the hands of one that loues you not;
 To trauell the opportunity of night,
 And the ill counsel of a desert place,
 With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your vertue is my prillidge: for that
 It is not night when I do see your face.
 Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
 Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
 For you in my respect are all the world.
 Then how can it be said I am alone,
 When all the world is here to looke on me?
Dem. I run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
 And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde Beasts.
Hel. The wilde beast hath not such a heart as you;
 Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
 The Dunc pursues the Critter, the milde Hinde
 Apollo bites, and *Daphne* holds the chafe;

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
 Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
 In thy eye that shall appeare,
 When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
 Wake when some vile thing is nerec.
Enter Lysander and Hermia.
Lys. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in the woods,
 And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
 Wee'l rest vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it for *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
 For I vpon this banke will rest my head.
Lys. One curtse shall serue as pillow for vs both,
 One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.
Her. Nay good *Lysander* for my sake my deare
 Lie further off yet, do not lie so nerec.
Lys. O take the fence I sweere of my innocencie,
 I meane that my heart weare into yours is knite,
 So that but one heart we can make of it,
 Two bosomes interchained with an oath,
 So then two bosomes, and a single troth,
 Then by your side, no bed-roomme me deny.
 For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lye.
Her. *Lysander* tiddles very prettily;
 Now much beliew my manners and my pride,
 If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
 But gentle friend, for loue and courtisie
 Lie further off, in humane modesty,
 Such separation, as may well be said,
 Becomes a vertuous bachelor and a maide,
 So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
 Thy loue nere alter till thy sweete life end.
Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
 And then end life, when I end loyalty:
 Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.
 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fel.
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower;
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
 And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
 The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laide,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou here againe,
 Ere the *Lemnathan* can swim a league.
Pu. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes,
Oberon. Having once this iuyce,
 Ile watch *Titania*, whence she is asleepe,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she waking lookes vpon,
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
 On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
 She shall pursue it, with the foule of loue.
 And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
 (As I can take it with another hearbe)
 Ile make her render vp her Page to me,
 But who comes heere? I am inuisible,
 And I will ouer-heare their conference.
Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.
Dem. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,
 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?
 The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
 Thou toldst me they were stolne vnto this wood;
 And here am I, and wood within this wood,
 Because I 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 Steele. Leaua you your power to draw,

And

A Midsummers nights Dreame.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone,
 But *Athenian* finde I none,
 On whose eies I might approue
 This flowers force in stirring loue.
 Night and silence: who is heere?
 VVeedes of *Athen* he doth weare:
 This is he (my master said)
 Despis'd the *Athenian* maide:
 And heere the maiden sleeping found,
 On the danke and dirty ground.
 Pretty soule, she durst not lye
 Nere this lack-loue, this kill-curtesia
 Chuse, vpon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charme doth owe:
 VVhen thou wak'st, let loue forbid
 Sleepe his seate, on thy eye-lid.
 So awake when I am gone:
 For I must now to *Oberon*.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.
Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chase,
 The more my praier, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is *Hermia*, where soere she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Nor with fakte teares.
 If so, my eies are oftner washt then hers.
 No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
 For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
 Therefore no manuaile, though *Demetrius*
 Do as a monster, flie my preface thus.

What

Enter four Fairies.
First-fairy. *Bottom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.*
 I have thee like an airy spirit go,
 And I will purg thee mortal grievance to,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe,
 And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
 The gins the Fairies to attend on thee;
 And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
 The Sommer still doth tend upon my fate,
 I am a spirit of no common rate;
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no,
Tit. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
 Of this wood, I have enough to let me mine owne turne,
Bot. Not for neither; but if I had wit enough to get out,
Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful,
 I can gleeke upon occasion,
 Some honest neighbours will not make them friends, Nay
 For that; and yet to lay the truth, reason and love keepe lit-
Bot. Me-thinks with little reason, you should have little reason
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me,
 So is mine eye entrall'd to thy shape,
 On the first view to lay, to sweare I love thee,
 Mine care is much enamored of thy nose;
Tit. I pray thee gentle mortal, sing againe,
 Uer to?
 Who would giue a bird the life, though he cry Cuckow, ue-
 For indeed, who would let his wit to fooleth a bird?
 And dares not answer, nay,
 Whole nose full many a man doth make,
 The plain-song Cuckow gray;
Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?
 The Wren with little quill,
 The Thrush, with his note so true,
 A Midsummer nights Dreame.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lou'd an asse.
Ob. This fallies out better then I could deuise:
 But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
 With the loue iuyce, as I did bid thee do?
Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)
 And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
 That when he wak't, of force she must be cyde.
Enter Demetrius and Hermia.
Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Deme. O why rebuke you him that loues you so?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse,
 For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,
 If thou hast slaine *Lyfander* in his sleepe, (to)
 Being ore shoos in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me
 The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
 As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,
 From sleeping *Hermia*? He belecue as soone
 This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
 May through the Center creepe, and so displease
 Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
 It cannot be but thou hast murdered him,
 So should a murderer looke, so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murdered looke, & so should I,
 Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:
 Yet you the murderer looke as bright, as cleare,
 As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.
Her. VVhat's this to my *Lyfander*? where is he?
 Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?
Dem. Ide rather giue his carkasse to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre, thou driu'st me past the bonds
 Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
 Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh,

With Orange lawny bill,
 The wofull cocke, to blacke of heu,
 Will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.
 do what they can, I will walke vp and downe heere, and I
 frigh me if they could; but I will not stir from this place,
Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an asse of me, to
 Ene.
Per. Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated.
Enter Peter quince.
 Do you?
Bot. What do you see? you see an asse head of your owne.
Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I see on thee?
Enter Snout.
 to make me afraid.
Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them
 Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at euery turne. *Ene.*
 And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
 A hogge, a headlike beare, sometime a fire,
 Sometime a horse, sometime a hound,
 Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through
Rob. He follow you, he leade you about a Round,
 Here flye masters, helpe.
Per. O monstrous, O strange. We are haunted; pray ma-
Per. If I were faire, *Thy* I were onely thing.
Thy. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre.
 uer tyre.
 at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is ne-
 yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speake all your part
Per. *Pyramus* toombe man: why you must not speake that
 He meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Nimble* toombe.
 As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,
 Most brisky *Imenall*, and eke most louely *Iew*,
 Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Thy. Most radiant *Pyramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
 but to see a noyle that he heard, and is to come againe.
Per. I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he goes
 A Midsummer nights Dreame.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Oh, that a Lady of one man refvs'd,
 Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*
Lyf. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia*, sleepe thou there,
 And neuer maist thou come *Lyfander* neere;
 For as a surfet of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings;
 Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
 Are hated most of those they did deceiue:
 So thou, my surfet, and my heresie,
 Of all be hated; but the most of me;
 And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
 To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe me *Lyfander*, helpe me; do thy best
 To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
 Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lyfander looke, how I do quake with feare:
 Me-thought a serpent cate my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruell prey,
Lyfander, what remou'd? *Lyfander*, Lord,
 What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
 Alacke where are you? Speake and if you heare;
 Speake of all loues; I swound almost with feare.
 No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
 Eytter death or you ile finde immediately. *Exit.*
Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Par, par, and heres a maruailous conuenient place
 for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this
 hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will doe it in ac-
 tion, as we will do it before the Duke.
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*?
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and
Thy, that will neuer please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a
 sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladyes cannot abide.
 D How

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

How answer you that ?

Snott. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

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

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

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

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

Sister. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lyon?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Br. Masters, you ought to confider with your felfe, to bring in (God fhield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, 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,

Snow. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons necke, and hee himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same effect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would request 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 pitty of my life. No, I am no such thing. I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Sung* the ioyner.

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

57. Doth the Moone shine that night we play our play?
Bot.

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.

Enter King of Fairies, and Robin good-fellow.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't ;

Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremity,
Here comes my messenger : how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted groue ?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love,

Neere to her close and consecrated bower,

While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,

A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,

That worke for bread, ypon *Athenian* Stalles,

Were met together to rehearse a play,
I would have sworn *The Guernsey* all day.

Intended for great *Theseus* nuptial day:
The bellows (thick skin of char-burnt goat)

The thallosest thick-skin of that barren land
Who *Bismarck* presented in their sport

Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene and entred in a brake.

When I did him at this advantage take.

An Asses nole I fixed on his head,

Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered,

And forth my Minnock comes : when they hid

As wilde geefe, that the creeping Fowle

Or ruffed pated choughes, many in sort

(Rising and cawing at the guns report)

Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the sky :

So at his fight, away his fellowes flye,
And leave our flame here, and our one fellow

And at our flampe, here ore and ore one fallies
He murder, cruies and helpe from *them* calls

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls,
Their sense thus wake, lest with their fears thus strong

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.

For briars and thornes at their apparrell snatch,

Some fleeces, some hats, from weelders all things catch,

I led them on in this distracted feare,

[D4]

When

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently. Exit.
Enter King of Fairies, and Robin good-fellow.
Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't ;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremity,
Here comes my messenger : how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted groue ?
Puck. My mistresse with a monster is in loue,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* stalles,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day :
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Asses nole I fixed on his head,
Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered,
And forth my Minnock comes : when they him spy,
As wilde geefe, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruffed parred choughes, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the sky :
So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fallies ;
He murther cryes, and helpe from *Athens* calls,
Their sense thus weake, lost with their feares thus strong,
Made senselesse things ; begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some fleeces, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted feare,
And left sweete *Piramus* translated there :

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
 Have with our needles, created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
 Had bin incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition;
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stemme,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first life coasts in Heraldy,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To loyne with men in scorn, your poore friend?
 It is not friendly, tis not mildly;
 Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone do feele the injury.
Her. I am amazed at your words,
 I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.
Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
 And made your other Love, *Demetrius*
 (Who euen but now did spurne me with his foot)
 To call me goodly, nimph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Deny your love (so rich within his loue)
 And tender me (for looth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
 (But miserable most, to loue vnloved)
 This you should pity, rather then despise.
Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this.
Hel. I do, perforce, counterfeite sad looks,
 Make moues vpon me when I turne my backe,

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
 And now to *Helena* it is home return'd,
 There to remaine.
Lys. It is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
 I cast to thy perill thou abide it deare,
 Looke where thy Love comes yonder is thy deare.
Enter Hermia.
Her. Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,
 The care more quick of apprehension makes,
 Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
 It pates the hearing double recompence.
 Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
 Mine care (I thank it) brought me to thy sound.
 But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me to?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go?
Her. What loue could presse *Lysander* from my side?
Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
 Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
 Then all you fiery oes, and eyes of light.
 Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
 The hare I bare thee, made me leaue thee to?
Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Locust, she is one of this confederacy,
 Now I perceive, they haue contriued all three,
 To rashion this false sport, in spite of me,
 Inurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maide,
 Haue you contriued, haue you with this contriud
 To bait me, with this foule derision?
 Is all the counsell that we two haue that,
 The sisters vowes, the bondes that we haue spent,
 When we haue chid the hasty footed time,
 For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
 All schoole-dates friendship, child-hood innocence?
 We *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

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

Her. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
 I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
 Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,
 Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
 I told him of your stealth vnto this wood,
 He followed you, for loue I followed him,
 But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
 To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me to;
 And now, so you will let me quiet goe,
 To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
 And follow you no further. Let me go,
 You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leaue heere behinde.

Her. VVhat, with *Lysander*?

Hel. VVith *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No fir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when shee's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
 She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
 And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
 VVhy will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
 You *minimus*, of hindring knor grasse made,
 You beed, you acome.

Dem. You are too officious,
 In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.
 Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,

Take

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,
 Durst thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake?
 And hast thou kild him sleeping? O braue tutch:
 Could not a worrne, an Adder do so much?
 An Adder did it. For with doubler tongue
 Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispriz'd mood,
 I am not guilty of *Lysanders* blood:
 Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then, that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see me more,
 And from thy hated presence part I, see me no more,
 Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
 Heere therefore for a while I will remaine.

So sorrowes heaviness doth heavier grow,
 For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
 Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
 If for his tender heere I make some stay. *Lie downe.*

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,
 And side the loue iuyce on some true louses sight:
 Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
 Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
 A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
 And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.

All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
 With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare.

By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
 He charme his eyes, against she do appeare.

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

Ob. Flower of this purple die,

E

Hit

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
Lyf. Demetrius loues her, and he loues not you.
Dem. O *Helena*, goddede, nimph, perfect, diuine,
 To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eie?
 Chittall is muddy, O how ripe in flowe,
 Thy lips, whole kissing cherries, corrupting grow!
 That pure congealed white, high *Tamora* know,
 Fand with the Battering wind, curnes to a crow,
 When thou holdst vp thy hand, O let me kisse
 This Princesse of pure white, this scale of blisse.
Hel. O spight! O hell! I see you all are bent
 To set against me, for your meriment.
 If you were chull, and knew curtheie,
 You would not do me thus much injury.
 Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
 But you must toyne in foules to mocke me too?
 If you were men, as men you are in thow,
 You would not vie a gentle Lady to;
 To vow, and sweare, and supperate my parts,
 When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
 You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
 And now both Riuals, to mocke *Helena*.
 A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
 To conuince teares vp in a poore maidens eyes,
 With your derision, none of noble sort,
 Would to offend a virgin, and extort
 A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.
Lyfan. You are unkinde *Demetrius*; be not so.
 For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
 And heere with all good will, with all my heart,
 In *Hermia* loue I yeld you vp my part;
 And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
 Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.
Dem. *Lyfander*, keepe thy *Hermia*, I will none:
 Here I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Hit with *Cupids* archery,
 Sinke in apple of his eye,
 When his loue he doth espy,
 Let her shine as gloriously
 As the *Venus* of the sky.
 When thou wak'st, if she be by,
 Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

*Puc.*g, Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
 And the youth, mistooke by me,
 Pleading for a Louers fee,
 Shall we their fond Pageant see?
 Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
 Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

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

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lyf. Why should you think that I should wooe in scorn?
 Scorne and derision neuer come in teares:
 Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
 In their natiuity all truth appeares.
 How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
 Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

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

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

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

Lyf.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
 Wlike each another, hold the sweete least vp:
 This sport well carried, shall be chronickd.
 If you haue any pity, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument.
 But faryewell, tis partly mine owne fault,
 VVhich death or absence sooner shall remedy.
Lyf. Stay gentle *Helena*, heere my excuse,
 My loue, my life, my loue, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not become her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyf. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.
 Thy threats haue no more strength then her weakke prayer.
Helena. I loue thee, by my life I doe;
 I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,
 To proue him false, that failes I loue thee not.
Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyf. If thou say so, with-draw and proue it to.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. *Lyfander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyf. Away, you *Erisiope*.
Dem. No, no, hee I seeme to breake loose;
 Take on as you would follow.
 But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyf. Hang off thou cat, thou but; vile thing let loose,
 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. VVhy are you growne so rude?
 VVhat change is this, sweete Loue?
Lyf. Thy loue? our raway *Tartarus*, our;
 Our loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.
Her. Do you not least?
Hel. Yes looth, and so do you.
Lyf. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee,
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue,
 A weak bond holds you; He not trust your word.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Lyf. VVhat, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
 Although I hate her, He not harme her so.

Her. VVhat? can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate 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 since night you left me.

VVhy then you left me (O the gods forbid)

In earnest, shall I say?

Lyf. I, by my life;

And neuer did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certaine; nothing truer; tis no least,

That I do hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

Her. O me, you iuggler, you canker blossome,

You theefe of loue; what, haue you come by night,

And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine faith.

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? VVhat, will you teare

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfet, you puppet, you.

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

Now I perceiue that she hath made compare

Betweene our statues, she hath vrg'd her height,

And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height (forsooth) she hath preuaild with him.

And are you growne so high in his esteeme,

Because I am so dwarfish and so low?

How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:

I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse:

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musically a discord, such sweete thunder.
Thef. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Bells,
Slow in pursuite, but match in mouth like bells,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunesable
Was neuer hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?
Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.
The. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choise?
Egeus. It is, my Lord.
The. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their horne
Shout within, they all start vp. Winde hornes.
Thef. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my Lord.
Thef. I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are Riual enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from ielousie,

To

A Midfommer nights Dreame.

Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,
Thou shalt abie it.

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

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

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

Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Not longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

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

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaueries wilfully.

Puck. Belceue me, King of shaddowes, I mistooke.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eyes,
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Louers seek a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,
The starry Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And leade these tefty Riuals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden ledgs, and Barry wings doth creepe;

F

Then

A Midwinter night's Dream.
 And thy hours, shine comforts from the east,
 That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
 From whence that my poore company deeth;
 And sleepe that sometimes thus vs forrowes eie,
 Scale me a while from milne owne company.
Kob. Yet but three? Come one more,
 Two of both kinde makes vp foure.
 ere the comes, curt and tad,
Pyrid is a knauiſh lad,
 Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer to weary, neuer to in woe,
 edabbl'd with the dew, and torne with briars,
 can no further cra wale, no further goe;
 My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
 I tell me till the break of day,
 deaues this *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.
Kob. On the ground sleepe found,
 le apply your eye gentle loue, remedy.
 When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
 True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eie,
 And the Country Troubles knowe,
 That euery man should take his owne,
 In your waking shall be shoue.
Lacke shall haue *Lil*, though I shall go ill.
 The man shall haue his *Mare* againe, and all shall be well.
Enter *Q*ueene of *F*airies, and *C*lowne, and *E*unies, and the
King binds them.
Tia. Come fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
 While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,
 And flicke muske roles in thy sleeke smother head,
 And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle toy.
(To the) *Where's Pease-blossome?*
Pea. Ready.
*C*lowne. Search my head, *Pease-blossome*. *Where's* *Moun-*
tier Cobweb?
Cob. Ready.
*C*lowne.

A Midlommers nights Dreame.

Cla. Mountheur *Cobweb*, good Mountheur get your wea-
pons in your hand, and kill me a red hipr humble-bee, on
the top of a thistle; and good Mountheur bring me the ho-
ny bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action,
Mountheur; and good Mountheur have a care the honny bag
break not, I would be loth to haue you ouerthrowne with a
honny-bag signour. Wheres Mountheur *Cobweb*?

Ma. Ready.

Cla. Giue me your weake, Mountheur *Ma.* *Ma.* *Ma.*

Pray you leaue your courtesie, good Mountheur.

Ma. What's your will?

Cla. Nothing good Mountheur, but to helpe Canalerie
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mountheur, for
me-thinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender ass, if my haire do but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Ma. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet
loue?

Cla. I haue a reasonable good care in my backe, I let vs
heare the congs and the bones.

Ma. O, say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to care.

Cla. Truly a pecke of prouender, I could mounch your
good dry Oares. Me-thinks I haue a great desire to a bot-
tle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Ma. I haue a venturous Fairy,

That shall seek the squirrels hoard,

And fetch thee new Nuts.

Cla. I had rather haue a handfull of two of dried peale.
But I pray you let none of your people hit me, I haue an ex-
position of sleepe come vpon me.

Ma. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Fairies be gone, and be all waies away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honny-suckle,
Gently entwine; the female Iuy to
Baring the bary fingers of the Elme.

F 3

3 4

E1

Tita.

Ob, There lies your loue.
Me-thought I was enamored of an Alike.
Tita. My Oberon, what wilions haue I scene!
Now my Titania wake you, my sweete Queene.
Hath such force and blessed power,
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
See as thou wast wont to see,
Be as thou wast wont to be;
But first I will releeue thee of a dreame.
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame,
And thinke no more of this night's accidents,
May all to Athens backe againe repair,
That hee awaking when the other do,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;
And gentle Puck, take this transformed shape,
This barefull imperfection of her eies.
And now I haue the boy, I will vnder
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
Which straight the gaue me, and her Fairy sent
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
And she in milde tearmes begd my patience,
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
Stood now within the pretty flowres eies,
Was wont to dwell like round & orient pearles;
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,
For shee his hary temples then had rounded,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Her dorage now I do begin to pitty.
Ob, Welcome good Robin: I see thou this sweet fight?
Enter Robin good fellow.
O how I loue thee! how I doe on thee!

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Abace

F 2

Hel, O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Enter Helena.
By daies approach looke to be visited,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
Now goe thy way: faine would I comfaine thee,
If euer I thy face by day-light see.
De, Nay then thou mockst me; thou shalt buy this deare,
Rob, Come hither, I am here.
Where art thou?
And dar'st thou stand, not looke me in the face,
Thou runst before me, hitting euery place,
Deme, Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Rob, Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?
Robin and Demetrius.
The hinde Demetrius and reuenge this fight.
For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
And here will rest me, Come thou gentle day:
That fallen am I in dark vntoward way,
I followed fast, but faster be did hee;
The villaine is much lighter heeld then I;
When I come where he calles, then hee's gone.
Ly, He goes before me, and still dares me on,
Rob, Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here, Exeunt.
Deme, Yes, art thou there?
That draws a sword on thee,
He whip thee with a rod. He is deild
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for warres,
Rob, Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Speake in some bush, where dost thou hide thy head?
Thou runnaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Deme, Lyander, speake againe;
Enter Demetrius.
Rob, Follow me then to plainer ground.
Ly, I will be with thee straight.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Then crush this hearbe into Lyanders eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie bals rolle with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
And backe to Athens shall the Louers wend
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee apply,
He to my Queene, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eie release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck, My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Amors harbinger;
At whose approach, Ghosts wandring heere and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in cross waies and foulds haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselues exile from light,
And must for aie comfort with blacke browd night.
Ob, But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Easterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune, with faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
But notwithstanding haste, make no delay,
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.
Puck, Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp
& downe: I am seard in field and towne, Goblin, lead them
vp and downe: here comes one. Enter Lyander.
Ly, Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speake thou now.
Rob, Here villaine, drawne and ready. Where art thou?
Lyf.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eies doth loathe this visage now!
Ob, Silence a while. Robin take of this head;
Titania, musicke call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.
Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.
Rob, When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies peep.
Ob, Sound musick; come my Queene, take hands with me
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke Thebes house triumphantly,
And blesse it to all faire posterity.
There shall the paires of faitfull Louers be
VVedded, with Thebes, all in iollity.
Rob, Fairy King, attend and marke,
I do heare the morning Lark.
Ob, Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the Nights shade;
VVe the Globe can compass soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,
VVith these mortals on the ground. Exeunt.
Enter Thebes and all his traine. wind hornes.
Thef, Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our obseruation is perform'd;
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds,
Vncouple in the VVesterne valley, let them go;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
VVe will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top,
And marke the musickall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

That And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
And gives to airy nothing, a local habitation,
Unknown; the Poets pen turns them to shapes,
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things,
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
The Poets eie in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
Sees *Helen* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*,
That is the mad man, The Lover, all as franticke,
One sees more diuels then walle hell can hold;
Are of imagination all compact.
The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet,
Then cool reason euer comprehends,
Such shap'ing phantasies, that apprehend more
Lovers and mad men have such feeding braines,
Thee antick fables, nor the Fairy coies,
The More strange then true, I neuer may beleue
Hip. 'Tis strange my *Thesius*, that these lovers speake of.
Enter Thesius, Hippolitus, and Philostrate.
words: away, go away.
but to heare them say, it is a sweete Comedy. No more
like; for we are to vnder sweete breath, and I do not doubt
clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Gar-
Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions
Thyby haue cleane humen: and let not him that plates the
the short and the long is, our play is preferd. In any case let
pretendy at the Palace, queene man look ore his part: for
things to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete
the Duke hath din'd. Get your apparell together, good
Bar. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you is, that
Queen. Let vs heare, sweete *Bosome*.
you euer thing right as it fell out.
not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenians*, I will tel
Bar. Matters, I am to discourse wonders; but aske mee
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

That Enter *Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.*
Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine,
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauctious Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man with lyme and roughcast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:
And through wals chinke (poore foules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne
To meete at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beast (which *Lyon* hight by name)
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, sweete youth and tall,
And findes his trusty *Thisby's* Mantle staine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely broacht his boiling bloody breast,
And *Thisby*, carrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they do remaine.

Thes.

A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand vpon points.
Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colc: hee
knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not e-
nough to speake, but to speake true.
Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a childe
on a Recorder, a sound, but not in gouernment.
Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine; nothing im-
paired, but all difordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.
Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine,
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This beauctious Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
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Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they do remaine.

Thes.

A Midsummer nights Dream e.

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.
Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came here.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I do bethinke me, so it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.
Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue stolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.
Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire *Helen*, in fancy followed me,
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)
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 obiect and the pleasure of mine eie,
Is onely *Helen*. To her, my Lord,
Was I bethroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a sicknesse, did I loathe this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now do I wish it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
Thes. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse, we will heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will;
G For

Enter Bottoms.

Enter King the Towner.

and twelve voices.

man in Athens.

...able to differentiate *Proctos* but he

Thief he com

2. What is the purpose of the book?

References

A Midlormer night Dream.

Come *Hippolyta*.

Exit.

Hel. So me-thinks :

Dem. Are you sure

Her, Yea, and my Father.

Dem. Why then we are awake ; let's follo

Exit.

was.

To do you service.

Extremely itreter, and cond with cruel paine,

Thes. And we will hear it.

Which never labored in their minds till now;

But more merry teases the passion of loud laughter

Therein doth kill himselfe, Which when I saw

Which makes it tedious for in all the play,

Philo. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,

Merry and fragrant? I edious and drete? That is not Ice,

Not joining with a nuptial ceremony.

I he thirce three Mules, mounting for the death

I eating the *l'oraison* finger, in their rage?

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :

Where I have come, great Clearkes have purposed

Make periods in the midst of sentences.

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweets,

And in the modesty of fearfull duty,

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Duke. Let him approach.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

that is the true beginning of our end.

“We do not come, as minding to content you,

Ve are not heere. That you should here repe

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Midfommer nights Dreame.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes. *Enter Thisbie.*
This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
 For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
 My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;
 Thy stones with lime and haire knit now againe.
Pyr. I see a voice; now will I to the chinke,
 To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*
This. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.
Pyr. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Leouers grace,
 And like *Limander*, am I trusty still.
This. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.
Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.
This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Pyr. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.
This. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou at *Nimies* toomb meete me straightway?
This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part discharged so;
 And being done, thus *Wall* away doth goe.
Du. Now is the Moon vsed betweene the two neighbors.
Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to
 heare without warning.
Duch. This is the silliest stufte that ere I heard.
Duke. The best in this kinde are but shadowes, and the
 worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Duch. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
Duke. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of them-
 selues, they may passe for excellent men. Heere come two
 noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.
Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.
Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare
 The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floor)
 May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
 When Lyon rough, in wildest rage doth roare.
 Then know that I, as *Sung* the ioyner am

A

A Midfommers nights Dreame.

To sweepe the dust behind the doore.
Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.
Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowlie fier,
 Euery Elf and Fairy spright,
 Hop as light as bird from brier,
 And this Ditty after me, Sing and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
 To each word a warbling note.
 Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
 Will we sing and blesse this place.
Ob. Now vntill the breake of day,
 Through this house, each Fairy stray.
 To the best bride-bed will we,
 Which by vs shall blessed be:
 And the issue there create,
 Euer shall be fortunate:
 So shall all the couples three,
 Euer true in louing be:
 And the blots of Natures hand,
 Shall not in their issue stand.
 Neuer mole, hare-lip, nor scarre,
 Nor marke prodigious, such as are
 Despised in natiuity,
 Shall vpon their children be.
 With this field dew consecrate,
 Euery Fairy take his gate,
 And each severall chamber blesse,
 Through this Palace, with sweete peace,
 Euer shall in safety rest,
 And the owner of it blest,
 Trip away, make no stay;
 Meete me all, by breake of day.

Exeunt

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
 Thinke but this (and all is mended)

Excerpt:

That

[H4]

01

A Midlommer nightes Dreame.

Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had plaid *Pyramus*, and hang'd himselfe in *Thibet* garter, it would haue bene a fine Tragedy: and so it is truly, and very notably disharted. But come, your Burgomaskes; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Touers to bed, tis almost Faires time.
I feare we shall out-leepe the cunning morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gace of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly Reuels, and new solity.

Enter Puck.
Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilst the heauy sloughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-dome.
Now the watted brands do glow,
Whilst the scotch-owle, scutching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues all gaping wide,
Each one lets forth his fright,
And we Haies, that do runne,
By the upple *Hecates* teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkell like a dreame,
Now are trolicke; not a Moule
Shall disturbe this halowd houle.
I am sent with broome before,