A Midsommer nights dreame.

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

Written by William Shakespeare.

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A Miscellaneous Inquiry

[Handwritten notes]

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Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moone: but oh, me-thinks, how slow
This old Moone wanes: She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dam, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young mans reueneu.

Hip. Foure daies will quickly steepe themselves in nights
Foure daies will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Goe Philostrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe.
Hippolita, I woold thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuellings.

Enter Egues and his daughter Hermia, and Lysander,
Helena, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good Egues. What's the newes with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint.
A Midsummer night's Dreame.
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius.

My noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth Lyfander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosome of my child:
Thou, thou Lyfander, thou hast given her times,
And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moonelight at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining love,
And stolen the impression of her fantastie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeates (messengers
Of strong prevailement in unhardened youth)
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace,
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient priuilege 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 Hermia? Be advis'd, faire maid,
To you your father shou'd 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 leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

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

Her.
A Midfommer's nights Dreame.

Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes.

Thy. Rather your eyes must with his judgement lookt.

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.

Thy. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore faire Herma, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choyce)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd
To liue a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the colde fruitlesse Moone.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happy is the Rose distild,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes,liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I grow, so liue, so dye my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Unto his Lordship, whose vnwishe'd yoake
My soule consents not to giue souerainty.

Thy. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moone,
The seeling day betwixt my loue and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship:
Uph your plate that either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he wold,
Or on Dianaes Altar to protest,
For aye, austerity, and single life.

A 3.

Dem.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Dem. Relent sweete Hermia, and Lysander, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her Fathers loue, Demetrius:
Let me haue Hermia: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull Lysander, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate vnto Demetrius.

Lysan. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well possest: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes every way as fairely ranckte
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius:
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belou'd of beautious Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to Nedars daughter, Helena,
And won her soule: and she (sweete Lady) dotes,
Deuotly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with Demetrius, thought to haue spoke thereof;
But being ouer full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose 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 yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my Hippolita; what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and Egeus goe along:
I must imploie you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you.
A Midsummer's Night's Dream

Of something, neerely that concerns your selues.

Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you. Exeunt.

Lyf. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the roses there doe fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine; which I could well,
Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.

Lyf. Eigh me; for ought that I could euere reade,
Could euere heare by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe,
But either it was different in bloud;

Her. O crosse! too high to be inthrald to loue.

Lyf. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;

Her. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to yong.

Lyf. Or else it stood upon the choise of friends;

Her. O hell, to choose loue by anothers eyes.

Lyf. Or, if there were a simpathy in choise,
Warre, death, or sickness, did lay spicke to it;
Making it momentany, as a sound;

Swift as a shadow; short as any dreame;
Briefe as the lightening in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darkneffe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers haue bin euere crosse,
It stands as an edi& in destiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customary crosse,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good persuasion: therefore heare me, Hermia:
I haue a widow Ant, a dowager,
Of great reuenez, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remote seuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sone:
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

There gentle Hermia, 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 meeete thee once with Helena,
To do obseruance to a morne of May)
There will I stai 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 Doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and prosperes loue,
And by that fire which burnd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan vnder sayle was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truely will I meeete with thee.

Lys. Kepe promise loue, looke here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away?

Hel. Call you me faire ? that faire againe unsay,

Demetrius loues your faire : O happy faire !
Your eyes are loadftars, and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to Shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching : O were sauour so,
Your vvords I catch, faire Hermia ere I goe,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melody,
Were the vworld mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and vvhat vvhat art,
You syvay the motion of Demetrius heart.
A Midsummer Nights Dreame.

_Her._ Ifrownes vpon him, yet he loues me still.
_Hel._ O that your frowns wold teach my smiles such skil
_Her._ I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue.
_Hel._ O that my prayers could such affecteqion mooue.
_Her._ The more I hate, the more he followes me.
_Hel._ The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
_Her._ His folly, _Helena_ is none of mine.
_Hel._ None but your beauty, wold that fault were mine.

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

_Lysander_ and my selfe will fly this place.

Before the time I did _Lysander_ see,

Seem'd _Athens_ like a Paradice to me.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

_Lys._ _Helen_, to you our mindes we will vnfold,

To morrow night, when _Phæbe_ doth behold
Her siluer visage, in the warry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graffe
(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 _Lysander_, 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 _Lysander_, we must starue our sight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

_Exit Hermia._

_Lys._ I will my _Hermia_. _Helena_ adieu,
As you on him, _Demetrius_ dote on you. _Exit Lys._

_Hel._ How happy some, or other some can be?

Through _Athens_ I am thought as faire as she.

 _B_  _But_
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he do know,
And as he erreth, doting on Hermias eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Loue can transpose to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wingd Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any judgement taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedly haste.
And therefore is loue said to be a childe;
Because in choise he is oft beguilde,
As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Loue is perjur'd euery where.
For ere Demetrius lookt on Hermias eyne,
He haidl downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when his haile, some heate from Hermia felt,
So he dissolu'd, and shewres of oathes did melt,
I will go tell him of faire Hermias flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purse her; and for this intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deare expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his fight thither, and backe againe.  

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joiner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, & Starling the Taylor.

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

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

Quince.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of Pyramus and Thisbie.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I affure you, & a merry. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues.

Quin. Answer as I call you, Nick Bottome the Weaver.

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

Quin. You Nick Bottome are set downe for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kills himselfe most gallant, for loue.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it, if I doe it, let the audience looke to their eyes: I will moue stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks; and shiuering shocks shall breake the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine from farre, & make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Here Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus must loue. (ming

Flu. Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I haue a beard co-

Quin. That's al one, you shal play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby to: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; Thisue, Thisue, ah Pyra-
mus my louer deare, thy Thisby deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, & Flute, you Thisby.


Star. Here Peter Quince.

Qu. Robin Starueling, you must play Thisbies mother:
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus father; my selfe, Thisbys father; Snugge the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope here is a play fittted.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slowe of Study.

Quin. 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 say, Let him roare again, let him roare againe.

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

All. That would hang vs every 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 aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any fucking Doue; I will roare you and t'were any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Piramus, for Piramus is a sweet fact man, a proper man as one shall see in a sommers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man, therefore you must needs play Piramus.

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

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in eyther your straw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfitt yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fact. But masters heere are your parts, and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

you, to con them by toomorrow night: and meete me in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citty, we shall be dogd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take paines, be perfit, adieu. 

Quin. At the Dukes oke we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. Exeunt.

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

Robin. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hill, ouer dale, through bush, through brier, Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euery where, swifter then the Moons sphere; And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbes upon the The cowflips tall, her pensioners be, (greene.) In their gold coats, spots you see, Those be Rubies, Fairy favours, In those freckles, liue their favours, I must goe seeke some dew drops here, And hang a pearle in euery cowflips eare. Farwell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gone, Our Queene and all her Elues come here anon. 

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels heere to night, Take heed the Queene come not within his fight, For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, Because that she, as her attendant, hath A louely boy stollen from an Indian king, She neuer had so sweete a changeling, And iealous Oberon would haue the childe, Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde. But she, perforce with-holds the loued boy, Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

And now they never meete in grove, or greene,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knauiish spirit,
Call'd Robin good-fellow. Are you not bee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagere,
Skimmilke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Mis-leade night-wanderers, laughing at their harne,
Those that hobgoblin call you, and sweete Puck,
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou speake'st aright; I am that merry wanderer of
I leaft to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile;
Neighing in likenessee of a silly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a gosliips bole,
In very likenessee of a rosted crab,
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the faddest tale,
Sometime for three foote stooole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailour cryes, and falls into a coffe,
And then the whole Quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre was never wasted there.
But roome Fairy, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistresse: would that he were gone,

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,

and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by moone-light, proud Tytania.
Queene. What,iealous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.

Ihaue forsworne his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry rash wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be tby Lady: but I know

When thou haft stollen away from Fairy Land,

And in the shape of Corin,at all day,

Playing on pipes of corne,and versing loue,

To amorous Philida. Why art thou here

Come from the farthest stepe of India?

But that forsooth the bouncing Amazon,

Your buskind mistresse,and your warrior loue,

To Theseus must be wedded ; and you come,

To giue their bed ioy and prosperity.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame, Tytania,

Glance at my credite, with Hippolita?

Knowing I know thy loue to Theseus.

Didst not thou leade him through the glimmering night,

From Perigenia, whom he rauihed;

And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith

With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Queen. These are the forgeries of jealousie;

And neuer since the middle Sommers spring,

Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,

By pauid fountaine, or by rushy brooke,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling winde,

But with thy brawles thou haft disturbed our sport.

Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,

As in revenge, haue suckt vp from the sea,

Contagious fogs; which falling in the Land,

Hath euery pelting riever made so proud,

That they haue over-borne their Continents.

The Oxe hath therefore strecht his yoke in vaine,

The ploughman lost his sweate, and the greene Corne

Hath rotted, ere his youth attainted a beard:

B 4
A Midsummer nights Dreame.
The fold stands empty, in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndistinguishing.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases do abound,
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoared 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 Autumnne, 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 disension,
We are their parents and original.

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

Queene. 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 goffipt by my side,
And sat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
Marking th'emembarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde,
Which
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young squire)
Would imitate, and saile vp on 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. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Queen. Not for thy Fairie Kingdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay.  

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Pucze come hither; thou remembrest
Since once I sat vp on a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musick.

Puc. I remember.
Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betwene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Westall, throned by West,
And los'd his loue-shaft snerily from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young Cupids fiery shaft
Quench't in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,

Queen. Windsor Garden. 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. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
Queen. Not for thy Fairie Kingdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay.  

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark't 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 iayce 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 again.
Ere the Labyrinth can swim a league.

P.s. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Oberon. Having once this iuyce,
Ile watch Titania, whence she is asleep,
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 soule 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 invisiblle,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is Lyfander, 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 meeete 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. Leaue you your power to draw,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

And I shall haue no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather do I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And euen for that do I loue thee the more;
I am your spaniell, and Demetrias,
The more you beate me, I will fawne on you.
Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; ouely 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 vled as you vse 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 Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: 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. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde Beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chaung’d:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The Dove pursues the Griffen, the milde Hinde

C 2 Makes
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Makes speed to catch the Tygre. Bootleffe speede,
When cowardifte pursues, and valor flyes.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not belieue,
But I shall do thee mischiefe in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me mischiefe. Fye Demerius,
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To dye upon the hand I loue so well.

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

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxflips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite overcanoped with lustious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepe Tytania, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snaake throwes her enammeld skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this, Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasie.
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue;
A sweete Athenian Lady is in loue
With a disdainefull youth: annoint 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 prooue

More
A Midsummer's Night's Dreame.

More fond on her, than she upon her lough;
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your servant shall do so. Exeunt.

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with Remise, for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our Queint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehoggges be not seene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melody,
Sing in our sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Never harm, nor speld, nor charmie,
Come our lovely Lady nyce.
So good night with Lullaby.

Hence you long legd Spiders hence:
Beates blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

2. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy thy true louse take:
Louse and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
A Midsummer night's Dream.

Pard, or Boare with bristleth haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

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

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

Lys. One turfce 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 neere.

Lys. O take the fence sweete, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart into yours is knit,
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-roome me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lye.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchellor, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue were alter till thy sweete life ende.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire praier, say I,
And then end life, when I end loialty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

Her.
A Midsummer's Night's Dream.

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

Enter Puck.

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 Athens he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the Athenian maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping found,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty soule, she durft not lye
Neere this lack-loue, this kill-curtesie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw.
All the power this charme doth owe:
VVhen thou wak'lt, let loue forbid
Sleepe his seate, on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

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 chafe,
The more my praiers, the lesse is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, whereSoere she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes,
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt 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 maruaile, though Demetrius
Do as a monster, shie my presence thus.
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with Hermias sphery eyne?
But who is here, Lysander on the ground?
Dead or asleepe? I see no blood, no wound,
Lysander, if you live, 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 Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reason swa'd:
And reason faies 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 desuere this scorne?
Ifst not enough, ifst not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Desuerue a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-footh you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse. Oh,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. 

Lyf. She sees not Hermia: Hermia, sleepe thou there,
And never maist thou come Lyfander neere;
For as a surfeit 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 surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers address your loue and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her Knight. 

Her. Helpe me Lyfander, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pity; what a dreame was here?
Lyfander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpente ate 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,
Eyther death or you icle finde immediately.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and heres a maruailous convenient place
for our rehearsall. 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
Thisby, that will never please. First Piramus must draw a
sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

D How
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

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

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue feeme to 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 Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottome the Weaver; this will put them out of feare.

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

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

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

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selfe, to bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moft dreadful full thing. For there is not a more fearfull wild fowle then your Lyon liuing: and we ought to looke to it.

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

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons necke, and hee himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the fame effect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish 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 Sang 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.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night we play our play?

Bot.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bottom. A Calendar, a Calendar, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moonishine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

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

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns, & a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for Piramus and Thisby (faies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

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

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranney, shall Piramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mother's sonne, and rehearse your parts. Piramus, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns haue we swaggring here, so neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene? What, a play toward? Ie be an auditor, an actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake Piramus, Thisby stand forth.

Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Pir. Odours savors sweete,
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare.
But harkke, a voyce: stay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Exit.

Quin. A Strangers Piramus, then ere plaid here.

This. Must I speake now?

D 2 1
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

Pet. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thys. Most radiant Piramus, most Lilly white of huc, Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer, Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyr, Ile meete thee Piramus, at Ninnies toombe.

Pet. Ninus toombe man: why you must not speake that yet; that you answer to Piramus: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter, your cue is past; it is neuer tyr.

Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyr. 

Pir. If I were faire, Thys by I were onely thine. 

Pet. O monstrous, O strange. We are haunted; pray masters flye masters, helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round, Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound, (bryer A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire, And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne, Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. Exit.

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

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an asse head of your own. Do you?

Enter Peter quince.


Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not flir from this place, do what they can, I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will sing that they shal heare I am not afraid. The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew, With Orange tawny bill,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren with little quill.

Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Both. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answer, nay.
For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, never so?

Tytia. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
Mine care is much enamored of thy note;
On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me,

Both. Me-thinks mistresse, you should have little reason
for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and love kepe lit-
tle company together, now adayes. The more the pitty, that
some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay,
I can gleeke upon occasion.

Tytia. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Both. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
of this wood, I haue enough to serve mine owne turne.

Tytia. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The Sommer still doth tend vpon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore go with me,
Ile giue thee Faeries to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossenesse so,
That thou shalt like an ayry spirit go.

Pease-blosome, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

Enter foure Faeries.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, crop their waken thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glow-wormes eies,
To have my louse to bed, and to arise
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and do him cutties.

1. Fai. Haile mortall, haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech your worships name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. 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?

Peas. Pease-blossome.

Bot. I pray you commend me to mistress Squash, your Mother, and to master Peas, your Father. Good master Pease-blossome, I shall desire you of more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. Mustard-seede.

Bot. Good master Mustard seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beefe hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come waite upon him, leade him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watry eie,
And when she weepes, weepes every little flower,

Lamen-
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 grove?

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 talles,

Were met together to rehearse a play,

Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day:

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren fort,

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 Thisbie must be answered,

And forth my Minnock comes: when they him spy,

As wilde geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,

Or rurred pated 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 falles;

He murther cryes, and helpe from Athens cals.

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 sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,

I led them on in this distracted feare,

And left sweete Piramus translated there:

When
A Midsummer night's Dream.

When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway loud an alle.

Ob. This failes out better then I could deuise:
But haft 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) haft giuen me cause to curse.
If thou haft slaine Lysander in his sleepe,
Being one shooes 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? Ile beleeue 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 haft murdred him,
So shou'd a murderer looke, so dead, so grim.
Deme. So shou'd the murdered looke, & so shou'd I,
Pierst through the heart with your streane cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looke as bright, as cleare,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphære.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou giue him me?
Deme. Ide rather giue his carkasse to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre, thou driu'ft me pa't the bonds
Of maidens patience. Haft thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

Oh,
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,
Durft thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake?
And hast thou kild him sleeping? O braue turch:
Could not a worne 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 bloud:
Nor is he dead, for ought that I can tell.

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

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

Her. A priviledge, 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 heavinesse doth heavier growe.
For debt that bankrout flipp doth sorow owe,
Which now in some sight measure it will pay,
If for his tender heere I make some stay. Lie downe.

Ob. What haft thou done? Thou haft mistaken quite,
And laide the lour iuyce on some true lour's sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true lour turn'd, and not a false turnd 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 lour, that costs the fresh bloud deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
Hee charmeth his eies, 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.

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'rt, if the be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Pucke. 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 Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision never come in teares: 
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kils truth, O diuelfish 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 eu'n weigh, and both as light as tales.

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

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

Lys.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

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

Deme. O Helen, goddesse, nymph, perfect, divine,

To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eie!

Chriftall is muddy, O how ripe in shewe,

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,

Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st vp thy hand, O let me kisfe

This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

Hell. O spight! or hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civill, and knew curtesie,

You would not do me thus much injury.

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

But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me too?

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

You would not vse a gentle Lady so;

To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are Riuals, and loue Hermia;

And now both Riuals, to mocke Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure teares vp in a poore maides eyes,

With your derision, none of noble sort,

Would so offend a virgin, and extort

A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lyfan. You are vnkinde Demetrius; be not so.

For you loue Hermia; this you know I know;

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

In Hermias loue I yeeld you vp my part;

And yours of Helena, to me bequeath,

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

Hel. Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.

Deme. Lyfander, keepe thy Hermia, I will none:

If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojournd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Least to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It paies the hearing double recom pense.
Thou art not by mine eie, Lysander found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to thy found,
But why vnkindly didst thou leau e me so?

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 yon fiery oes, and eies of light.
Why seekst thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leau thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this felse sport, in spight of me.

Injurious Hermia, most vngratefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sistres vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hafty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?

All schoole-daies friendship, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Hau e
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

Haue 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 mindes
Had bin incorporate, so we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one stemme,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient loue asunder,
To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feele the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your words,
I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Haue you not set Lysander, as in scorne
To follow me, and praise my eies and face?
And made your other Loue, Demetrius
(Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)
To call me goddessa, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your loue (so rich within his soule)
And tender me (forsooth) 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 vnlou’d)
This you should pity, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, do, perfeuer, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,

Winke
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

Winke each at other, hold the sweete iest vp:
This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But saryewell, tis partly mine owne fault,
VvVhich death or absence soone shall remedy.

Lys. Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire Helena.
Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.

Thy threats haue no more stregthen then her weake praife.

Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,
To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with draw and proue it to.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope.

Dem. No, no, hee'l seeme to breake loose;

Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

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

Her. Why are you growne so rude?

What change is this, sweete Loue?

Lys. Thy loue? out tawny Tartar, out;
Out loathed medicine; () hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not iest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you; He not trust your word.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

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

Her. What? can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what news my Lysander?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was ere while.
Since night you left me; yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (o the gods forbid)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain; nothing truer; tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me, you juggler, you canker blossom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine is faith.
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeiter, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, 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 prevailed 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 May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst:
I have no gift at all in shrewishness:
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
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 fealeth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten 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 hindereth you?
_Hel._ A foolish heart, that I leave here behind me.

_Her._ VVhat, with _Lysander_?

_Hel._ VVith _Demetrius_.

_Lys._ Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee _Helena_.

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

_Hel._ O when 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 again? Nothing but low and little?

_VV_Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

_Lys._ Get you gone you dwarfe,
You minimus, of hindring knot grasse made,
You bead, you acorne.

_Dem._ You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.
Let her alone, speake not of _Helena_.

Take
A Midsummer 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'ft, 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 curt 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.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistakst,

Or else commit'st thy knaueries wilfully.

Puck. Believe 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 blamelefe proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eyes,
And so farre am I glad, it so did fort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin, overcast the night,
The starry Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
And leade these testy 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 oere their browes, death-counterfereting, sleepe
With leaden ledgs, and Batty wings doth creepe;

Then
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Then crush this hearbe into Lyssanders eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals rolle with wonted light.
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 never end.
While I in this affaire do thee apply,
Ile 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 Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approch, Ghosts wandring heere and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirts all,
That in crosse waies and Clouds haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselves 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. Up and downe, up and downe, I will leade them vp
& downe: I am feard in field and towne. Goblin, lead them.
 vp and downe: here comes one. Enter Lyssander.

Lyss. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.

Rob. Here villain, drawne and ready. Where art thou?

Lyss.
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Deme. Lyfander, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush, Where doft thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'dst for warres,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is desir'd
That drawes a sword on thee.

Deme. Yea, art thou there?

Rob. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here. Exeunt.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calleth, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd than I;
I followed fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day:
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and reuenge this spight.

Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?
Deme. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Deme. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this deare,
If ever I thy face by day-light see.
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, o long and tedious night,

F 2

Abate
A Midsummer night's Dreame.

Abate thy houres, shune comforts from the east,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poore company detest;
And sleepe that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne company.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knauish lad,
Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heauens shield Lysander, if they meane a fray.

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

Iaacke shall haue Ill, nought shall go ill,
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall be well.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,
And flieke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

Clowne. Where's Pease-blossome?
Peas. Ready.

Clowne. Scratch my head, Pease-blossome. Wher's Moun-
A Midsummer's nights Dreame.

Clo. Mounsieur Cobweb, good Mounsieur get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring me the honey bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur have a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you overflowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Give me your neafe, Mounsieur Mustardseed.

Pray you leaue your courtesie, good Mounsieur.

Must. What's your wil?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to helpe Caualery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for me-thinkes I am maruiallous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender affe, if my haire do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some some musick, my sweet loue?

Clowne. I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desireft to eate.

Clown. Truely a pecke of prouender; I could mounch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay: good nay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried pease.

But I pray you let none of your people stir me, I haue an ex-position of sleepe come vpon me.

Tita. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away,
So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Iuy so.
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Ohow I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good Robin: feest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweete favours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round & orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eies,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde tearmes begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gaue me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eies.
And gentle Pucke, take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens backe againe repaire.
And thynke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.

Dian's bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my Titania wake you, my sweete Queene.

Tita. My Oberon, what visions haue I seene!
Me-thought I was enamored of an Asse.

Ob. There lies your loue.

Tita.
A Midsummer's night's Dream.

Title. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes 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.

Title. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.
Rob. When thou wak'rt, with thine owne sooles eies peep.

Ob. Sound music; come my Queen, 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 Theseus house triumphantly,
And blest it to all faire posterity.
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be
VWedded, with Theseus, all in iollity.

Rob. Fairy King, attend and marke,
I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
VVe the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Title. Come my Lord, and in our flight.
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,
VWith these mortals on the ground. Exeunt.

Enter Theseus and all his traine. Winde bournes.

These. Goe one of you, finde out the Forresters,
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 Forresters.
VVVe will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top,
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjuction.
A Midsommer 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 growes,
The skies, the fountains, euerie region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musickall a discord, such sweete thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So floe'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that swepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Thessalian Buls,
Slow in pursuite, but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In Creete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge when you heare. But soft, what nimphs are these?

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

Thes. 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 Egen, is not this the day
That Hermia should giue answer of her choyse?

Egen. It is, my Lord.

To. Go bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes.

Shout within, they all start vp. Winde hornes.

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

Lyf. Pardon, my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from jealousie,

To
A Midsummer night's Dream.

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 truely say how I came here.
But as I thinke (for truely 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 Helena told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire Helena, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is) my love
To Hermia (melted as the snow)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my chilhood I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleasure of mine eie,
Is onely Helena, 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.

This. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse, we will heare more anon.

Egeus. I will ouerbeare your will;
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

For in the Temple, by and by with vs, These couples shall eternally be knit. And for the morning now is something wore, Our purposed hunting shall be set aside. Away, with vs to Athens; three and three, Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come Hippolita. Exit.

Demo. These things seeme small and undistinguishable, Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eie, When every thing seemes double.

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

Demo. Are you sure That we are awake; It seemes to me, That yet we sleepe, we dreame, Do not you thinke, The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lyf. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Demo. Why then we are awake; let's follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreame.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, most faire Piramus. Hey ho. Peter Quince? Flute the bellowes-mender? Snout the tinker? Starveling? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I haue had a most rare vision. I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, if he go about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but patcht a foole, if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eie of man hath not heard, the care of man hath not seene, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.
A Midsommer nights Dreame.
was, I will get Peter Quince to write a Ballet of this dream, it shall be call’d Bottomes Dreame, because it hath no bosome; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbe, and the rabble.

Quin. Haue you sent to Bottomes house? Is he come home yet?

Flute. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transport.

This. If he come not, then the play is mard. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Piramus but he.

This. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very Paramour, for a sweete voyce.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all beene made men.

This. O sweete bully Bottome: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not haue scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence a day for playing Piramus, Ile be hang’d. He would haue deserued it, Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottome, o most couragious day! O most happy houre!

G 2

Bot.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask mee not what. For if I tell you, I am not true Athenian. I will tell you every thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, sweete Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete presently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferd. In any case let Thisby haue cleane linnen: and let not him that plaies the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for we are to utter sweete breath, and I do not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweete Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, and Philostrate.

Hip. Tis strange my Theseus, that these louers speake of. The. More strange then true. I never may beleue These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toies, Louers and mad men haue such seething braines, Such shapine phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason euer comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One sees more diuels then vaste hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantick, Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egypt. The Poets eie in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as imagination bodies forth the formes of things Unknowne; the Poets penturnes them to shapes, And giues to airy nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such trickes hath strong imagination, That
A Midsummer nights Dreame.
That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

_It_. But all the story of the night told ouer,
And all their mindes transfigur'd to together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancy;
But howsoever, strange and admirable.

_Enter louers: Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena._

_Thef_. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts.

_Lys_. More then to vs, waite in your roiall walkes, your boord, your bed.

_Thef_. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Betweene or after supper, and bed-time?
Where is our vsuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguifh of a torturing houre?
Call _Philostrate._

_Phil_. Here mighty _Thefews._

_Thef_. Say, what abridgment haue you for this euening?
What maske, what musicke? how shall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with some delight?

_Phil_. There is a breife, how many sports are rife.
Make choife of which your Highnesse will see first.

_Thef_. The battell with the _Centiaurs_ to be sung
By an _Athenian_ Eunuch, to the Harpe.
Wee'd none of that. That haue I told me Loue,
In glory of my kinsman _Hercules._
The riot of the tipsie _Bachanals._
A Midsummer Nights Dreame.

Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?
That is an olde deuice; and it was plaid,
When I from Thebes came last a Conqueror.
The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late decaed in beggary.
That is some Satire keene and criticall,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young Piramus,
And his Loue Thisby; very tragicall mirth?
Merry and tragicall? Tedious and briefe? That is not Ice,
And wondrous strange Snow. How shall we finde the concord of this discord?

Philo. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,
Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one plaier fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is: for Piramus
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehears'd, I must confesse, made mine eyes water;
But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter
Neuer shed.

Thef. What are they that do play it?

Philo. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this same play, against your nuptiall.

Thef. And we will heare it.

Philo. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you, I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents,
Extremely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you seruice.

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

Goe
A Midsummer nights Dreamer.

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
    Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duety in his servuice perishing.
    Thes. Why gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.
    Hip. He saies, they can do nothing in this kinde.
    Thes. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poore duty cannot do, noble respect:
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed
To greee me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence,
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simpliciety,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.
    Philo. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.
    Enter the Prologue.
    Pro. If we offend; it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend;
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
VVe do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
VVe are not heere, That you shoule here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.
    Thes.
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

This fellow doth not stand upon points.
Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt; 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 governament.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine; nothing im-paired, but all disordered. 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.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beautious Lady, Thisby is certaine.
This man with lyme and roughcast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder:
And through wals chinke (poore soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bushe 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 scare away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes Piramus, sweete youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisbies Mantle staine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broach't his boiling bloody breast,
And Thisby, tarrying 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. I wonder if the Lyon be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Asses do.

Exit Lyon, Thisby, and Moone-shine.

Wall. In this same Interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Flute (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This lome, this roughcast, 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 fearefull Louers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

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

Thes. Piramus drawes neere the wall, silence.

Pir. O grim lookt night, o night with hue so blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, o night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my Thisbies promise is forgot.
And thou o wall, o sweete, o louely wall,
That stands betweene her Fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, o wall, o sweete and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blink through with mine eie.
Thanks courteous wall. I owe shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiving me.

Thes. The wall me-thinks being sensible, should curse again.

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not Deceiving me,
Is Thisbies cue; she is to enter now, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes. Enter Thisbie.

Thys. O wall, full often haft thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Piramus, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kisst thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and haire knit now againe.
Pyra. I see a voice; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my Thisbies face. Thisby?
Thys. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.
Pr. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like Limander, am I trusty still.
Thys. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.
Pr. Not Shafalus to Procrus, was so true.
Thys. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
Pr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall,
Thys. I kiss the wall hole, not your lips at all.
Pr. Wilt thou at Ninnies toomb meete me straightway?
Thys. Tidellife, 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 betwene the two neighbors.
Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so willfull, to
heare without warning.
Dutch. This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.
Duke. The best in this kinde are but shadowes, and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Dutch. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.
Duke. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of them-
selves, 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 floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, as Snug the ioyner am.
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damne,
For if I shoud, as Lyon come in strife,
Into this place, t'were pitty on my life.

Duke. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Deme. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

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

Duke. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

De. Not so my Lord, for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the Fox carries the goose.

Duke. His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valour. For the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

Deme. He should have worn the hornes on his head.

Duke. He is no crescent, and his hornes are invisible, within the circumference.

Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present, My selfe, the man ith' Moone do seeme to be.

Duke. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it else the man i' th Moone?

Deme. He dares not come there for the candle. For you see, it is already in snuffe.

Dutch. I am weary of this Moone; would he would

Duke. It appeares by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet in curtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lyfand. Proceed Moone.

Moone. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush, and this dog, my dog.

Deme. Why all these should bee in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes Thisby.

Enter Thisby.

Th. This is old Ninies toomb: wher's my loue? Lyon. Oh
A Midsummer nights Dreame.

Dem. Well roard Lyon.
Duke. Well runne Thisbie.
Dutch. Well shoone Moone. Truely the Moone shines
with a good grace.
Duke. Well mouz'd Lyon.
Dem. And then came Piramus.
Lys. And so the Lyon vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright.
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to take of truest Thisbe sight.
But stay: o spight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you see! how can it be!
O dainty ducke, o deare!
Thy mantle good, what staind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This passion, and the death of a deare friend would
go neere to make a man looke sad.
Dutch. Beshrew my heart, but I pitty the man.

Pyr. O wherefore Nature, didst thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath heere deslour'd my deare;
Which is, no, no, which was the fairest dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares confound, out sword and wound
The pap of Piramus:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule, is in the sky,
Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lys.
A Midsummer night's Dream.

Lyf. Lesse then an ace man, For he is dead, he is nothing.
Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover and prove an affe.

Dutch. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Duke. She will finde him by star-light. Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dem. Me-thinkes she should not use a long one for such a Piramus: I hope she will be briefe.

Dem. A Moth will turne the ballance, which Piramus, which Thisbie is the better: hee for a man, God warnd vs; she for a woman, God bleffe vs.

Lyf. She hath spied him already, with those sweete eies.

Dem. And thus she meanes, videlicet.

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

O Piramus arise,
Thee lilly lips, this cherry nose, These yellow cowslip cheekes Are gone, are gone; Louers make mone:

His eyes were greene as Lekes.
O sistres three, come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, since you haue shore
With sheeres, his thred of silke.
Tongue not a word, come trusty sword,
Come blade, my breast imbrow:
And farwell friends, thus Thisbie ends;

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duke. Moone-shine and Lyon are left to bury the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Lyon. No, I assure you the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Duke. 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 blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had plaid Piramus, and hang'd himselfe in Thisbies garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Lovers to bed, tis almost Fairy time.
I feare we shall out-sleepe the coming morn,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wafted brands do glow,
Whilst the scratch-owle, scratching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple Hecates teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkness like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
A Midsummer's Night's Dreame.

Tosweepe the dust behind the doore.

*Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their traine.*

*Ob.* Through the house giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsie fyer,
Every Elfe and Fairy spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me; Sing and dance it trippingly.

*Tit.* First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and bleffe this place.

*Ob.* Now until 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 Nature's hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, hare-lip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in natuirty,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each severall chamber bleffe,
Through this Palace, with sweete peace,
Euer shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it bleffe,
Trip away, make no stay;
Meete me all, by breake of day.

*Exeunt.*

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

That you haue but slumbred heere,
While this visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Pucke,
If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Pucke a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.