

# A Midsummer Night's Dream

## ACT I

### SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants*

#### THESEUS

Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour  
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in  
Another moon; but O, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man revenue.

#### HIPPOLYTA

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;  
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;  
And then the moon, like to a silver bow  
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

#### THESEUS

Go, Philostrate,  
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,  
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals:  
The pale companion is not for our pomp. *Exit PHILOSTRATE*

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,  
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;  
But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

*Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS*

#### EGEUS

Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

#### THESEUS

Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

## **EGEUS**

Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.  
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,  
This man hath my consent to marry her.  
Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,  
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung  
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,  
...With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,  
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)  
To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke,  
Be it so she 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.

## **THESEUS**

What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.  
To you your father should be as a god;  
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power,  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.  
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

## **HERMIA**

So is Lysander.  
...I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

## **THESEUS**

Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

**HERMIA**

...I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

**THESEUS**

Either to die the death or to abjure  
Forever the society of men.  
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
Whether ( if you yield not to your father's choice)  
You can endure the livery of a nun,  
...Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn  
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

**HERMIA**

So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,  
Ere I will my virgin patent up  
Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

**THESEUS**

Take time to pause, and, by the next new moon--  
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,  
...Upon that day either prepare to die  
...Or else to wed Demetrius,  
Or on Diana's altar to protest  
For aye austerity and single life.

**DEMETRIUS**

Relent, sweet Hermia, and, Lysander, yield  
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

**LYSANDER**

You have her father's love, Demetrius,  
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

**EGEUS**

Scornful Lysander, true, he hath my love;  
And what is mine, my love shall render him.  
And she is mine, and all my right of her  
I do estate unto Demetrius.

**LYSANDER**

I am, my lord, as well derived as he,  
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;  
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd.  
...And, (which is more than all these boasts can be)  
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.  
Why should not I then prosecute my right?  
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

**THESEUS**

I must confess that I have heard so much,  
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;  
But, being over-full of self-affairs,  
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come,  
And come, Egeus, you shall go with me;  
I have some private schooling for you both.  
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself  
To fit your fancies to your father's will;  
Or else the law of Athens yields you up  
(Which by no means we may extenuate)  
To death, or to a vow of single life. *Exit Hermia*  
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?  
Demetrius and Egeus, go along.

*Exeunt all but LYSANDER Lysander takes the audience in search of Hermia and finding her continues...*

**LYSANDER**

How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?  
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

**HERMIA**

Belike for want of rain; which I could well  
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

**LYSANDER**

Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But, either it was different in blood--

**HERMIA**

O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.

**LYSANDER**

Or else misgraffed in respect of years--

**HERMIA**

O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.

**LYSANDER**

Or else it stood upon the choice of friends--

**HERMIA**

O hell, to choose love by another's eyes!

**LYSANDER**

Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

**HERMIA**

...Then let us teach our trial patience;  
Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs...

**LYSANDER**

...Hear me, Hermia.  
I have a widow aunt, a dowager,  
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.  
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;  
And she respects me as her only son.  
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;  
And to that place the sharp Athenian law  
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me, then  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;  
And in the wood, a league without the town,  
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May),  
There will I stay for thee.

**HERMIA**

My good Lysander,  
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,  
...By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke,  
In that same place thou hast appointed me  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

**LYSANDER**

Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter HELENA*

**HERMIA**

God speed fair Helena! whither away?

**HELENA**

Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.  
Demetrius loves your fair, O happy fair!  
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air  
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,  
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.  
...O, teach me how you look, and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

**HERMIA**

I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

**HELENA**

O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

**HERMIA**

I give him curses; yet he gives me love.

**HELENA**

O that my prayers could such affection move!

**HERMIA**

The more I hate, the more he follows me.

**HELENA**

The more I love, the more he hateth me.

**HERMIA**

His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

**HELENA**

None but your beauty; would that fault were mine!

**HERMIA**

Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;  
Lysander and myself will fly this place...

**LYSANDER**

Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:  
To-morrow night,  
...(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal),  
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

## HERMIA

And in the wood, where often you and I  
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,  
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,  
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;  
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,  
To seek new friends and stranger companies.  
Farewell, sweet playfellow, pray thou for us;  
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!  
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight  
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

## LYSANDER

I will, my Hermia. *Exit HERMIA*  
Helena, adieu:  
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! *Exit LYSANDER*

## HELENA

How happy some o'er other some can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know:  
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
So I, admiring of his qualities:  
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity:  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:  
...For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,  
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;  
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,  
So he dissolved, and show'rs of oaths did melt.  
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her; and for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither and back again.

*Exit*

**SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.**

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING*

**QUINCE**

Is all our company here?

...Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

Marry, our play is, *The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby*.

**BOTTOM**

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

**QUINCE**

Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

**BOTTOM**

Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

**QUINCE**

You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

**BOTTOM**

What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

**QUINCE**

A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

**BOTTOM**

That will ask some tears in the true performing of  
it. If I do it, let the audience look to their  
eyes. I will move storms; I will condole in some  
measure. To the rest-- yet my chief humour is for a tyrant:

“The raging rocks  
And shivering shocks  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates;  
And Phibbus' car  
Shall shine from far  
And make and mar  
The foolish Fates.”  
This was lofty!

Now name the rest of the players.  
This is a tyrant's vein; a lover is  
more condoling.

**QUINCE**

Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

**FLUTE**

Here, Quince.

**QUINCE**

Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

**FLUTE**

What is Thisby? a wand'ring knight?

**QUINCE**

It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

**FLUTE**

Nay, faith; let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

**QUINCE**

That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

**BOTTOM**

And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne!' 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

**QUINCE**

No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

**BOTTOM**

Well, proceed.

**QUINCE**

Robin Starveling, the tailor.

**STARVELING**

Here, Quince.

**QUINCE**

Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.  
Tom Snout, the tinker.

**SNOUT**

Here, Quince.

**QUINCE**

You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father;  
Snug the joiner, you the lion's part. And I  
hope here is a play fitted.

**SNUG**

Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

**QUINCE**

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

**BOTTOM**

Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

**QUINCE**

An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

**ALL**

That would hang us, every mother's son.

**BOTTOM**

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you and 'twere any nightingale.

**QUINCE**

You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

**BOTTOM**

Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

**QUINCE**

Why, what you will.

**BOTTOM**

I will discharge it in either your straw-colour  
beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain  
beard, or your perfit yellow.

**QUINCE**

...But masters, here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, request  
you and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night;  
and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the  
town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse; for if  
we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with  
company, and our devices known. In the mean time I  
will draw a bill of properties, such as our play  
wants. I pray you, fail me not.

**BOTTOM**

We will meet, and there we may rehearse most  
obscenely and courageously. Take pains, be perfit; adieu.

**QUINCE**

At the duke's oak we meet.

**BOTTOM**

Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

*Exeunt*

**ACT II****SCENE I. A wood near Athens.**

*Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK*

**PUCK**

How now, spirit, whither wander you?

**FAIRY**

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,

I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
...I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.  
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

#### **PUCK**

The king doth keep his revels here to-night;  
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she as her attendant hath  
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king;  
She never had so sweet a changeling.  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;  
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.  
And now they never meet in grove or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
But, they do square, that all their elves for fear  
Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

#### **FAIRY**

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,  
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite  
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he  
That frights the maidens of the villagery;  
...And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm,  
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:  
Are not you he?

#### **PUCK**

Thou speakest aright;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon and make him smile

When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab,  
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dewlop pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loff,  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.  
But room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

**FAIRY**

And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

*Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers*

**OBERON**

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

**TITANIA**

What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence--  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

**OBERON**

Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?

**TITANIA**

Then I must be thy lady; but I know  
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,  
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love  
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,  
Come from the farthest steep of India?  
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,  
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,

To Theseus must be wedded, and you come  
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

#### **OBERON**

How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,  
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,  
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?

#### **TITANIA**

These are the forgeries of jealousy;  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
Or in the beached margent of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,  
Have every pelting river made so proud  
That they have overborne their continents.  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn  
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard.  
...The human mortals want their winter here;  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:  
Therefore the moon (the governess of floods),  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound.  
And thorough this distemperature, we see  
The seasons alter: ...the spring, the summer,  
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.  
And this same progeny of evils comes  
From our debate, from our dissension;  
We are their parents and original.

**OBERON**

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

**TITANIA**

Set your heart at rest;  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
**Her** mother was a votaress of my order,  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,  
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive  
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;  
...But she, being mortal, of that **child** did die;  
And for her sake do I rear up her **child**,  
And for her sake I will not part with **her**.

**OBERON**

How long within this wood intend you stay?

**TITANIA**

Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.  
If you will patiently dance in our round,  
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;  
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

**OBERON**

Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

**TITANIA**

Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

*Exit TITANIA with her train*

**OBERON**

Well, go thy way. Thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.  
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb' rest  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music?

**PUCK**

I remember.

**OBERON**

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all arm'd. A certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the west,  
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell.  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.  
Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I showed thee once.  
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid  
Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.  
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again  
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

**PUCK**

I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes. *Exit*

**OBERON**

Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes;  
The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape),  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
And ere I take this charm from off her sight  
(As I can take it with another herb),  
I'll make her render up her page to me.  
But who comes here? I am invisible,  
And I will overhear their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him*

**DEMETRIUS**

I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;  
And here am I, and wode within this wood,  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

**HELENA**

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

**DEMETRIUS**

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
Or rather do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?

**HELENA**

And even for that do I love you the more:  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.

Use me but as your spaniel; spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love  
(And yet a place of high respect with me)  
Than to be used as you use your dog?

**DEMETRIUS**

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,  
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

**HELENA**

And I am sick when I look not on you.

**DEMETRIUS**

You do impeach your modesty too much,  
To leave the city and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not;  
To trust the opportunity of night,  
And the ill counsel of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

**HELENA**

Your virtue is my privilege. For that  
It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night,  
Nor doth this wood lack 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 look on me?

**DEMETRIUS**

I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

**HELENA**

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will; the story shall be changed:  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;

The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger--

**DEMETRIUS**

...If thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

**HELENA**

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do.  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

*Exit DEMETRIUS*

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

*Exit*

**OBERON**

Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this grove,  
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

*Re-enter PUCK*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

**PUCK**

Ay, there it is.

**OBERON**

I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
...There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;  
...And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,  
And make her full of hateful fantasies.  
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:  
A sweet Athenian lady is in love

With a disdainful 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 prove  
More fond on her than she upon her love;  
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

**PUCK**

Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Another part of the wood.**

*Enter TITANIA, with her train*

**TITANIA**

Come, ...for the third part of a minute, hence;  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,  
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back  
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits. ...to your offices and let me rest.

**FAIRY**

Hence, away! now all is well.  
One aloof stand sentinel.

*Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps*

*Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids*

**OBERON**

What thou seest when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true-love take;  
Love and languish for his sake.  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear:  
Wake when some vile thing is near.

*Exit*

*Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA*

**LYSANDER**

Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;  
And to speak troth I have forgot our way.  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

**HERMIA**

Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed;  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

**LYSANDER**

One turf shall serve as pillow for us both,  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

**HERMIA**

Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

**LYSANDER**

O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference:  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it;  
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;  
So then two bosoms and a single troth.  
Then by your side no bed-room me deny;  
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

**HERMIA**

Lysander riddles very prettily:  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy,

Lie further off; in human modesty;  
Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.  
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

**LYSANDER**

Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I,  
And then end life when I end loyalty!  
Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

**HERMIA**

With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence--Who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
This is he, my master said,  
Despised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul, she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe.  
When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.  
So awake when I am gone,  
For I must now to Oberon.

*Exit*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running*

**HELENA**

Stay--though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

**DEMETRIUS**

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

**HELENA**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

*Exit*

**HELENA**

O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!  
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;  
If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.  
No, no; I am as ugly as a bear;  
For beasts that meet me run away for fear.  
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius  
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?  
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground?  
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.  
Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.

**LYSANDER**

[Awaking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.  
Transparent Helena, nature shows art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

**HELENA**

Do not say so, Lysander, say not so.  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?  
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

**LYSANDER**

Content with Hermia? No; I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;  
And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
...Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook  
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

**HELENA**

Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
But fare you well; perforce I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O that a lady, of one man refused.  
Should of another therefore be abused!

*Exit*

**LYSANDER**

She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there,  
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!  
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,  
Or as the heresies that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me!  
And, all my powers, address your love and might  
To honor Helen and to be her knight.

*Exit*

## **HERMIA**

[Awaking] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!  
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.  
Methought a serpent eat\* my heart away, (\*=ate, pronounce like "et")  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.  
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!  
What, out of hearing gone? No sound, no word?  
Alack, where are you? Speak, and if you hear;  
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.  
...No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.  
*Exit*

## **ACT III**

### **SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.**

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING*

#### **BOTTOM**

Are we all met?

#### **QUINCE**

Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place  
for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our  
stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we  
will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

#### **BOTTOM**

Quince!

#### **QUINCE**

What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

#### **BOTTOM**

There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and  
Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must  
draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies  
cannot abide. How answer you that?

**SNOUT**

By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

**STARVELING**

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

**BOTTOM**

Not a whit! I have a device to make all well.  
Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to  
say we will do no harm with our swords, and that  
Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for the more  
better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not  
Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them  
out of fear.

**QUINCE**

Well; we will have such a prologue.

**SNOUT**

Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

**STARVELING**

I fear it, I promise you.

**BOTTOM**

Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves, to  
bring in (God shield us!) a lion among ladies, is a  
most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful  
wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to  
look to 't.

**SNOUT**

Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

**BOTTOM**

Nay; you must name his name, and half his face must  
be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself  
must speak through, saying thus, or to the same  
defect: 'Ladies,' or 'Fair-ladies, I would wish

you,' or 'I would request you,' or 'I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity 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 Snug the joiner.

**QUINCE**

Well; it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

**SNOUT**

Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

**QUINCE**

Yes, it doth shine that night.

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

**SNOUT**

You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

**BOTTOM**

Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

**QUINCE**

If that may be, then all is well. Come and rehearse your parts.  
Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your  
speech, enter into that brake; and so every one  
according to his cue.

*Enter PUCK behind*

**PUCK**

What hempen home-spuns have we swagg'ring here,  
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?  
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor,  
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

**QUINCE**

Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

**BOTTOM**

Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet,--

**QUINCE**

Odorous, odorous.

**BOTTOM**

--odors savors sweet;  
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.  
But hark; a voice! Stay thou but here a while,  
And by and by I will to thee appear.

*Exit*

**PUCK**

A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

*Exit*

**FLUTE**

Must I speak now?

**QUINCE**

Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes  
but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

**FLUTE**

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,  
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,  
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,  
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

**QUINCE**

'Ninus' tomb,' man. Why, you must not speak that  
yet. That you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your  
part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter. Your cue  
is past; it is 'never tire.'

**FLUTE**

O,--As true as truest horse, that yet would  
never tire.

*Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head*

**BOTTOM**

If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

**QUINCE**

O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray,  
masters, fly, masters! Help!

**PUCK**

I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:  
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

**SNOUT**

O Bottom, thou art chang'd!  
What do I see on thee?

**QUINCE**

Bless thee, Bottom! bless  
thee! thou art translated!

*Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING with PUCK behind*

**BOTTOM**

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

*Sings*

The ousel cock so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill--

**TITANIA**

[Awaking] What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

**BOTTOM**

[Sings]

The finch, the sparrow and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay--

**TITANIA**

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

**BOTTOM**

Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason  
for that. And yet, to say the truth, reason and  
love keep little company together now-a-days.

**TITANIA**

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

**BOTTOM**

Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out  
of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

**TITANIA**

Out of this wood do not desire to go;  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
I am a spirit of no common rate;  
The summer still doth tend upon my state;  
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep.  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Mote! and Mustardseed!

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTE, and MUSTARDSEED*

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Ready.

**COBWEB**

And I.

**MOTE**

And I.

**MUSTARDSEED**

And I.

**ALL**

Where shall we go?

**TITANIA**

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,  
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;  
...The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from Painted butterflies,  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Hail, mortal!

**COBWEB**

Hail!

**MOTE**

Hail!

**MUSTARDSEED**

Hail!

**BOTTOM**

I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. I beseech your  
worship's name.

**COBWEB**

Cobweb.

**BOTTOM**

I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master  
Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with  
you. Your name, honest gentleman?

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Peaseblossom.

**BOTTOM**

...Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more  
acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

**MUSTARDSEED**

Mustardseed.

## **BOTTOM**

Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well:  
... I promise you your kindred had made my eyes water ere now. I  
desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

## **TITANIA**

Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.  
...Tie up my love's tongue bring him silently.  
*Exeunt*

## **SCENE II. Another part of the wood.**

*Enter OBERON*

## **OBERON**

I wonder if Titania be awak'd;  
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,  
Which she must dote on in extremity.

*Enter PUCK*

Here comes my messenger.  
How now, mad spirit?

## **PUCK**

My mistress with a monster is in love.  
Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
...Were met together to rehearse a play  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,  
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport,  
Forsook his scene and ent' red in a brake;  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An ass's nole I fixed on his head.  
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,  
...at his sight, away his fellows fly;  
And at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
...I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;  
When in that moment (so it came to pass)  
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

**OBERON**

This falls out better than I could devise.  
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes  
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

**PUCK**

I took him sleeping (that is finish'd too)  
And the Athenian woman by his side;  
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS*

**OBERON**

Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

**PUCK**

This is the woman; but not this the man.

**DEMETRIUS**

O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

**HERMIA**

Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,  
For thou (I fear) hast given me cause to curse,  
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
...And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day  
As he to me. Would he have stolen away  
From sleeping Hermia?

... It cannot be but thou hast murd' red him;  
So should a murderer look--so dead, so grim.

**DEMETRIUS**

So should the murdered look, and so should I,  
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty.  
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,  
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

**HERMIA**

What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?  
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

**DEMETRIUS**

I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

**HERMIA**

Out, dog, out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds  
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?  
Henceforth be never numb'ed among men!

**DEMETRIUS**

You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood.  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

**HERMIA**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

And if I could, what should I get therefore?

**HERMIA**

A privilege never to see me more.  
And from thy hated presence part I so:  
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

*Exit*

**DEMETRIUS**

There is no following her in this fierce vein.  
Here therefore for a while I will remain.  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;  
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,  
If for his tender here I make some stay.

*Lies down and sleeps*

**OBERON**

What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite,  
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.  
...About the wood go swifter than the wind,  
And Helena of Athens look thou find:  
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer  
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.  
By some illusion see thou bring her here.  
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

**PUCK**

I go, I go, look how I go,  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

*Exit*

**OBERON**

Flower of this purple dye,  
...Sink in apple of his eye.  
When his love 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.

*Re-enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand,  
And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee.  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

**OBERON**

Stand aside. The noise they make  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Enter LYSANDER and HELENA*

**LYSANDER**

Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?  
Scorn and derision never come in tears.  
Look, when I vow, I weep...  
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,  
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

**HELENA**

...These vows are Hermia's. Will you give her o'er?  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.  
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

**LYSANDER**

I had no judgment when to her I swore.

**HELENA**

Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

**LYSANDER**

Demetrius loves her; and he loves not you.

**DEMETRIUS**

*[Awaking]* O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!  
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?  
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show  
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!  
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,  
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss  
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

**HELENA**

O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent  
To set against me for your merriment.  
...If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.  
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;  
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
With your derision! None of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

**LYSANDER**

You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;  
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.  
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,  
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;  
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,  
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

**HELENA**

Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

**DEMETRIUS**

Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.  
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.  
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,  
And now to Helen is it home return'd,  
There to remain.

**LYSANDER**

Helen, it is not so.

**DEMETRIUS**

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*Enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

...Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

**LYSANDER**

Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,  
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

**HERMIA**

You speak not as you think. It cannot be.

**HELENA**

Lo! she is one of this confederacy!  
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three  
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.  
Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!  
Have you conspired, have you with these contriv'd  
To bait me with this foul derision?  
...O, is it all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?  
...And will you rent our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

**HERMIA**

I am amazed at your passionate words.  
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

**HELENA**

Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?  
And made your other love, Demetrius,  
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot),  
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,

Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this  
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander  
Deny your love (so rich within his soul)  
And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
But by your setting on, by your consent?

**HERMIA**

I understand not what you mean by this.

**HELENA**

Ay, do! persever, counterfeit sad looks,  
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,  
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up;  
...But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault,  
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

**LYSANDER**

Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse,  
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

**HELENA**

O excellent!

**LYSANDER**

Helen, I love thee, by my life, I do!

**DEMETRIUS**

I say I love thee more than he can do.

**LYSANDER**

If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

**DEMETRIUS**

Quick, come!

**HERMIA** [ *Holding him* ]

Lysander, whereto tends all this?

**DEMETRIUS**

...take on as you would follow,  
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

**LYSANDER**

Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose!

**HERMIA** *[Still holding LYSANDER]*

Why are you grown so rude?  
...Do you not jest?

**HELENA**

Yes, sooth; and so do you.

**LYSANDER**

Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

**DEMETRIUS**

I would I had your bond, for I perceive  
A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.

**LYSANDER**

What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?  
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

**HERMIA**

What, can you do me greater harm than hate?  
...Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?  
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.  
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:  
Why, then you left me... shall I say?

**LYSANDER**

...And never did desire to see thee more.  
...Be certain! nothing truer; 'tis no jest  
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

**HERMIA**

O me, you juggler, you canker-blossom,  
You thief of love! What, have you come by night  
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

**HELENA**

Fine, i'faith!  
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulness?  
...Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

**HERMIA**

'Puppet?' Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.  
Now I perceive that she hath made compare  
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height,  
And with her personage, her tall personage,  
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.  
And are you grown so high in his esteem,  
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?  
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak!  
How low am I? I am not yet so low  
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

**HELENA**

I pray you,  
...Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,  
Because she is something lower than myself,  
That I can match her.

**HERMIA**

'Lower!' hark, again.

**HELENA**

Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.  
I evermore did love you, Hermia,  
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;  
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,  
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.  
...And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,  
And follow you no further. Let me go.  
You see how simple and how fond I am.

**HERMIA**

Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?

**HELENA**

A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

**HERMIA**

What, with Lysander?

**HELENA**

With Demetrius.

**LYSANDER**

Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

**DEMETRIUS**

No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

**HELENA**

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!  
She was a vixen when she went to school,  
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

**HERMIA**

'Little' again? Nothing but 'low' and 'little'?  
...Let me come to her.

**LYSANDER**

Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made,  
You bead, you acorn.

**DEMETRIUS**

...Let her alone: speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part.

**LYSANDER**

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

**DEMETRIUS**

Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.

*Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS*

**HERMIA**

You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.  
Nay, go not back.

**HELENA**

I will not trust you, I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst company.  
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer though, to run away.

*Exit*

**HERMIA**

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

*Exit*

**OBERON**

This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,  
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

**PUCK**

Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook....  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

**OBERON**

Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:  
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
...And lead these testy rivals so astray

As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue;  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong,  
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might,  
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this derision  
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,  
...Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

...haste; make no delay:  
We may effect this business yet ere day.

*Exit*

**PUCK**

Up and down, up and down,  
I will lead them up and down;  
I am fear'd in field and town.  
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

**LYSANDER**

Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

**PUCK**

Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

**LYSANDER**

I will be with thee straight.

**PUCK**

Follow me, then,  
To plainer ground.

*Exit LYSANDER, as following the voice*

*Re-enter DEMETRIUS*

**DEMETRIUS**

Lysander, speak again!  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

**PUCK**

Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant, come, thou child,  
I'll whip thee with a rod.

**DEMETRIUS**

Yea, art thou there?

**PUCK**

Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter LYSANDER*

**LYSANDER**

He goes before me, and still dares me on.  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I;  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly,  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. *Lies down* Come, thou gentle day!  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.

*Sleeps*

*Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS*

**PUCK**

Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

**DEMETRIUS**

...Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.  
Where art thou now?

**PUCK**

Come hither; I am here.

**DEMETRIUS**

...Thou shalt buy this dear,  
If ever I thy face by daylight see.  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
By day's approach look to be visited.

*Lies down and sleeps*

*Re-enter HELENA*

**HELENA**

O weary night, O long and tedious night,  
Abate thy hours! Shine comforts from the east,  
That I may back to Athens by daylight,  
...And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

*Lies down and sleeps*

**PUCK**

Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds make up four.

*Re-enter HERMIA*

**HERMIA**

Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,

I can no further crawl, no further go;  
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.  
Here will I rest me till the break of day.  
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

*Lies down and sleeps*

**PUCK**

On the ground,  
Sleep sound;  
I'll apply,  
To your eye,  
Gentle lover, remedy. [*Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes*]  
When thou wak'st,  
Thou tak'st  
True delight  
In the sight  
Of thy former lady's eye.

*Exit*

**ACT IV**

**SCENE I. The same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA** lying asleep.

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTE, MUSTARDSEED attending.*

**TITANIA**

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

**BOTTOM**

Where's Peaseblossom?

**PEASEBLOSSOM**

Ready.

**BOTTOM**

Scratch my head Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

**COBWEB**

Ready.

**BOTTOM**

Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your  
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped  
humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good  
mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag  
...and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not;  
I would be loath to have you overflown with a  
honey-bag. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

**MUSTARDSEED**

What's your Will?

**BOTTOM**

Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb  
to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for  
methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I  
am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me,  
I must scratch.

**TITANIA**

What, wilt thou hear some music,  
my sweet love?  
...Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

**BOTTOM**

Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good  
dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle  
of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

**TITANIA**

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek  
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

## **BOTTOM**

I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.  
But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I  
have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

## **TITANIA**

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.  
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

*Exeunt fairies*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle  
Gently entwist; the female ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.  
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

*They sleep*

*Enter PUCK*

**OBERON** *[Advancing]*

...See'st thou this sweet sight?  
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.  
For meeting her of late behind the wood,  
Seeking sweet favors from this hateful fool,  
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
...When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,  
I then did ask of her her changeling child;  
Which straight she gave me,  
... And now I have the boy, I will undo  
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.  
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp  
From off the head of this Athenian swain,  
That, he awaking when the other do,  
May all to Athens back again repair,  
And think no more of this night's accidents  
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.  
But first I will release the fairy queen. *(Touching her eyes.)*

Be as thou wast wont to be;  
See as thou wast wont to see.  
...Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

**TITANIA**

My Oberon, what visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

**OBERON**

There lies your love.

**TITANIA**

How came these things to pass?  
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

**OBERON**

Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

**PUCK**

Now, when thou wak'st, with thine  
own fool's eyes peep. (*Removes the head.*)

**OBERON**

Come, my queen, take hands with me,  
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity...

**PUCK**

Fairy king, attend and mark;  
I do hear the morning lark.

**OBERON**

Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after night's shade.  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wandering moon.

**TITANIA**

Come, my lord, and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals on the ground.

*Exeunt*

*Horns winded within. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

**THESEUS**

...Now our observation is perform'd,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

**HIPPOLYTA**

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta.  
...I never heard so musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

**THESEUS**

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind;  
...Slow in pursuit: but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,  
...Judge when you hear.  
But, soft! what nymphs are these?

**EGEUS**

My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,  
And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.  
I wonder of their being here together.

**THESEUS**

No doubt they rose up early  
...in grace our solemnity.  
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day  
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

**EGEUS**

It is, my lord.

**THESEUS**

Go, bid the huntsman wake them with their horns. *[Exit an attendant.]*

*Horns. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA wake and start up*

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;  
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

**LYSANDER**

Pardon, my lord. *(They kneel.)*

**THESEUS**

I pray you all, stand up.  
I know you two are rival enemies.  
How comes this gentle concord in the world,  
That hatred is so far from jealousy  
To sleep by hate and fear no enmity?

**LYSANDER**

My lord, I shall reply amazedly,  
Half sleep, half waking; but, as yet, I swear,  
I cannot truly say how I came here.  
But, as I think,--  
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent  
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,  
Without the peril of the Athenian law--

**EGEUS**

Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough.  
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.  
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,  
Thereby to have defeated you and me.

**DEMETRIUS**

My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,  
Of this their purpose hither to this wood,  
And I in fury hither follow'd them,

Fair Helena in fancy following me.  
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power  
(But by some power it is), my love to Hermia  
Melted as the snow,  
...And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,  
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,  
Is only Helena.

#### **THESEUS**

Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;  
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.  
Egeus, I will overbear your will;  
For in the temple, by and by, with us  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
...Away with us to Athens; three and three,  
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.  
Come, Hippolyta.

*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

#### **HERMIA**

Methinks I see these things with parted eye,  
When every thing seems double.

#### **HELENA**

So methinks;  
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,  
Mine own, and not mine own.

#### **DEMETRIUS**

Are you sure  
That we are awake? It seems to me  
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think  
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

#### **HERMIA**

Yea, and my father.

#### **HELENA**

And Hippolyta.

**LYSANDER**

And he did bid us follow to the temple.

**DEMETRIUS**

Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him  
And by the way let us recount our dreams.

*Exeunt*

**BOTTOM**

*[Awaking]* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.  
...Heigh-ho! Quince! Flute the bellows-mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling!  
...stol'n hence, and left me asleep!  
I have had a dream, past the wit of man to  
say what dream it was. Methought I was,--and  
methought I had,--but man is but a patched fool, if  
he will offer to say what methought I had.  
...I will get Quince to write a ballad of  
this dream. It shall be called "Bottom's Dream",  
because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the  
latter end of a play, before the duke.  
Peradventure, to make it more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

*Exit*

**SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.** *Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

**QUINCE**

Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

**STARVELING**

He cannot be heard of.

**FLUTE**

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

**QUINCE**

It is not possible. You have not a man in all  
Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

*Enter SNUG*

**SNUG**

Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

**FLUTE**

O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day. And the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter BOTTOM*

**BOTTOM**

Where are these lads?

**QUINCE**

Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

**BOTTOM**

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

**QUINCE**

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

**BOTTOM**

Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath din'd. Get your apparel together, meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the

lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions  
nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath.  
...No more words. Away, go, away!

*Exeunt*

## **ACT V**

### **SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.**

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants*

#### **HIPPOLYTA**

'Tis strange my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

#### **THESEUS**

More strange than true. I never may believe  
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys.  
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact.

#### **HIPPOLYTA**

But all the story of the night told over,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
And grows to something of great constancy;  
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

#### **THESEUS**

Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

*Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA*

Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,  
To wear away this long age of three hours  
Between our after-supper and bed-time?  
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  
Call Philostrate.

**PHILOSTRATE**

Here, mighty Theseus.

**THESEUS**

Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?  
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile  
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

**PHILOSTRATE**

There is a brief how many sports are ripe.  
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

*Giving a paper*

**THESEUS**

*[Reads]* 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung  
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'

We'll none of that.

'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,  
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'  
That is an old device.

'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death  
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'

That is some satire, keen and critical,  
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?  
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.  
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

**PHILOSTRATE**

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,  
Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

**THESEUS**

What are they that do play it?

**PHILOSTRATE**

Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,  
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;  
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories  
With this same play, against your nuptial.

**THESEUS**

And we will hear it.

**PHILOSTRATE**

No, my noble lord,  
It is not for you. I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world.

**THESEUS**

I will hear that play;  
For never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies.

*Exit PHILOSTRATE*

**HIPPOLYTA**

I love not to see wretchedness o'er charged,  
And duty in his service perishing.

**THESEUS**

Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

**HIPPOLYTA**

He says they can do nothing in this kind.

**THESEUS**

The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.  
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake. *Re-enter PHILOSTRATE*

## **PHILOSTRATE**

So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.

*Enter QUINCE for the Prologue*

### **Prologue**

Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;  
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.  
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;  
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.  
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present  
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;  
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content  
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.  
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,  
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,  
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn  
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.  
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,  
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,  
Did scare away, or rather did affright;  
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,  
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.  
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,  
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;  
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,  
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;  
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,  
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,  
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain  
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine*

## **THESEUS**

I wonder if the lion be to speak.

## **DEMETRIUS**

No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

## **Wall**

In this same interlude it doth befall  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;  
And such a wall, as I would have you think,  
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,  
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,  
Did whisper often, very secretly.  
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show  
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;  
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

## **THESEUS**

Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

## **DEMETRIUS**

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

*Enter Pyramus*

## **THESEUS**

Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

## **Pyramus**

O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!  
O night, which ever art when day is not!  
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,  
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!  
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,  
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!  
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,  
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

*Wall holds up his fingers*

Thanks, courteous wall!  
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.  
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!  
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

**THESEUS**

The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

**Pyramus**

No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me'  
is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to  
spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will  
fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

*Enter Thisbe*

**Thisbe**

O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,  
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!  
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,  
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

**Pyramus**

I see a voice! Now will I to the chink,  
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!

**Thisbe**

My love thou art, my love I think.

**Pyramus**

O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

**Thisbe**

I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

**Pyramus**

Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

**Thisbe**

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

*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe*

**Wall**

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

*Exit*

**HIPPOLYTA**

This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

**THESEUS**

Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

*Enter Lion and Moonshine*

**Lion**

You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear  
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,  
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,  
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.  
Then know that I as Snug the joiner am  
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam,  
For, if I should, as lion, come in strife  
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

**THESEUS**

A very gentle beast, of a good conscience.

**LYSANDER**

This lion is a very fox for his valour.

**THESEUS**

True; and a goose for his discretion.

**DEMETRIUS**

Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his  
discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

**THESEUS**

It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

**Moonshine**

This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;  
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

**THESEUS**

This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man  
should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the  
man i' the moon?

**DEMETRIUS**

He dares not come there for the candle.

**HYPOLYTA**

I am a-weary of this moon. Would he would change!

**LYSANDER**

Proceed, Moon.

**Moonshine**

All that I have to say is to tell you that the  
lanthorn is the moon, I the man in the moon, this  
thorn-bush, my thorn-bush, and this dog, my dog.

**DEMETRIUS**

Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all  
these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

*Enter Thisbe*

**Thisbe**

This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

**Lion**

*[Roaring]* Oh!

*Thisbe runs off*

**DEMETRIUS**

Well roar'd, Lion.

**THESEUS**

Well run, Thisbe.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle.*

**THESEUS**

Well moused, Lion.

*Enter Pyramus*

**DEMETRIUS**

And then came Pyramus. *Exit Lion*

**LYSANDER**

And so the lion vanished.

**Pyramus**

Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;  
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;  
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,  
I trust to take of truest Thisbe's sight.  
But stay! O spite!  
But mark, poor knight,  
What dreadful dole is here!  
Eyes, do you see?  
How can it be?  
O dainty duck! O dear!  
Thy mantle good,  
What, stain'd with blood?  
Approach, ye Furies fell!  
O Fates, come, come,  
Cut thread and thrum,  
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

**THESEUS**

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would  
go near to make a man look sad.

**HIPPOLYTA**

Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

**Pyramus**

O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?  
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear;  
Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame  
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.  
Come, tears, confound,  
Out, sword, and wound  
The pap of Pyramus;  
Ay, that left pap,  
Where heart doth hop.

*Stabs himself*

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.  
Now am I dead,  
Now am I fled;  
My soul is in the sky.  
Tongue, lose thy light,  
Moon take thy flight,

*Exit Moonshine*

Now die, die, die, die, die.

*Dies***THESEUS**

With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and  
prove an ass.

**HIPPOLYTA**

How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes  
back and finds her lover?

**THESEUS**

She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and  
her passion ends the play.

*Re-enter Thisbe*

**HIPPOLYTA**

Methinks she should not use a long one for such a  
Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.

**DEMETRIUS**

A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which  
Thisbe, is the better: he for a man,  
she for a woman, God bless us.

**LYSANDER**

She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

**Thisbe**

Asleep, my love?  
What, dead, my dove?  
O Pyramus, arise!  
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?  
Dead, dead? A tomb  
Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
These lily lips,  
This cherry nose,  
These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
Are gone, are gone!  
Lovers, make moan;  
His eyes were green as leeks.  
O Sisters Three,  
Come, come to me,  
With hands as pale as milk;  
Lay them in gore,  
Since you have shore  
With shears his thread of silk.  
Tongue, not a word!  
Come, trusty sword,  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue!

*Stabs herself*

And, farewell, friends;  
Thus Thisby ends;  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

*Dies*

**THESEUS**

Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

**DEMETRIUS**

Ay, and Wall too.

**BOTTOM**

*[Starting up]* No, I assure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

**THESEUS**

No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. But come, your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone.

*A dance*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.  
Lovers, to bed, 'tis almost fairy time.  
Sweet friends, to bed.

*Exeunt*

*Enter PUCK*

**PUCK**

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf behowls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic. Not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train*

**OBERON**

Through the house give gathering light  
By the dead and drowsy fire,  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier...

**TITANIA**

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

**OBERON**

Now, until the break of day,  
Through this house each fairy stray.  
To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by us shall blessed be;  
And the issue there create,  
Ever shall be fortunate.  
...So shall all the couples three  
Ever true in loving be;  
Trip away; make no stay;  
Meet me all by break of day.

*Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train*

**PUCK**

If we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slumber'd here  
While these visions did appear.  
And this weak and idle theme,  
No more yielding but a dream,  
Gentles, do not reprehend.  
if you pardon, we will mend.  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If we have unearned luck  
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,  
We will make amends ere long;  
Else the Puck a liar call.  
So, good night unto you all.  
Give me your hands, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.

*Exit*